

Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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A Review of the World

IN THE removal from office of Gifford Pinchot, by President Taft, a forest-fire that has been creeping stealthily underground for months has at last burst into full flame above ground. At the same time a complete investigation has been called for by Secretary Ballinger of the matters in controversy between him and Mr. Pinchot, and Congress has promptly responded to this call. Questions of great magnitude are involved. Industrially, they relate to the conservation of our forest lands, the vast undeveloped water-power of our rivers, and the beds of coal and other minerals whose values run up into the billions. Politically, they involve the future relation between the Taft policy and the Roosevelt policy and, possibly, even the personal relations between the two men. It was to Mr. Pinchot that President Roosevelt gave chief credit for the conservation conference of governors and the general movement of which that was a part. It has been in Mr. Pinchot's department that the thin edge of the wedge was inserted upon which the "Roosevelt radicals" have been apparently relying in their efforts to force a division of public sentiment. Mr. Pinchot has been almost the only conspicuous Roosevelt man left in the Taft administration. His official decapitation can hardly fail to add to the tension in the Republican party that has been growing evident ever since Mr. Taft first shouldered the duties of the presidential office and announced his cabinet selections.

THE present trouble really started in remote Alaska. Nine years ago a "mountain of coal" was discovered in the southern part of Alaska on the Bering river—several mountains in fact. "Nowhere else on the face of the earth," say the joint authors of an article in *McClure's*, "has anything like these mountains ever been discovered. They are masses of tilted rock from one to four thousand feet high, cut across from one end to the other

with seams, from five to fifty feet thick, of the highest class of bituminous and anthracite coal." According to a coal expert in the U. S. Land Office, there are two billion tons of marketable coal there, and half as much more on the Manatuska river, about 200 miles away. The selling value of the coal just as it lies is estimated at from fifty cents to a dollar per ton—a tidy total of a billion and a half dollars, "the greatest single prize ever played for in this country." The rush to secure possession began almost at once. A syndicate of British capitalists—the Pacific Oil and Coal Company—got there first and took "possession" of fifteen square miles. Another syndicate, of American capitalists from the states of Idaho and Washington, came next and secured claims covering eight square miles. This syndicate was engineered by one Clarence Cunningham, and these claims are called the "Cunningham claims." Then came another syndicate, engineered by Harry White, ex-mayor of Seattle, and it seized upon eighteen square miles. By this time—1905—the rush became general and any number of other groups were despatching their power-of-attorney men there to locate claims. There are now about 950 claimants, "not more than ten per cent of whom have ever seen Alaska."

NOW, under the coal-land laws of the United States, passed in 1873, any citizen or prospective citizen of this country is entitled to locate a claim for himself of 160 acres, at a nominal price. Each claimant must swear that the land is for his own use. Four or more men, however, may act as a company and locate claims covering one square mile—640 acres—provided they spend \$5,000 in improvements. Since practically none of the individual claimants expects to play a lone hand in the mining of coal, the laws, it is bluntly said, "virtually compel everybody taking coal from the government to commit perjury and fraud." The usual methods were followed in Alaska.



THE MAN THAT STARTED THE ROW

L. R. Glavis was special agent of the land office until the President called for his dismissal a few months ago. His charges against Secretary Ballinger brought Pinchot into the dispute and led to his dismissal also. Pinchot called Glavis "defender of the people's interests." Wick-ersham calls him a seeker after personal advancement.

But the general law, which was extended to Alaska in 1900, provided for giving away only such lands as had been surveyed by the government. These Alaska coal lands had not been surveyed, so in 1904 Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, had a special law enacted allowing the government to make grants of lands in Alaska that were surveyed by individuals at their own expense. By an oversight this law did not include the right of four or more persons to locate as a group on a square mile of land. The Cunningham claimants had acted under this provision of the general law. When the oversight in the special law was ascertained, these claimants proceeded to refile their claims not in groups but as individuals. Right here is where the source of the trouble which has developed into the biggest political row Washington has seen for years is to be found.

SENSATIONAL land frauds in some of our Northwestern States developed about this time. Heney and Burns followed them up and one of the results was that Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, was clothed in stripes at Federal expense. Another result of the ensuing agitation was the action of President Roosevelt, in

1906, in withdrawing from entry all coal lands of the United States until our antiquated laws could be revised. The "conservation of our national resources" became a phrase we all learned by heart. The Cunningham claimants and all the other claimants in Alaska, with millions in sight and almost in their hands, had to wait. And while they waited, very hungry and thirsty, drooling at the mouth, so to speak, the Guggenheims came and saw. Their mouths also began to water and their eyes began to bulge. They were there in Alaska after gold and copper; but they were perfectly willing to add a billion-dollar coal mountain to their business as a side line. They had already, in 1905, succeeded in getting a tight grip on the copper wealth in Southern Alaska by securing the only practicable route for its transportation—a railway through the valley of Copper River. They analyzed the coal situation and concluded that the way to control it was to secure the one practical site for a harbor on the near-by coast. That site is at Cordova. They found that out only after spending a million of dollars in trying to make an artificial harbor at Catalla. They threw that away and, in 1907, bought control at Cordova from the British syndicate, securing at the same time the railway it had begun to build and all its rights to coal lands. Negotiations were entered into with the Cunningham claimants also, and a "proposal" was received from them, in writing, to form a coal company with \$5,000,000 capital, give half the stock to the Guggenheims for \$250,000 and sell to their railroad all the coal it wanted for its own use at \$1.75 a ton and all the rest of the coal, for marketing, at \$2.25 a ton. This was in 1907. All this time the original coal claims were lying dormant in the land office, waiting, presumably, for further legislation from Congress.

IN MARCH of that year Richard A. Ballinger, now Secretary of the Interior, was called to Washington by President Roosevelt to help him "kill the snakes" in the land office. He had been a State judge in Washington and Mayor of Seattle. He was then a corporation attorney, and he reluctantly consented to become Roosevelt's land commissioner for one year. That is how he got into the trouble that was brewing. Frauds in the Alaska claims had been charged as far back as 1905. Special Agent Love was sent out in 1907 to investigate. He went to Seattle, discovered suspicious signs and recommended that the trail be followed up closely. Ballinger, as land commissioner,

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Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

THE MOUNTAIN OF COAL THAT HAS CAUSED A BIG POLITICAL CONFLAGRATION

It is in Southern Alaska, is 4,000 feet high, and is cut across with seams of high-class bituminous and anthracite coal valued at one billion dollars just as it lies. The Pinchot-Ballinger dispute had its genesis in the efforts to get control of this mountain. The outcroppings of coal are seen in the big black patches.

put Louis R. Glavis, chief of the field division of the special agent service, on the trail. Glavis started for Seattle—the center of the operations in Alaska—just as the year 1907 was ending. The Cunningham claims had by this time gone through the four steps necessary—location, claim, purchase, entry—and were waiting for one final document from the government—the “patent” to the land. So far we have been following the admirably clear and well-poised narrative in *McClure's*, as told by John E. Lathrop and George Kibbie Turner. Now we take up Glavis's story in *Collier's*.

WHEN Glavis was put on the Alaska trail by Mr. Ballinger, he was told by the latter that he was a personal friend of many of the claimants; but, says Glavis, “I was authorized to go ahead and investigate all these claims, no matter what the result.” This was on December 28, 1907. Only seven days later—January 4—a telegram was sent to Alaska to Special Agent Love, who had been on these cases for some time and had made a favorable report, directing him to forward the “plats” required for issuing patents. The telegram was signed “R. A. Ballinger.” Three days later—January 7—Glavis was notified by Dennett, Ballinger's assistant commissioner, that the Cunningham claims had been approved for patent on the Love report. Glavis immediately protested to Ballinger and “almost immediately” the order clear-listing the Cunningham claims to patent was revoked. Glavis took up the trail again. The only piece of direct evidence that he seems to have found was a memorandum of agreement between the Cun-

ningham claimants to consolidate their claims, which agreement, says Glavis, was illegal “because it attempted to consolidate more than the law allows” and because it showed “that the entrymen took up the land with the intention of deeding it to a company.” In May, 1908, Ballinger having in the meantime resigned his office as land commissioner, Glavis was taken off the trail for alleged “lack of funds.” In October he was ordered back again. According to Glavis's own story, therefore, it was Ballinger who put him on the trail, who told him to follow it to the end “no matter what the result,” and who revoked the order to clearlist the claims on Glavis's protest.

IN THE meantime Congress had been wrestling with bills designed to meet the case in Alaska. A few days before his resignation took effect, Mr. Ballinger appeared before the house committee on public lands in behalf of one of these bills—the Cale bill—and spoke in part as follows:

“... the last section of the bill provides for a consolidation of existing entries and does not call for the proof of good faith of the original entry or location. There are a great many charges pending against some of the original entries in Alaska. At the time these fields were located, corporations were organized. The men had really no method of taking advantage of these coal measures. It resulted in their getting involved in conditions which, upon the records of the Land Office, are a technical violation of the statute, and it is a situation which should be cleared up. In my estimation it has not been the intention of the people in the field nor in



CALLED!

—Gilbert in *Denver Times*.

Alaska to put them in hostility to the laws, but they have been in a position where they could not, by virtue of the circumstances, accommodate themselves to the laws, and with this last provision they could transmute their present entries into the form suggested by this bill, and those new entries would be treated as primary entries."

Within a short time after Mr. Ballinger's resignation from the land office he became, says Mr. Glavis, "attorney for the Cunningham group of claims." There was then and is now a statute law in force as follows:

"It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, 1872, as an officer, clerk or employee in any of the departments, to act as counsel, attorney or agent for prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in either of said departments while he was such an officer, clerk or employee, nor in any manner, nor by any means, to aid in the prosecution of any such claim, within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk or employee."

Glavis clearly implies that, in his opinion, Ballinger violated this law. Attorney General Wickersham, as will be seen later on, says he did not.

SIX days after Mr. Ballinger became secretary of the interior (March, 1909), Mr. Glavis was directed to submit complete reports on his investigations of the Alaska cases. A month later he was notified that he must complete his investigation within sixty days. He protested, on the ground that a field examination should be made in Alaska to show whether

the claims were being developed separately or in combination, and such examination could be made only in summer. A special statute had been enacted in Congress by this time (in 1908) allowing the Alaska claimants to consolidate their claims to the amount of four square miles (2,560 acres) if their original claims had been made in good faith. A differ-



TRIPPING UP TAFT

—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*.

ence of opinion arose in construing this statute. Mr. Glavis contended that this law did not validate the Cunningham claims and Mr. Dennett, Ballinger's land commissioner, contended that it did. The crux of the dispute all along seems, in fact, to have been the view to be taken of the original entries. Ballinger speaks of them as "technical violations." Glavis always speaks of them as "fraudulent entries." Whether the special statutes by this time enacted validated them or not was to be submitted by Glavis to Attorney General Wickersham "by direction of Mr. Ballinger." Before this was done, Assistant Secretary Pierce informed Glavis that Ballinger had turned the whole subject over to him (Pierce), desiring to have nothing further to do with the cases himself because of his previous connection as attorney with one of the Cunningham claims. Pierce said also that the legal question was not to be submitted to the attorney general but would be decided by the legal bureau of the Interior Department. That department thereupon decided in favor of Dennett's view, that the act of 1908 was "a curative act" and "should be liberally

construed." Glavis, under instruction, thereupon reported that under that decision by the department any further investigation of the claims would be useless.

THEN Glavis, his fight being thus apparently lost, went, without consulting with his superiors, to see the attorney general and submitted the case to him. Ballinger thereupon requested Glavis to withdraw his report made "under instructions," leaving the claims again open. Ten days later the attorney general rendered a decision that "overruled the Pierce decision on every point," leaving the Alaska cases still hanging in the air, waiting for Glavis's investigation to the finished. Every time Ballinger intervened, as we read Glavis's story, the claims were held up. Every time he dropped out they were advanced. At the

public. He began writing articles and giving out interviews. Two of Pinchot's subordinates, Price and Shaw, got busy on a campaign in aid of Glavis's efforts to arouse public attention. *Hampton's Magazine* published several articles, written by John L. Mathews and apparently inspired by the Forestry Bureau, impeaching the Interior Department in other directions and accusing Ballinger of various degrees of corrupt connivance with water-power thieves and land thieves.

FINDING that all this agitation was fostered by Pinchot's assistants, Secretary Ballinger, resenting what he calls a "rapid-fire falsification," appealed, with the approval of the President, to Congress for a thoro investigation. Congress acceded to this, but before doing so a request was made on the President for the documents on the Alaska claims, and this brought out one other important contribution to the history of the case—that made by Attorney General Wickersham. The Glavis charges had been submitted to the attorney general by the President and it was upon his report that the President chiefly based the order to dismiss Glavis. Wickersham found that Ballinger had been "scrupulously careful" not to act in favor of the Cunningham claims



NEWS OF PINCHOT'S REMOVAL REACHES AFRICA

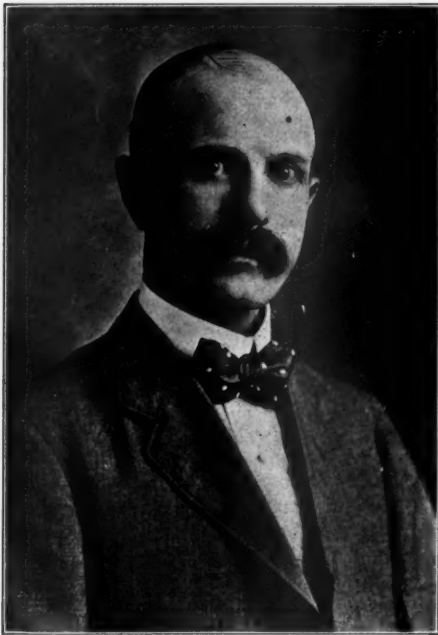
—Carter in New York American.

end of sixty days Glavis asked for sixty days more. They were denied. Then, without consulting his superiors, he appealed to Mr. Pinchot's forestry bureau, in the department of agriculture, to intervene. It did so and the interior department again postponed final action until October. During this postponement, Glavis took the matter to President Taft. The result was the President's decision acquitting Ballinger of all misdoing, and censuring Glavis for misdirected zeal and insubordination. Glavis was dismissed from the service. Still the ghost of Banquo was not laid. Glavis, down and out, now appealed to the



PULLING OUT THE CORK

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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THE NEW CHIEF FORESTER

Albert F. Potter looks surprised to hear the news of his promotion. It was pretty sudden and no one seems to know whether he will keep the position long. He was Pinchot's first assistant and is a strong Pinchot man; but has not been mixed up in the recent dispute. He was out in the tall timber when it took place.

because of his connection with one of them, as an attorney, before taking the post of secretary. "Neither his action," says Mr. Wickersham, "nor any of his written or spoken expressions were favorable to these claimants. The utmost he did was to instruct the Land Office to promptly investigate and dispose of all pending cases." The charge that Ballinger had violated the Federal statute referred to by Glavis (already quoted) in acting as attorney for one of the Cunningham claimants within two years after he resigned his office as land commissioner, will not stand, because the statute applies not to such claims, but "to a claim for money against the United States." Glavis, says the attorney general, had "upward of two years" in which to complete his investigation, which was "merely preparatory to a trial of the questions involved," and whenever urged to a speedy completion he always advanced some "more or less specious reasons" for delay. He was "never ready to complete anything he undertook," was guilty in his report to the President of "absolute suppression" of documents that completely rebut inferences he sought to draw, was intriguing for advance-

ment to a higher post, and was, in general, actuated by "a wholly exaggerated sense of his own importance and a desire for personal advancement." The Glavis charges have thus been reviewed both by the President and the attorney general and declared entirely baseless.

PINCHOT'S open intervention did not come until last month, when the Senate had up for consideration the resolution to appoint the committee of investigation. Senator Dooliver got the floor and read a letter from the chief forester, admitting that his assistants had been making public information the effect of which was "to direct critical public attention to the action of the Interior Department." Having "violated a rule of propriety as between the departments," they deserved and had received a reprimand; but Mr. Pinchot praises their motives, thinks that the effect of their action is that "there is now far less chance that the Alaska coal fields will pass into the hands of fraudulent claimants," deplores the dismissal of Glavis, "the most vigorous defender of the people's interests," and refers to the President's action on the Glavis charges as due to "a mistaken impression of the facts." All this, too, was written by Mr. Pinchot in defiance of a recent order issued by the President forbidding subordinates to give out information affecting public policy except through the department heads. Within a few hours after the reading of the letter in the Senate, he received from the President a letter concluding as follows: "By your own conduct you have destroyed your usefulness as a helpful subordinate of the government, and it therefore now becomes my duty to direct the secretary of agriculture to remove you from your office as the forester."

THE reasons for this summary dismissal of an official whose services the President described a few months ago as of "immense value" and in whom he expressed the "utmost confidence," are set forth at some length in what is regarded by the New York *Evening Post* as "language of fine restraint and just feeling." The plain intimations of Pinchot's letter, says the President, are (1) that he, the President, had reached a wrong conclusion as to Ballinger's good faith, altho Pinchot and his subordinates have seen only the charges of Glavis, not the evidence in answer to them; (2) that, without the exploitation of this affair in the press by Price

and Shaw, the President would have permitted the Interior Department to grant fraudulent claims to coal lands in Alaska. "Your letter," proceeds the President, "was in effect an improper appeal to Congress and the public to excuse in advance the guilt of your subordinates before I could act, and against my decision in the Glavis case before the whole evidence on which that was based could be considered." If this could be regarded merely as a personal reflection, said Mr. Taft, he would be glad to pass it over; but he has been charged by the people with maintaining the dignity of his high office, and with enforcing respect therefor from his subordinates and maintaining the discipline of the executive department. The dismissal of Pinchot followed.

THE results of Pinchot's dismissal, says the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), "will be far-reaching and may possibly include the return of Mr. Roosevelt to the White House in 1913." It is reasonably certain, it thinks, to drive the President nearer to the camp of the reactionaries and farther from the Roosevelt partisans. This view seems to be shared by a number of the Democratic papers. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Dem.) says that the dismissal of Pinchot will go down into history as "one of the great political blunders." It adds: "Whether Pinchot be right or wrong in his controversy with Ballinger, the people are with him and against Ballinger." The *Louisville Courier Journal* (Dem.) thinks the President had attempted to muzzle Pinchot and it says that if red tape rules have been violated by him and his subordinates, "the public owes to that disregard of red tape the fact that it is in possession of truths which would have been kept under cover, wrongly from a moral standpoint, if insubordination had not revealed them." Far more significant than these Democratic utterances is that of the *Chicago Tribune*, a Republican paper. It also asserts that "the country will stand by Pinchot right or wrong." The people may not understand the legal technicalities of a question like this, but they are "able to distinguish men who are honest and those who are moved by moral zeal for the preservation of the public interest against private privilege." *The Tribune* concludes its editorial as follows:

"Over the whole activity at the White House and the Capitol during the last twenty-four hours there has hung the shadow of a great figure. What has been done seems to have been done lest that shadow grow greater or less. The is-



HE STILL HAS A SHARP AX

Gifford Pinchot, altho no longer chief forester, says: "Whether in or out of the government service, I purpose to stay in the fight for conservation and equal opportunity. The conservation of natural resources and the conservation of popular government are both at stake."

sues are not yet joined, but they are nearer and nearer unto us. The rancor which has been begotten by difference of opinion within the party is assuming a graver aspect than *The Tribune* hoped, and carries with it even more momentous consequences than *The Tribune* foresaw.

"Ex Africa, semper aliquid novi."

ON THE other hand, there is no lack of comment, even from the Democratic press, in a very different vein. The *Richmond Times* (Dem.) also thinks that Pinchot's action looks something like "the boom of a big gun in the back-from-Elba revolution," but it characterizes his action as "insubordination of the most direct and deliberate sort, such as no administration could brook." *The Times Union* (Dem.), of Jacksonville, Florida, thinks the

President did "the obvious and necessary thing" in dismissing Pinchot, for "he may be a very learned and very valuable man, but he is plainly unfit for the government service where law and not the will of a dictator is to be enforced." The *New York World* (Dem.) thinks Mr. Taft has at last made up his mind to be a President, not a proxy; and it applauds him and thinks the country will do the same. It says:

"For months Mr. Taft has been exhausting all the arts of diplomacy to placate a little band of Roosevelt worshippers who were trying to discredit his Administration. He tolerated them only because they were Mr. Roosevelt's personal followers. But when Mr. Taft's patience was finally exhausted and he asserted the dignity of his great office he found the country applauding his courage because he had done the thing that a self-respecting President ought to have done."

THE President took the only course open to him, in the judgment of the *Boston Herald* (Ind.). His reasons, as set forth in the letter to Pinchot, the *New York Evening Post* regards as "unanswerable." The *Chicago Evening Post* pays tribute to the President for "acting upon the case without letting himself be affected by politics or policies." Pinchot, says the *New York Times* (Dem.), has for many months "been strutting on the Washington stage with a defiance in his mien that has at last become unbearably offensive." The *Springfield Republican* (Ind) is very kindly disposed toward Mr. Pinchot, whose services "can never be overestimated or too highly praised"; but it admits that he "had become impossible as an official of the Taft administration," and his "flagrant breach of discipline could not be condoned." On the main question of the administration's attitude toward conservation, however, it thinks a suspense of judgment advisable. It calls attention, tho, to the fact that Secretary Ballinger, in his annual report, "took the most advanced position that a conservationist can possibly take and at the same time hope to win the approval of Congress." It adds: "Nothing more unfortunate for that policy could have developed in the first year of Mr. Taft's presidency than this internecine warfare in the conservation ranks, since it tends to create a situation that will defeat entirely the excellent legislative program which the President has undoubtedly determined to urge upon the lawmaking body." The papers that condemn Pinchot and those that condemn Taft agree that the incident is serious.

THE whole subject; having thus been threshed out by the Interior Department, the Department of Agriculture, the attorney general and the President, is now "up to" Congress and the people, not simply for an investigation on the merits of this controversy, but for constructive legislation as well, to place the conservation movement on a solid basis. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard, who is now president of the National Conservation Commission, in a recent appeal to the American people to urge prompt action by Congress, says: "Should Congress fail to act at the coming [present] session, it is possible that the opportunity to obtain adequate legislation for the coal lands still in possession of the United States will be lost. The situation with respect to water-power development, both in the public domain and on navigable streams, is substantially similar to that with respect to coal. The water-powers cannot be effectively developed in the public interest under the existing law." This is the burden, also, of Mr. Pinchot's statement, issued a week after his dismissal. He has no comment to make on his dismissal; but, he says, the situation is serious because of the Tawney amendment attached to the sundry civil bill last summer, which completely blocked the work of the National Conservation Commission. He says: "The Tawney amendment was more than a mistake—it was a deliberate betrayal of the future. The dangers which confront the conservation movement to-day must be met by positive action in Congress. No action will be equivalent to bad action, and will have the same results."

IN THE same strain speaks President Taft in his special message on this subject sent to Congress January 14. The withdrawal of public lands containing water-power sites, phosphates, coal, and other minerals has been effected by the Secretary of the Interior by the exercise of a power which is "not clear or satisfactory." It is the duty of Congress, thinks the President, to make this power clear and to validate these withdrawals. He urges legislation enabling public lands to be classified, so that land containing coal or other minerals may be disposed of, so far as the surface only is concerned, as agricultural land, and the mineral disposed of "by a lease on a royalty basis, with provisions requiring a certain amount of development each year." Water-power sites he would have disposed of to private persons to be developed by private capi-

tal "in such a way as to prevent their union for purposes of monopoly with other water-power sites, and under conditions that shall limit the right of use to not exceeding thirty years with renewal privileges." He urges for reclamation purposes that authority be given to issue bonds not to exceed \$30,000,000 in amount, to complete projects already begun. He earnestly urges that Congress act at once on these points, without waiting for the investigation to take place into the Pinchot-Ballinger dispute.

G RIM and unsmiling, so runs the account, "never more fully meriting his title of the 'Iron Duke of Illinois,'" Speaker Cannon announced the vote. "The Democrats yelled and whooped and banged their desks. The insurgents"—we are quoting from the New York *Sun's* narrative—"gripped hands and promised to stick together forever and ever." Five minutes later, which was just five minutes too late, several of the "regular" Republicans came rushing through the doors. But the trick was turned. Cannon had been defeated. The insurgents had secured their first taste of victory, and, like the South Sea Islander who has had his first meal on the tender flesh of a white man, the appetite for more has grown into an insatiable longing. The vote was 149 to 146. Only one Democratic Congressman this time came to Cannon's aid. The number of the Republican insurgents who voted with the Democrats was twenty-six. The margin of victory was small and the issue was not one of tremendous direct consequence; but any old victory over Cannon, on any kind of an issue, is enough to bring raptures to the multitudinous enemies he has made. The question voted on in this case was the method of naming the members of the committee that is to investigate the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. The usual way for such a committee to be appointed is for the Speaker to name the members. This has been the custom from the beginning of the government. "We can find no case on record," says the Springfield *Republican*, "where the Speaker has been overthrown or set aside by a vote of the House as in the present instance."

... Thus Mr. Cannon achieves the unenviable distinction of being apparently the only speaker of the House, in the long list of those holding that high office since 1789, who has received so stunning a rebuke as that administered through a combination of Demo-



WILL HE BE ABLE TO STOP THE STAMPEDE?
—Handy in *Duluth News Tribune*.

crats and rebellious Republicans. It is an event which will be written in great letters upon the records and history of Congress." As a result of the vote, the House itself is to name the members of the committee.

THE political effect of this little skirmish, as the Democrats look at it through hopeful eyes, will reach far beyond the issues directly involved. "Speaker Cannon," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "is the very embodiment of all the sinister interests and malign influences that have brooded over this land and exacted toil from every hearthstone"; and the insurgent Republicans, it thinks, "should have the cordial and practical support of every Democrat in the House who sincerely desires to promote the welfare of the people." It is not, however, to the Democrats alone that the situation seems to have momentous possibilities. "On all sides in Washington," writes the correspondent of the *New York Sun*, a paper accustomed to treat the insurgents with gleeful derision, "the opinion is held that the Republican party is facing a crisis."

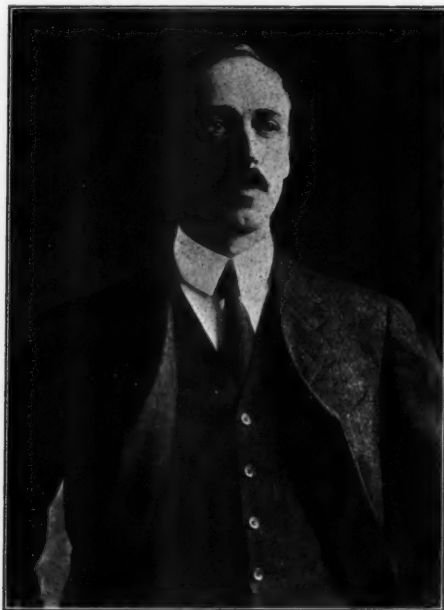
Unless something is done soon to check the confusion, the Republican party will go into the Congressional campaign this year with poorer prospects of success than it has had for a long time." And the New York *Evening Post* correspondent writes: "The two [Republican] factions are more bitterly opposed, more aggressive in their manifestations of hostility, and more irreconcilable in their differences than the Republicans and



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ONE OF THE ORIGINAL INSURGENTS

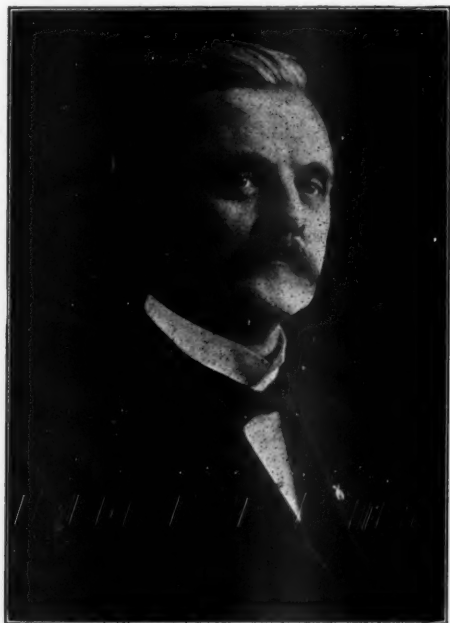
Victor Murdock was one of the first to shy a rock at the Speaker's head and will be one of the last to keep up the game. He is from Kansas, and was a newspaper man before he became a Congressman.



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ONE OF THE LATEST RECRUITS

Butler Ames, Congressman from Massachusetts, is not one of the full fledged insurgents; but he voted with the rest of them in the recent effort to curtail the Speaker's power.



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THE MAN THAT MADE THE MOTION

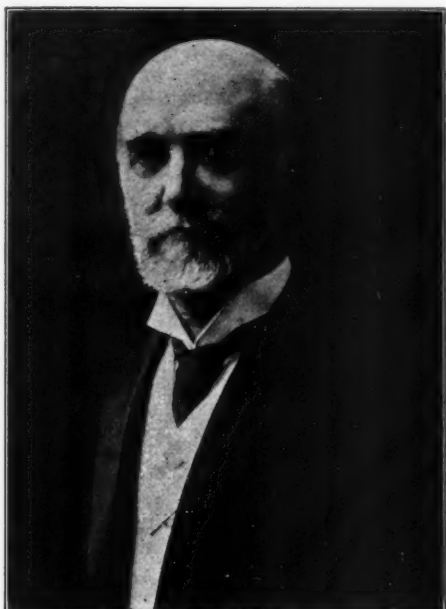
Judge Norris, of Nebraska, led the insurgent troops in the first victory they have won over Speaker Cannon. He is serving his third term.



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ONE OF THE TWENTY-SIX

John M. Nelson is a lawyer and he began to insurg in the Sixtieth Congress. He hopes there will be no occasion to insurg in the Sixty-second.



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THE INSURGENTS' CHOICE FOR SPEAKER

Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, is serving his third term. Most of the insurgents are young. He is just entering the sixties. He believes the Speaker has too much power. He is willing to be "it" and take less.



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HE WRITES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY

Charles A. Lindbergh, an insurgent from Minnesota, was born in Sweden, but brought his parents here when he was one year old. Farm-boy, lawyer, Congressman—that is his tag.



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NEVER HELD POLITICAL OFFICE BEFORE

Nearly one-fourth of the house insurgents are Iowans. Charles Edgar Pickett is one of them. He was for thirteen years regent of the Iowa State University.



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SERVING HIS FIRST TERM

Congressman Lenroot hails from Wisconsin. The Badger State furnishes one-fifth of all the insurgents, and all vow devotion to the cause of badgering Uncle Joe.

Democrats have shown themselves in the last five years in Washington. There is a deeper and more intense dislike between Republicans in Washington than between the Republicans and the opposition party."

THE history of this little rift within the Republican lute that is making the music not mute but very discordant goes back only a couple of years. In the Senate, it assumed a definite form only in the struggle last summer over tariff revision. In the lower house it began a little earlier and assumed a different aspect. It was not until the opening of the short session in December, 1908, according to George W. Norris, of Nebraska, the insurgent who introduced the motion on which the recent victory over Cannon was gained, that a real organized effort was made to break the Speaker's power. At the beginning of that session, Norris writes in *La Follette's*, "there was a meeting of those members who were in favor of curtailing the power of the Speaker. At this meeting a permanent organization was formed; a small legislature was organized. This body of men met regularly about three times a week during that entire session of Congress. Committees were appointed on all subjects connected with the investigations." At that time an agreement was entered into that no attempt to fight Speaker Cannon should be made or to defeat him for re-election. Some of those entering into this insurgent organization made that a necessary condition of their co-operation. They were in favor of taking away some of Cannon's extraordinary powers, but they declared themselves friendly to him and resolved to work and vote for his re-election as Speaker. But the treatment accorded these men subsequently by Mr. Cannon, the way in which they were made to feel that they were political outcasts, forced them gradually into a war of extermination. "As the fight grew in intensity," says Judge Norris, "it increased in bitterness, and when the day of election came it is doubtful if there was a single insurgent who did not most devoutly hope that the Speaker might be defeated for re-election."

ASIDE from this feeling of personal hostility to Cannon, the insurgents have a program that is fairly well defined. "So far as the enactment of legislation is concerned," writes Judge Norris, "the House of Representatives bears about the same relation to the National Government as the appendix does to

the human body—it has no well recognized function. For all practical purposes our National Government, like Gaul of old, is divided into three parts: the Senate, the President and the Speaker. This perversion of the real intent and object of the Constitution has been brought about so gradually and quietly that until recently the people have not understood the method of its accomplishment." All the power the Speaker possesses he obtains not from the Constitution but from the Rules of the House; and yet even in these there is no specific statement granting him the power he wields. "His control seemed to be absolute and almost without limit, and yet the specific authorization of his power was more or less a mystery and a secret." A dozen different opinions were at first held by the insurgents themselves as to the real source of this power and the proper way to curtail it. Finally they centered their convictions on one proposition, namely, that the Speaker's authority to make all committee assignments, by virtue of which he controlled to a great extent the political destiny of every member of the house, was the real secret of his power, and that whatever other changes might be desirable, a change in this feature of the rules was vital and must be insisted upon. That has become the one dominant issue in the creed of the House insurgents. Two other articles of the creed are given by Victor Murdock as follows: (1) A change in the rule of recognition so that the Speaker may not refuse recognition merely because he does not approve of the motion to be made, and (2) another change of rules making the Speaker ineligible to membership of the committee on rules. With these changes effected, the insurgents hope to see the "tyranny" of the Speaker abolished and a representative form of government re-established.

BUT, say the Cannonites, what will be abolished by such a procedure is not tyranny but government; what will appear will be not democracy but chaos. That is the issue, Cannon verses Chaos, as Congressman Mann, for instance, sees it. "On the whole," says this supporter of the present system, "the rules of this House probably are the best considered, the most scientifically constructed and finely adjusted rules governing any parliamentary body on earth. But there never has been and never will be any set of rules by which each one of the 400 members of the House can at any time bring each one of the 30,000 bills before the House for immediate consideration

and disposal." Writing in *Pearson's* recently, Robert Wickliffe Woolley reminds us that in the two sessions of the Sixtieth Congress 38,000 bills and resolutions were introduced. The present or Sixty-first Congress is likely to have 50,000 bills. To consider seriously each one of them in committee of the whole, Mr. Cannon has estimated would take fifty years at least. All bills introduced used to be read by the clerk. Twenty years ago the flood had already grown so great that the machinery was strained almost to the breaking point. Now bills are introduced by a member's simply dropping them into a basket on the clerk's desk. The file clerk turns them over to the parliamentary clerk, the latter consigns them to the various sixty-two standing and select committees. That is, of course, the end of most of them. The last Congress, out of 38,000 bills introduced, passed 629. Even the number of bills that are reported out of committees to the whole House is so great that merely to have the clerks read this business aloud for the House to decide what is to be taken up for consideration would, says Mr. Woolley, make it necessary to hold sessions every day in the year and then adjourn with some of the most important measures not reached. There must be a deal of culling out done by somebody. It is now done by the Speaker. A Congressman desiring to move the consideration of a bill or to give notice that he will call up a bill must arrange in advance with the Speaker for recognition. Otherwise he will paw the air in vain.

BUT the real issue in this fight of the House insurgents, as the country sees it and the man in the street senses it, is Cannon himself, not the merits of this or that particular rule of procedure. The discussion in the press rages about the man Cannon, and what is, with beautiful haziness, called Cannonism. The great effort of both sides in this party row is at present to drag President Taft into it. Several times the report has gone out to the country that they have succeeded, only to be corrected the next day. Early in January the report was wired from Washington that the insurgents were to be disciplined by the withholding of all patronage from them, especially in the post office department. Hundreds of editorials were written in comment on this, mostly hostile. A day or two later, Postmaster General Hitchcock explained that the administration was not concerned with the fight of the insurgents against Cannon, but

was concerned with the prospects of legislation this winter in accordance with the program laid down in the national platform of the Republican party; and that it would be difficult to view with favor the patronage recommendations of those Representatives who class themselves as Republicans but oppose the measures asked for by the head of the party in obedience to the party mandates. A few days later the Republican Congressional Committee issued a manifesto to the effect that it would "oppose to the full extent of its power the principle of insurgency" and would "advocate the nomination and election of regular and loyal Republicans," giving as an illustration of disloyal Republicans those who opposed the tariff revision bill, and strongly intimating that the President endorsed this stand. The next day it developed that the officers of the Congressional committee, who were responsible for this manifesto, had entirely misconstrued a message from the President, to the effect that he would not "interfere." They took it to mean that he would not interfere with the issuing of this manifesto. It developed that what he meant was that he would not interfere in the factional row in the party. As these reports and counter reports have been wired over the country during the last few weeks, the press comment has assumed a sort of crazy quilt pattern, the editorial utterances of one day being contradicted the next. The one thing evident is that the Democratic papers are enjoying the greatest treat they have had for a number of years.

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WHAT is regarded by the *Springfield Republican* as "the most important public deliverance" ever made by President Taft, and by the *New York World* as "the ablest, clearest and sanest treatise on Federal regulation of interstate commerce that has yet been written by a President of the United States," was made in the form of a special message to Congress last month, a few days after the reassembling of Congress. This message, together with the proposed bill for the regulation of trusts, which was made public a few days later, constitute probably the most important constructive work the present administration will be called on to perform. The bill is drafted by Attorney General Wickersham, as a result of many consultations with Secretaries Root and Nagel and, of course, the President himself. It is the most serious effort yet made

by this cabinet of legal luminaries to embody the "Roosevelt policy" in statute law. It grapples with the greatest and thorniest and most delicate of all the features of that policy—the future status of our great corporations. If enacted into law, the bill will, says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "work a tremendous readjustment in the manner of doing business in this country" and it would not be surprising, thinks the same observer, if it should be the cause of "an explosion that will make the existing rumpus in the Republican party look like a toy cracker beside a volcano."

EVIDENCES of such an explosion, however, if they exist at all, must be as yet subterranean. They have not, at this writing, come to the surface. The country seems to have received the message and the bill seriously indeed but calmly. The first impressions aroused are very diverse and it is hard to see just where the political line of cleavage will run between the supporters and the enemies of the measure proposed. Thus the Congressional editor, so to speak, of Mr. Hearst's *New York American*—John Temple Graves—asserts that the message "has evoked almost universal approval from the Representatives and the great body of the people," being "conservative enough to tranquilize the apprehensions of capital and sufficiently progressive to satisfy every reasonable radical." The *Louisville Post*, another radical paper, regards the President's suggestions as "all in the line of progress" and instead of bringing him into antagonism with the progressive elements "is more apt to arouse opposition from the friends of Mr. Aldrich and the friends of Mr. Cannon." On the other hand, the *Springfield Republican*, one of the "progressive" papers, decides that the President's program "is naturally meeting with little favor from any quarter," and the radical *New York Press* construes that program to be a decision that the Sherman anti-trust act "is not to be tampered with and yet is not to be enforced." The President's message, says this paper, "is a sturdy 'no' to the public demand that the criminal conspirators in restraint of trade be prosecuted and punished."

TAKEN together, the message and the proposed bill represent a studied attempt to establish a Federal corporation law, under which any corporation, whose capital stock is at least \$100,000, a majority of whose direct-

ors are American citizens and bona fide residents in the United States, and which is engaged in trade or commerce between the States or with a foreign nation, may (there is no compulsion) become incorporated as a "national corporation," subject to Federal regulation alone. The bill, which fills a full newspaper page of small type, enters into minute details; but the momentous parts of it are put into few words. Here is one: "Section 7.—The articles of association may contain any provision for the regulation of the business and the conduct of the affairs of the corporation . . . provided, however, that such provision shall be approved by the commissioner of corporations." Here is another: "Section 33.—No corporation formed hereunder shall be subject to any visitatorial powers other than such as are authorized by this act or are vested in the courts of the United States." The effect of these two sections is to shift entirely the basis of the corporation that takes advantage of this proposed law from the State to the Federal government. Here is another vital part of the bill. "Section 35.—The charter of every corporation formed hereunder shall be subject to alteration, suspension, and repeal in the discretion of the Congress, and the Congress may at pleasure dissolve any such corporation." But while the power to regulate is thus shifted from the State to the Nation, there are provisions to the effect that any shares of a "national corporation" may be assessed for taxation by the State in which the principal office of the corporation is located. The real and personal property of the corporation may also be taxed by the State; the franchise granted by the Federal act of incorporation can not be.

THERE is almost as much difference of opinion as to the reasoning by which President Taft urges this important measure upon Congress as there is upon the consequences of the bill if enacted into law. The *New York Times*, usually cordial to Taft, thinks it is "beyond the reasoning powers of man" to reconcile with each other the positions he assumes; and the *Fort Worth Record*, rarely cordial to any Republican President, regards his reasoning as "very fine" and very plausible, and says: "President Taft in one day has lifted himself almost by the bootstraps, as it were, from a state of sloppy plasticity to the firmer condition of Presidential dignity and thoughtful statesmanship." The *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks that "the discus-

sion does not lead to any clear conclusion" and it does "not believe that the President himself has thought the subject out with any of his usual perspicacity"; while the *Philadelphia Press* says: "President Taft, broad-minded, judicially trained, fully equipped and conservative, has proposed a solution which will disturb no values and affect no investments. Pass his measures and the railroad and trust question will rest for a generation. Delay or defeat them and the gathering tide will rise and sweep over all landmarks, finding some ruthless instrument to execute a clear popular mandate, which under the direction, wisdom and leadership of President Taft can be kept within safe, legal and constitutional channels."

IN THE beginning President Taft makes it clear that he is not in favor of destroying large combinations of capital simply because they are large. "I conceive," he says, "that nothing could happen more destructive to the prosperity of this country than the loss of that great economy in production which has been and will be effected in all manufacturing lines by the employment of large capital under one management." The Sherman law, under the court decisions, is now seen to apply "to many combinations in actual operation," and the Supreme Court has "declined to read into the statute the word 'unreasonable' before 'restraint of trade,' on the ground that the statute applies to all restraints and does not intend to leave to the court the discretion to determine what is a reasonable restraint of trade." The President has thought and said that it might be well to amend the statute by inserting the word "unreasonable"; but later court decisions have modified his view. He is now in favor of leaving the statute as it stands, and he announces the purpose to enforce the law vigorously even tho, as he admits, such enforcement "must necessarily tend to disturb the confidence of the business community, to dry up the now flowing sources of capital from its places of hoarding, and produce a halt in our present prosperity that will cause suffering and strained circumstances among the innocent many for the faults of the guilty few." It is because of this necessary effect of the enforcement of the Sherman law that he submits to Congress the question "whether, in order to avoid such a possible business danger, something cannot be done by which these business combinations may be offered a means, without great financial disturbance, of changing the character, organiza-

tion, and extent of their business into one within the lines of the law under Federal control and supervision, securing compliance with the anti-trust statute."

IT IS to give the trusts this chance to change their character that the Federal corporation law is submitted—to furnish for them, as several papers put it, a "haven of refuge" to which they can flee. At present they have but two courses open to them, says the President: (1) to dissolve into their component parts in the different states, with consequent loss to themselves and to the country as well; (2) to continue their business in secret violation of the statute. What he wishes to offer them is a third course, namely, an opportunity "to reorganize and accept in good faith the Federal charter" which he suggests. "It is quite too plain for argument," says the *New York Times*, "as plain as the sun at noonday, that the President presents national incorporation as an escape from dissolution or the company on the one hand, and from the common jail for its officers on the other. His picture has no meaning, his words and his thought are unintelligible, if this be not the interpretation." The President, however, has clearly in mind "a change in the method of doing business" as the one necessary condition to which these trusts must conform before they can be incorporated under his new law. His evident intention is to give the "good trusts" a chance to continue their existence and to give the "bad trusts" a chance to become "good trusts." The distinction, he asserts, between the good and the bad trusts, cannot be introduced into a statute and "the public ought to rid themselves of the idea that such a distinction is practicable"—that is to say, as we read his meaning, which is not entirely clear here, practicable in a statute. To leave the making of such a distinction to the courts is to thrust upon them "a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary."

THE one distinction which the President himself seems to have in mind as practicable is this: Good trusts are those organized simply "to secure to themselves the benefit of the economies of management and of production due to the concentration under one control of large capital and many plants"; bad trusts are such as "use the largeness of their resources and the extent of their output, compared with the total output, as a means of

compelling custom and frightening off competition"—in other words, manifest "a purpose to restrain trade and to establish a monopoly." The distinction, which the President says cannot be drawn in a statute and can not wisely be left to the courts, may, he thinks, be effectively drawn in a Federal incorporation law which imposes the duty of reporting regularly to the commissioner of corporations concerning issues of stock, relations to other corporations, declarations of dividends, and so forth. All these provisions are embodied in the Wickersham bill and Congress is, moreover, given the power to add to or change the provisions as necessity arises. This is the Taft policy as it has now developed into concrete form. Upon its success or failure the success or failure of his administration will be taken chiefly to depend. "It is quite certain," the *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks, "that Congress will not take any action on this subject until the Supreme Court shall have delivered its opinion upon the trust cases now before it."

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PROMPT legislative results followed the sixty-page report on the "white slave traffic" made to Congress last month by the U. S. Immigration Commission. The report reached the lower house December 10. On December 12 the resulting bill was passed and forwarded to the Senate. By its terms, if finally enacted into law, the importation of a woman for immoral purposes or any action enabling or assisting her to go from one State to another for such purposes is made punishable by ten years' imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000. The jurisdiction of Congress is, of course, limited in such matters to the foreign and interstate traffic. It can not do police duty in the States. But a very large part of the men engaged in the traffic are, according to the commission's report, foreigners, and provisions are made in the law for the deportation of all such upon conviction. "The vilest practices," says the report, "are brought here from Continental Europe and beyond doubt there has come from imported women and their men the most bestial refinements of depravity." Many of the girls imported are described as innocent and ignorant, though far the greater number come of their own accord, being already experienced in vice. France leads as a source of supply, but all countries are drawn upon to greater or less extent, and Japan and China furnish the majority that come by way of the Pacific coast.

The President has asked for an appropriation of \$50,000 to enable him to comply with the recommendations of the commission along preventive lines. These recommendations include the appointing of a special agent at each important U. S. embassy, who will watch for violations of the law and endeavor to secure the co-operation of foreign authorities, who, as a rule, keep strict surveillance of the prostitute class. Other recommendations are for the appointment of a government agent on each steamship, an agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor to collect information, and matrons at all the chief ports to intercept and examine suspected women.

SPECIAL efforts have been carried on during the last month in New York City to investigate the charges made during the recent campaign. The new district attorney, ex-Judge Whitman, has been in active co-operation with the grand jury appointed by Judge O'Sullivan and charged with the special duty of such an investigation. The foreman of this grand jury is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who was drafted into service unwillingly, but who is reported to have become very earnest in his desire to do all that is possible to end the traffic. The main purpose of the jury's investigation is to ascertain whether there is an organization of any kind engaged in this traffic. The immigration commission's report states that no evidence was found of "a great monopolistic corporation whose business it is to import and exploit these unfortunate women," but it also states that there is evidence of two organizations, one French, one Jewish, engaged in the traffic but not in the importing of women. One of the first results of the grand jury's work, according to the *Herald's* account, has been "the verification of the reports of the secret service agents that scores of clearing houses are maintained by the New York Independent Benevolent Association and the French Procurers' Club, and that from these dens girls are sent to exclusive disreputable flats in the uptown section, to other cities in the United States, to Panama, Central and South America." A general exodus, from New York City and the State, of men engaged in this villainy is another result that has come of the agitation over this subject and the consequent official activity. Altogether the terrible article contributed to *McClure's* several months ago by George Kibbe Turner seems to have been abundantly corroborated in all its essential features.

FOUR words included in the proposed income-tax amendment to the Federal Constitution, it is now thought by many, may, unless speedily eliminated, kill the amendment. The words are—"from whatever source derived." These four words are pointed out by Governor Hughes, in his message to the New York legislature, as giving Congress a right to tax incomes derived from State and municipal bonds; and the possession of such a right by Congress would operate "to place such limitations upon the borrowing power of the State as to make the performance of the functions of local government a matter of Federal grace." So impressed is the New York *Evening Post* with the force of the Governor's objection that it advises Congress to amend its amendment at once, if it wishes it ratified by the State legislatures. The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* gives similar advice. The New York *Times* thinks that the Governor's objection sounds the death-knell to the amendment; but the Chicago *Tribune* invidiously remarks: "The threatened dangers he lays so much stress on may influence the legislature of New York to reject the amendment. They are not likely to affect the legislatures of States less addicted to borrowing." The New York *World* says the Governor has furnished the enemies of the measure "the one thing they have been seeking—a plausible argument from a highly respectable source." The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* flouts his objection. No doubt, it says, the Governor's argument is "technically flawless"; but the simple answer to it is that "Congressmen, without exception, live in States," and derive their rights as Congressmen from the States. "On what theory," it asks, "is it imaginable, that they would deliberately use their State-bestowed opportunity to strangle the credit of their own States and make their exercise of government 'a matter of Federal grace'? Assuming that they had the crazy impulse to do this, what would happen to Congressmen who ventured on any such course?"

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LONG before the embarrassments culminating for Prime Minister Katsura of Japan through the Taft policy of neutralizing the Manchurian railways, the crisis in the relations between Peking and Tokyo had nearly precipitated a diplomatic deadlock between them. Responsibility for the plight in which the Anglicized Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Hayashi, found himself last month when Washington urged



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THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tried to beg off, on the ground of inexperience and poor health, from serving as foreman of the grand jury charged with investigating the "white slave traffic"; but when the judge urged it as a patriotic duty he ceased to protest and went into the work with a vim.

China to buy the railways in Manchuria with money procured through an international syndicate, is placed by the yellow diplomatist upon

our Department of State. "It amounts to a confiscation by the powers of the rights in Manchuria which Japan obtained as the reward of a heavy expenditure of blood and treasure." Thus the wrathful Hayashi, who, because of his experience as Japan's Minister in London, is now his country's press agent in Tokyo. It is an altogether fresh epoch in the history of the Far East which this latest Taft crisis opens up there, affirms that most competent student of the whole problem, Archibald R. Colquhoun, who elucidates it at length in the *London Standard*. "The actual dispute," he reminds us, "is over the reconstruction of a military line, made during the war, between Antung and Mukden, which is of considerable strategic and commercial importance, forming, as it does, a link between the South Manchurian and Korean systems and giving a new continental route to Japan, which reduces the sea journey to eight hours." The Mukden-Antung railway question, however, can not be isolated from the far wider one of Chino-Japanese relations as a whole. These relations are conditioned by what all Europe, through her newspaper press, agrees to define as the Taft policy.

BY WAY of preface to its elucidation of what the Taft policy in the Far East has grown to be, the *London Times* reminds us that the new President came to the White House with a personal knowledge of foreign peoples and foreign affairs quite unprecedented in an American Chief Magistrate. "He had lived in the Philippines for three years as governor-general of the islands; he had charge of the Panama canal for four years and visited the isthmus more than once; he had been to Cuba to create order out of chaos; he had been sent to Rome to negotiate with the Pope. He had a year before his election interviewed the rulers of China and of Japan. He crossed the Asiatic continent and met the Czar, besides the leading statesmen of Europe." No phase of what the world understands by diplomacy has escaped his scrutiny or remained outside the scope of his personal observation and experience. Thus did he gain his insight into what is called *Weltpolitik*—a word unknown to Americans until very recently, adds the *London Times*, altho nowadays "they can translate it in Cleveland, a town in the interior State of Ohio."

INDISPOSED to the spectacular, Mr. Taft concealed from the country, our foreign contemporary avers, the evolution in his mind

of the policy at present working itself out in the Far East. "The first intimation that China was constantly in Mr. Taft's mind came indirectly through the Washington correspondents, who told us of the importance which the President attached to the Peking legation and of his painstaking search for a man of business to send there." The misadventures of the original man of business selected for the application of the Taft policy to the Far East led to much irresponsible dissemination of inaccurate detail, which the *London Times* now takes the liberty to correct. In the attempt of the Chinese themselves to make it appear, for purposes of their diplomacy, that the President of the United States is the sole sincere friend of China, "it was easy to confuse all the other powers concerned and to throw suspicion on their motives." That was certainly not the Taft idea. The administration at Washington entered the Far East with perfectly clean hands and in the enjoyment of a full measure of Chinese confidence on account of American repayment of a good part of the Boxer indemnity. It was and is, therefore, in an exceptionally strong position at Peking. "Naturally it is utilizing its advantages to the full and will continue to do so." How true may be the story in the *Paris Temps* to the effect that the Prince Regent in China has placed himself so completely at the disposal of President Taft that he "looks for orders to Washington" is a theme for conjecture merely.

TURNING to the background of the Taft policy in the Far East—afforded by Chino-Japanese relations in general—the well-informed Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun asserts that ever since the death of the late Empress Dowager, official Peking has thwarted official Tokyo at every turn. "The result of Japanese diplomacy has been to rouse the opposition of her great neighbor to a point where she finds herself regarded by China not as a leader and savior—her rôle in the Far East—but as a dangerous and suspicious rival to be opposed everywhere and by all means." While the whole world was deluding itself with fantastic fears of a combination of the yellow peoples against the white, Mr. Taft discovered, while living on the spot, how absurd all such ideas were. The great idea of the mandarins, if we may believe what is said in London dailies, has for months been to take advantage of the cordial understanding between Mr. Taft and the Prince Regent. "Canning once spoke of calling into existence the new world to redress

the balance of the old. China, incomparably the oldest of world powers, now wants to call in the new world of the West to redress the balance in the East." This idea is Mr. Colquhoun's and his exposition of it in the *London Standard* is confirmed by French journalistic impressions of the Taft policy as a sort of Washington protectorate shielding timid Peking from wrathful Tokyo.

FIVE railways in Manchuria, built or projected, come within the scope of the suggestion from our Department of State to which the *Kokumin Shimbun* and its Tokyo contemporaries except in terms of such outraged patriotism. All the five railways have been subjects of exasperating negotiation between the two Asiatic capitals since the close of the Russo-Japanese war. Of these railways, two have precipitated the more acute phases of contemporary Far Eastern crises. First comes the line from Antung to Mukden, already referred to, which Japan several weeks ago announced her intention to rebuild in flat defiance of the Chinese Prince Regent. The other immediate issue is afforded by the projected extension of the Chinese imperial line from Sin-min-Ting to Fa-ku-Men, regarding which the relations of the two countries became so strained early last year that negotiations were actually broken off. Yet as recently as last August the *London Times*, always in closest touch with official Tokyo, announced that the questions under discussion had at last been settled in the main according to the wishes of Japan. Thus, in regard to the much debated problem of the Fa-ku-Men railway, China, it would seem, gave complete satisfaction to the Japanese demands. She reaffirmed the declaration which she made secretly over four years ago, and by which she pledges herself not to build a railway in the vicinity of or parallel to the South Manchurian railway, and she further undertook not to make any extension of the Hsin-min-tun line to the north without first consulting the Japanese government. Japan, it was moreover agreed, would not define the width of the area within which China is restrained from competing with the South Manchurian line. The Taft policy now vetoes all these arrangements.

CHINA, by means of an unfriendly railway policy, could successfully challenge the enviable position Japan has made for herself in Manchuria, a circumstance which gives its sting to the Taft policy as just applied. That



HE CAN'T BE ARRESTED LEGALLY

His name is Chang Yin Tang and he came originally from Sze-Chuan, but he is now China's Minister to the United States and in that capacity immune from any law here. He may speed his automobile at the rate of sixty miles an hour and a policeman who placed him under arrest would, under the law, have to be dismissed from the force.

is how the *Paris Temps* analyzes the difficulty and the *London Times* agrees. Whatever application the Taft policy next receives in the Far East, its success seems to the *London Post* deducible from all recent events. The President of the United States, it affirms, has been the ruler of the Far East for some months. "Strongly supported by diplomatic effort, the American banking syndicate has made good its claim to share directly in the provision of capital for the railways in central China and in all advantages connected with this right." Negotiations to settle this particular crisis have been carried on since the beginning of June. Before that time a keen dispute had taken place between rival groups of Anglo-French and German financiers. Germany had endeavored, notes this English daily, to forestall London in supplying capital for the Canton-Hankow railway. "But strong objections were raised by Great Britain, who had received pledge from China entitling her subjects

to provide any funds required." As Germany insisted on maintaining her advantage—so the London *Post* puts it, and the Berlin *Tageblatt* coincides—the controversy was finally settled in a compromise whereby British financiers obtained recognition of their rights in the case of the Canton-Hankow line, while the German Bank was given similar privileges in another proposed railway.

THE Taft policy necessitated a reminder to Peking that China had pledged herself six years ago to borrow any money required for the railway running out of Hankow to Sze-chuan province from Great Britain and the United States. Washington had an indubitable right to an interest. "It was soon made clear that President Taft was not disposed to surrender any of the rights belonging to his country." An energetic protest was made to the Wai-wu-pu, which so tortuously negotiates these bewildering details. Ratification of an arrangement which took no account of America was prevented by the direct interference of the Prince Regent himself. "This action, it is now known, was prompted by Mr. Taft, who saw in the question a favorable opportunity to assert American rights and to secure for his countrymen an opening for the investment of capital and the development of trade." We have followed here the account of the London *Post*, which suspects that this unexpected application of the Taft policy "took the financiers of the other countries by surprise." Some of them, at least, did not view the interference with satisfaction. Our contemporary sees reason to fear that further basis for disconcerting impressions in Europe will be afforded by the Taft policy when the new American minister to China takes up his duties in Peking.

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B Y HIS recognition of the Baroness Vaughan as the widow of the late King Leopold, Pope Pius X has thrown the counsels of the new King of the Belgians into some confusion. Intimations that the new sovereign of the most clerical kingdom in Europe manifests "the anti-clerical mind" receives some color from the conflicting points of view of his Majesty and the Vatican. The papal court is further disconcerted by King Alfred's readiness to accept indictments of the late sovereign's rule in the Congo at their face value. Such is the tenor of the month's news from Brussels as the correspond-

ents of leading European dailies transmit it. Nothing is more apparent to the anti-clerical press of Paris, moreover, than the tendency of the Congo complication to involve itself with the disposition of the late Leopold's vast estate and with the validity of his marriage to the woman who, in the eyes of the Roman Catholic church, was his lawful wife when he died. Matters could not assume a gloomier aspect than they now assume for those blacks whose forced labor in Africa replenishes the world's rubber supply. England's Congo agitators make that allegation and the London *News* inclines to agree. Until the scandals in the royal family of Belgium attain a stage of finality in the courts, freedom of trade can not be brought back to Leopold's African domain. The hand of the late sovereign reaches out from the grave, as the Paris *Matin* puts it, to clutch the black who at this very moment is scourged that the Baroness Vaughan and her children may enjoy their royal ease in a charming villa near Paris.

A FORTUNE of fully thirty-five million dollars is to go to the Baroness Vaughan and her children, observes the well-informed Paris *Eclair*, unless the administrative system of the Congo be "reformed" along lines laid down by the socialists in the Belgian chamber. Leopold's fortune, or at least that part of it set aside for the Baroness Vaughan, consists mainly in the shares of those innumerable corporations which now exploit the Congo. King Alfred, the French dailies hear, contemplates "reforms" which may seriously impair the market value of the late sovereign's personal assets. The issues thus to be raised are of such international importance, the *Temps* hints, that a conference of the powers can alone dispose of them permanently. They are to receive a provisional determination before many weeks through the Belgian elections. Should the rumored breach between the new King and the entrenched clericals be made actual, the Pope, says the Paris *Débats*, may lose his last stronghold in Europe outside of Spain. Under the somewhat complicated electoral arrangements of Belgium only half the chamber retires every two years. In anticipation of a struggle which must have a European importance, socialists, clericals and liberals are making bids for King Alfred's support. His Majesty's well known sympathy with the aspirations of "labor" gives him great influence with the mass of voters. That influence is more than likely to decide the next election.



THE ENTRY OF THE NEW KING OF THE BELGIANS INTO HIS CAPITAL

King Albert made a profoundly favorable impression as he received the salutations of his subjects in all ranks of life during the obsequies of his late uncle, Leopold II.

AS THE clericals have been in power in Belgium with practically no interruption for over a quarter of a century, they feel strong enough, says the *Paris Eclair*, to bid even the King defiance. "No doubt the system of changing the chamber piecemeal breaks the force of sudden waves of resentment; but, on the other hand, the whole chamber is renewed in four years, so that any enduring change in the wishes of the people can operate about as quickly as it would in England." It is to the influence of the late Leopold that the world must look, our contemporary says, for the reason of the long tenure of office by the clericals, "which is the more remarkable when we consider how powerful is the influence of French thought in Belgium and how decidedly French opinion has been moving for the last twenty years in the opposite direction." It must be remembered, however, notes the *London Times*, that, roughly speaking, about one-half of the Belgian population employs the French language and that the Flemish-speaking Belgians are naturally much less under French influence. "They form the bulk of the rural voters, they are as a rule faithful sons of the church, and the difference of race, no doubt, tends to accentuate the natural divergence of interests and feelings between them

and the urban population." The irresistible weight of the Vatican was invariably thrown into the scale on Leopold's side when the Congo agitation pressed too severely upon him. Indictments of the late sovereign's administrative activity in Africa were attributed to the imperial ambitions of Protestant England.

ONE of the most encouraging consequences of the appearance of the least clerical king that Belgium has had since she became independent, so the *London daily* just named declares, is the willingness of the Flemish rural population to give a patient and in some cases a sympathetic hearing to opinions which formerly were received "with the rude but unanswerable argument of the brick-bat." The clericals, none the less, have a very strong hold upon them, this commentator concedes, and it can hardly be from that section of the population that the anti-clerical parties hope to draw the necessary recruits. These parties labor under the disadvantage of not being homogeneous, whereas the clericals, thanks to the late Leopold's subventions, are a model of solidarity. There are moderate liberals, progressive liberals and socialists. They agreed upon a common basis of action some six years ago after the late Leopold's drastic measures

of suppression had taught the socialists to avoid excesses. But of late liberals and socialists have drifted apart. The leaders of the liberal factions believe that their position in the country would be stronger but for the dislike felt by so many of their followers for even the appearance of identity with socialist agitation. Leopold, who to his commercial aptitudes united a genius for political management, did what he could to confuse the liberal movement in his kingdom with the cause of socialism.

WHILE the widow of the late King of the Belgians mourns her loss at Balincourt, the splendid French estate bestowed upon her by Leopold, one of the three daughters of that sovereign, the Princess Louise, strives for her share of the thirty-five-million-dollar estate through the courts. The Baroness Vaughan has definitely refused to surrender the immense fortune held for her by trustees appointed for this special purpose by the late Leopold. The procedure adopted by him, if what the London *Telegraph* learns be true, is not unlike that employed by millionaires in this country who wish to avoid the payment of excessive inheritance taxes. His vast Congolese assets being corporate wealth, his Majesty made the Baroness and her children a gift of his rubber monopoly. What with parent companies and subsidiary companies, holding companies and operating companies, companies incorporated in Belgium and companies incorporated in France, the ramifications of the litigation soon to begin stretch out like the thin fine line of Macbeth's vision. The Princess Louise is much hampered by the unexpected attitude of the Vatican.

THE Princess Louise, whose litigious proclivities are to decide the fate of the Congo from a legal standpoint, is famous for the infelicitous marriage she made with Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She is described in the fashion papers of Europe—all impressed by her elegant coiffures—as the most romantic soul that ever assumed a royal form. Her large and liquid eye is "psychic," says the *Gaulois*, but she is chronically incapacitated for payment of her immense debts for reasons connected with the character of the late Leopold. He threw a dog at her when last she broached her pecuniary embarrassments to him and habitually referred to her in terms which even a French newspaper can not print. Her mother, the late haughty Queen Marie Henri-

ette, once took a horsewhip to Princess Louise, according to London *Truth*, while her husband, with whom her life was one long woe, never understood her temperament. She owes about a million dollars, if Parisian gossip be accurately based, and there is talk of a creditors' syndicate to finance what promises to become the supreme lawsuit of the age.

INTO the Congo scandal, as it ramifies in its new and unexpected aspect, the Vatican is to be dragged along with the children of the Baroness Vaughan and all the courts of Europe. The ferment is the more feverish from the fact, vouched for in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, that Leopold placed in his wife's hands, not long before he died, his immense collection of private letters and documents dealing with the most intimate secrets of the royal personages of Europe. That most bereaved of all the late Leopold's daughters, the Princess Stephanie of Belgium, who married the late Crown Prince of Austria, has besought her sister to keep the family secrets out of the courts of France and Belgium. The interest and sympathy centered in the person of the heroine of the tragedy of Meyerling prompt the Austrian dailies to hope that the new King of the Belgians may induce the Princess Louise to withdraw her recent instructions to her counsel. Unfortunately for that royal lady, her creditors are extremely pressing, or so gossip runs, and she has been sufficiently indiscreet to possess them of some important dynastic secrets. Congo reform, therefore, must wait until Congo wealth is distributed as the result of a contest in comparison with which the Steinheil case, the Humbert case, the Panama scandal and even the Dreyfus affair may assume the insignificant aspect of a suffraget's row with a London policeman.

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IMPRESSIONS of the United States as immovable in its determination to dominate the Pacific agitate all the naval experts of Europe as they digest the details of Secretary Meyer's plan for a specific change in the organization of our Navy Department. Not even to those special messages with which President Taft has tried to awaken Congress to zeal for legislation do foreign dailies accord such a measure of attention as is bestowed just now upon the work of one whom the Paris *Figaro* deems the most brilliant chief the American navy has ever had. The name of George von L. Meyer has long been promi-



THE CHILDREN AWAITING THE KING

The scene is Brussels at the time of the formal entry of the new sovereign of the Belgians. The standards are draped in mourning for the late sovereign.

nent in Europe not only because of his career in Rome as Ambassador there, but on account of an influence he exerted at the Russian court when Nicholas II was agitated by the course of the peace negotiations. Suspicious that Mr. Meyer's proclivities are imperialistic prompt the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* to credit him with dissembled chagrin at having to confess to Congress in his recent report that Germany has displaced the United States as the world's second naval power. He seems to the London *Post* to have copied the British system of naval administration in his recent reforms instead of borrowing, as the German daily thinks he might have done, an idea or two from the fleet of William II. In establishing the heart of Columbia on the deep, Secretary Meyer is to avail himself henceforth of the expert intelligence of no less than four advisers—one for operations, one for personnel, one for inspections and one for material. These, avers the London *Post*, are the four sea lords of the British admiralty subdued to the simplicity of republican etiquette.

IN GIVING Congress a table of the naval force of the great powers arranged in classes of ships, Mr. Meyer surprises Europe. His inferences respecting the potentiality now of the world's fleets are those of an impartial

witness, concedes our British contemporary, and as such they command respect. "It seems that in the opinion of the Secretary of the United States Navy, or of his adviser in this branch, the British Navy is about at a two-power standard." The conclusion disconcerts London Jingo, who in the press they control cry aloud that the two-power standard is not being maintained in his Majesty's fleet. The two next powers are Germany and the United States. If Mr. Meyer be allowed his way, opines the Paris *Temps*, this balance will be reversed before he quits the post in which he is now so zealous. He has given aid and comfort to the Britons by finding that they have four Dreadnoughts for every four any other two powers can send against them, forty-nine other battleships to their forty-nine, three Invincibles to their none and thirty-five armored cruisers to their twenty-one. In Dreadnoughts built or building Mr. Meyer gives Britain fifteen and Germany and the United States combined eighteen. England's three latest Dreadnoughts are left out of the calculation, as they had not been authorized when Mr. Meyer's figures were compiled.

VEHEMENTLY do French naval experts clamor for the application to their own fleet of Secretary Meyer's principle that navy

yards exist on account of and for the fleet and that the tactical efficiency of the fleet affords the navy yards the sole reason they have for existing at all. On this point the practical political attitude seems irreconcilable with seamanship, and in France, as the *Gaulois* complains, the deputies have their way. Dockyard employes at Marseilles, we read, are treated as constituents. Their utility in that capacity is evinced in the blowing up of the battleship *Jena* and in the countless accidents to one naval unit after another on the high seas. Eloquenty does the French journal lament that the example set by Secretary Meyer in the Boston navy yard of ascertaining precisely what everybody is doing for the fleet must not be followed in Marseilles lest the political effect be too serious. Americans, it reminds us, are extremely suspicious of their public officials and disposed to lend the ear of credence to every cry of corruption; but it doubts if the United States navy ever suffered from sheer inefficiency to the extent indicated in the French fleet by the revelations of the past three years. It humiliates the *Gaulois* to reflect that Mr. Meyer took some of his reforms from England and Germany, but confesses in his annual report no indebtedness to France.

MORE portentous than any other factor entering into the calculations of Secretary Meyer, however, the *London Post* thinks, is that large party in this republic which, "having tasted of empire and found it sweet to the palate," dreams of the United States as the great world-power of the future. Is George von L. Meyer himself not in sympathy with that party? The query affords a few German and British dailies their favorite theme for lugubrious rumination. "All Americans," concedes the British daily just named, "are not imperialists—at least thus far. The farmers of the Middle West, for instance, generally resent a policy for expansion outside the American continent, which they consider must mean extra taxation for armament and for foreign wars." But the majority of the American people seem to this same commentator to be marching in the direction of imperialism. "That is but natural. They are merely responsive to the world-wide tendency of the day for closer national cohesion, for wider expansion of authority on the part of the great powers." A policy of national isolation is in these days impossible if a nation is to escape aggression on the part of others. America must yield to the necessity of the situation.

CURIOUS indeed to the newspaper press of Europe is the neglect of the American press in regard to the whole theme of naval expansion. The explanation tentatively presented by the *London Times* is the absorption of our great dailies in local affairs. They are without the expert talent, moreover, which only would be competent to elucidate the complexities of the subject to the lay mind in a matter to bring home its importance to the citizen. Hence American imperialism, as British dailies call it, is not reflected in our newspapers at all and is not made plain to the outside world. Neither have our newspapers, this authority thinks, appreciated the great lesson of the cruise of the American battleship squadron around the world. "The cruise had proved that the contention of one school of naval architects—that the boats were too low in the water—was a fact and that when in fighting trim their armor belt would be actually submerged, leaving the space between wind and water—the very vitals of a vessel—unprotected." Yet our newspapers maintained an unaccountable silence on the exciting subject. If Japan had attacked the United States a year ago, says the expert of the *London Post*, our navy, as far as its big ships were concerned, would have been almost as helpless as the Spanish fleet in the war over Cuba.

REALIZING the danger from this national ignorance of everything naval, Secretary Meyer, as his activities are studied in Europe, would seem to have undertaken something like a campaign of education. His purpose is neither expansion nor retrenchment. He means simply to disseminate information respecting the state of the navy. The people can then, through Congress, determine their own policy. The logical result of this attitude, the *Berlin Tageblatt* thinks, must be a naval agitation. "It is to the future that the United States now looks and with the steady purpose of not only becoming a great naval power but of dominating the Pacific." As soon as the Panama Canal is cut an immense American squadron will regularly maneuver from New York to the Isthmus, then to Honolulu, which will have been made the chief naval base in the Pacific. Squadrons will be sent towards Sydney, Manila and the Japanese coast, these armaments incorporating themselves into one at the Philippines and returning to New York by way of Honolulu and Panama. "It is a big scheme," observes the *London Post*, but it credits Secretary Meyer with

the firmest of purposes to realize it. More than one naval expert doubts his ability to overcome Congressional opposition due to local ignorance.

ON ITS strategical side, the policy of Secretary Meyer is interpreted in Europe as naval domination of the Pacific with a view to holding Honolulu against any possible foe. Honolulu is thus the key to the defense of the American coast on the Pacific side. "As a base," to quote the naval expert of the London Times, "it is either a shield to the Pacific coast or a sword pointed straight at its heart, according as it is held by a friend or by an enemy. Further, it is almost half way to Asia, and the German, French and British possessions in the Pacific." It has one point of weakness in the opinion of this expert—the lack of any local coal supply. There is an additional element of weakness in the fact that the main element of the surrounding population owes allegiance to another flag. "Unless there is some arbitrary interference, the Japanese element will always predominate in Hawaii, for most of the Japanese are married and their houses swarm with children." Even so, concludes this competent authority, Honolulu under the American flag will be always the strongest point in the northern Pacific.

REDUCED as is the majority with which Prime Minister Asquith is evidently to face the House of Commons when, in the course of a fortnight, it assembles for the first session of King Edward's second parliament, the tide of Liberal and Labor victories at the polls is still running high and strong. There are many and significant indications announced, up to the time we go to press, from constituencies polled during the week that an opposition counter current has set in. The number of members of the House of Commons is fixed by the redistribution act of 1885 at 670. Of these the Liberals have already elected no less than three hundred and the Conservatives seem to have chosen about two hundred. The Nationalists have obtained in Ireland the eighty seats they were certain of and the Labor element claims at least forty seats. The Liberals, it is already manifest, have lost that splendid majority of seventy over all the other parties combined, which made the Asquith ministry omnipotent until the late dissolution. The fate of the House of Lords, like the fate of the budget, is thus rendered uncertain unless those constituencies still to choose their members vote unanimously Liberal—a contingency which the optimistic Lloyd-George himself can scarcely



THE QUEST OF THE VOTE-BIRD

Sugar, Bread, Milk-And-Water, The Cat, The Dog And The Fiscal Children Go In Search of the Vote-Bird. Sugar (to Bread): *You'll never catch the Vote-Bird. Give me the Cage, and I'll call "No Home Rule!" and then we'll be sure to get him!* (With apologies to M. Maeterlinck.)

—Quix in Manchester Guardian.



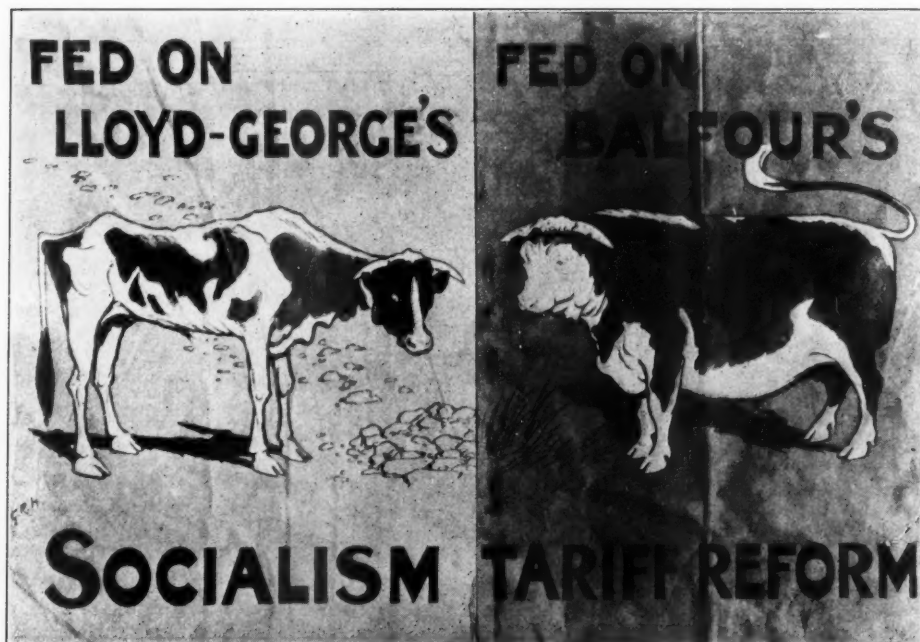
THE BRITISH PEERS MAKE A PRESENT TO THE PEOPLE

"Now, Little People, Look at the Pretty Bracelets that Father Christmas has Brought for You. Just Let Me Slip them On, and Then WISH FOR WHATEVER YOU LIKE."

—Quix in *Manchester Guardian*.

deem possible. Mr. Asquith finds himself, therefore, in a position of great dependence upon the Irish vote. Assuming, however, that the Liberal and Labor members can work side by side, the ministerial majority in the House, as against the other three parties, may prove substantial enough to pass the famous budget. But England is reminded by the *London Post* that the so-called Liberal party consists really of two parties. Altho united for the moment, these parties are entirely separate and distinct in their views on the Irish question and on what are termed "imperial affairs." How long the tie that binds will stand the strain when the ministry takes up the budget again can be ascertained only in the course of the coming session.

EMERGING from the fray in his best fighting trim, Mr. John Redmond encourages his hearers afresh—as he has encouraged them before—by expressing his conviction that the establishment of an independent parliament and executive in Ireland is drawing very near. He does not derive his confidence, as the *London Times* notes, from faith in British statesmen of any party. Indeed, he is at some pains



A BALFOUR IDEA

The former Prime Minister used in one of his tariff reform speeches the idea elaborated in the lean and the fat kine of these twin effects.

to express his distrust of them all. Yet he believes that "the inexorable logic of circumstances" will bring about the consummation he so devoutly wishes. He concedes that the circumstances for the last fifteen years have been very unfavorable to the Home Rulers; but in this new Parliament he expects to find a more favorable field of action. He therefore urges the Nationalists first "to provide a good war chest" and next to see that their representatives "give constant attendance in the House of Commons." These things being put together by the London *Times*, that daily avers its ability to see through Mr. Redmond's "circumstances." With a Prime Minister and an Irish secretary in favor of Home Rule, it is reckoned an easy task to set up in Ireland "a system of intimidation which will shortly bring the country into an alarming condition." This will be pressed upon the House of Commons with a demand for an instalment of Home Rule, "which the Prime Minister will be ready to grant" and which will pave the way for "more serious disorder," forming an argument for another instalment.

EDWARD VII has already announced his intention to open the new Parliament in person with all the picturesque and impressive ceremonial to which his reign has habituated



A LLOYD-GEORGE VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BRITANNIA: If you were half a man you would offer to carry some of these parcels.
PEER: How can I with my hands in my pockets?

his subjects. As has been the case hitherto since his Majesty came to the throne, the secrets of the King's speech have been well



THE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN IDEA OF THE ISSUE IN ENGLAND

One desire of the Conservatives was to eliminate the issue of "Peers or People" by reviving the agitation of Joseph Chamberlain for protection. The posters in the large towns were all intended to convey the idea that want of work is inevitable when free trade prevails.



BRITISH POLITICAL GOLF

The idea is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd-George, is giving the cue in the right place to the voters of every constituency.

kept. But Great Britain has the Prime Minister's word for it that the speech will contain no provocation to the vanquished. It will refer to the House of Lords in the most general terms and avoid the word "budget" altogether. Long before the election opened the Lords professed their faith in the willingness of the new House of Commons to let the second chamber "live." The Marquis of Lansdowne went so far as to denounce the Asquith agitation against hereditary legislators as "bluff." There might conceivably be some commission or other on reform of the Lords, but matters would never get beyond a report stage. This the *London Post* accepts as valid theorizing notwithstanding the elaborate schemes of Mr. Frederick Harrison for a revolutionary reconstruction of the chamber of peers.

NO OTHER Parliament, with its future such an entirely unknown quantity, seems ever to have emerged from any election. "All new Parliaments," to quote the *London Times* again, "are encircled with a halo by

the triumphant party and the larger the majority the more radiant it is." All, however, it pensively reflects, follow the appointed way, and "when the historian comes to reckon up their doings he finds the difference between them to be perhaps one of degree rather than of kind." Certainly the Asquith ministry has been sent back to do something, altho what that may be the British press hardly knows. The opposition, while maintaining their legitimate function, which is to oppose and to indicate, as occasion may serve, the outlines of an alternative policy, will, our contemporary infers, await the proceedings of the government with the consideration due to those who have secured in their favor the popular verdict. The central fact is that a Liberal government controls still the destinies of the British Empire and London organs accept the situation—the *London Post* resignedly, the *London News* jubilantly, and the others reservedly.

WHATEVER tale the figures have to tell when the final returns are in on the last day of the month now ending, the *London Times* begs to inform its readers that "it has been the traditional policy of this journal to support the actual government of the day." This has reference to international relations, no doubt, for the greatest of British newspaper organs has always reserved to itself the right to denounce both Asquith and Lloyd-George and whatever they have stood for in the past five years. "The worst conceivable government," says *The Times*, however, "is still a British government and for the time being is the only agency from which any defence of British interests can be obtained." For that reason patriotism requires that it should be supported even while, in other spheres, every effort may be put forth to replace it by one which to the *London Times* seems better. "Our foreign interests, in short, must be kept as far as possible out of the sphere of party politics." There is every reason to believe these interests safe in the hands of Sir Edward Grey and it hopes he is not to be displaced in the changes foreshadowed.

WHERE the English workingmen ran candidates of their own, they have seemingly returned them by substantial majorities. Where they have not had their own candidates they have done the next best thing by sinking their ordinary political differences and concentrating upon the Liberal candidate as the one most lavish of promises. In several cases

where they have not been sure of themselves they seem to the *London Post* to have missed a seat where they might have won. But their direct nominees are evidently to form a considerable section of the House of Commons, and the Liberals from whom they have extorted pledges and who owe to them their seats are also very numerous. "Labor in the new Parliament will come out into the open and will be fighting on its ground." The terms in which Parliament decides to amend the law governing trades unions, in view of a recent decision of the courts which forbids them to maintain a "parliamentary fund," will be of crucial importance, the *London Times* thinks. Even more far reaching may be the effect on labor in its relations with the historic parties of the state by the treatment of this and similar questions.

OUTSIDE England the changes due to the latest pollings have been of some importance. In Wales it now looks as if the prediction of Mr. Lloyd-George that the principality would return a solid delegation of Liberal and Labor representatives might be realized. In Scotland the Liberals have lost several seats altho the peculiarities of party division there have somewhat disguised the significance of the returns. A series of unopposed candidates in the south and west of Ireland would seem to insure the sovereignty of the Home Rule idea among its eighty adherents, whoever may be the recognized leader when the House of Commons prepares the address in reply to the speech from the throne. In any event, the Home Rulers are not to provoke extremes in Ireland. "The crude brutality of other days has given place to a more subtle and insidious form of intimidation," explains the *London Times*, "under which the ordinary liberties of all who refuse the dictation of Mr. Redmond will be remorselessly destroyed unless a strong administration honestly opposed to separation strains every nerve to prevent it."

ADDITIONAL consolation is derived by the *London Post* from its reflection that Mr. John Redmond will not occupy the position he so obviously aspired to of dictator of the Irish policy of the government. "The transparent device he adopted at the opening of the electoral struggle in recommending Irishmen dwelling in Great Britain to vote wherever possible for Labor nominees rather than for Liberal candidates, has not had the intended



AN APPEAL TO THE UNEMPLOYED

This was one of the ideas for a poster suggested by Mr. Balfour himself and was used widely in London constituencies to embarrass Prime Minister Asquith and promote the cause of protection.

effect." He hoped by securing the return of a strong Labor party, with whom he could form an offensive and defensive alliance, to make continued tenure of office by the Liberals entirely dependent upon compliance with his demands. His strategy, altho undeniably clever, seems to have failed, and he will not be able to tell his followers, when he meets them at Westminster three weeks hence, that he holds the British government in the hollow of his hand. Unionists, says our contemporary, may well regard this as one of the redeeming features of the situation. Mr. Redmond's own view of the situation has still to be made known. He hails Mr. Asquith as one of the Home Rulers.

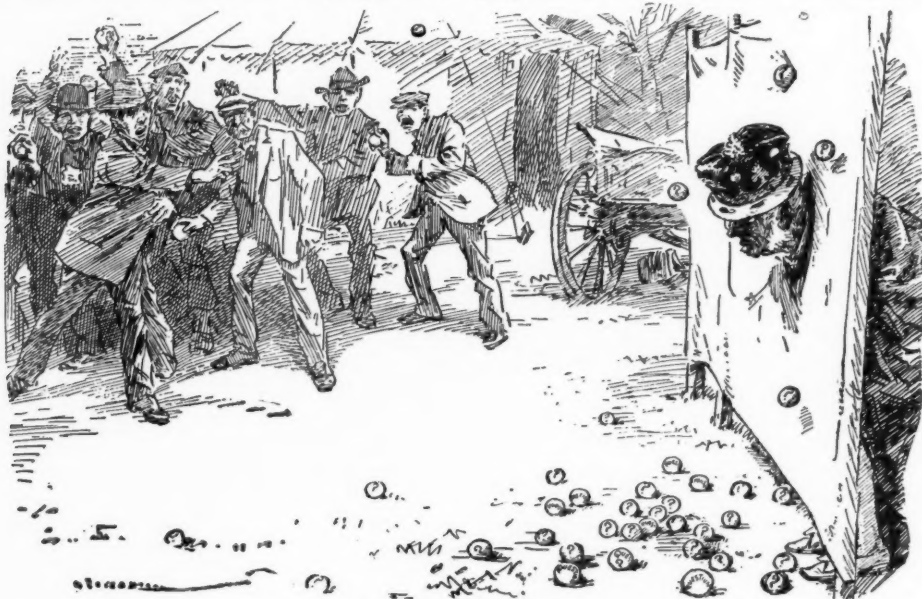
THE King's speech at the opening of a new Parliament gives little more than a very general indication of the work of the session. Except on the first meeting of a new Parliament, the past performances of the ministry come under review and its policy is held to call for exposition. For these reasons, it may be difficult to deduce from what transpires on the reassembly of the House of Commons the nature of the measures framed to determine the fate of the House of Lords. If the prognostications of Mr. Frederick Harrison in the

London *Chronicle* be taken seriously, it may be possible for the budget to attain passage, but the authority of the peers will not in any respect be diminished. Mr. Asquith made his great mistake, this authority declares, when he failed to formulate and place before the country some coherent scheme of an alternative second chamber. What Mr. Harrison suggests is a senate emerging from a system of election, in part, at least, by the county councils in proportion to the population they represent. "But if we have to improvise an emergency second chamber we might take as a model the actual Privy Council."

THE Privy Council has, according to Mr. Frederick Harrison, an origin and historical associations at least equal to those of the House of Lords. "Every councillor holds his title not by inheritance or privilege, but for personal merit, high office or service to the state." They rank immediately after members of the peerage and their eldest sons. They are all well known and responsible public men of mature age and public experience. "About a hundred peers, or nearly a third of the body, are now Privy Councillors, including nearly every peer who speaks or usually votes in the Lords." They are an eminently conservative and deliberative set of men, in the judgment of

Frederick Harrison. He does not say that the Privy Council, as it stands to-day, is an ideal senate. But it is more like a senate than any other institution the Britons possess.

HOW the land taxes of the famous budget will fare in the new House of Commons has for weeks been the problem confronting British dailies of all parties. These land taxes, as the Manchester *Guardian* explains, have two related objects in view. "The first is to secure to the public revenue a portion of the value which the energy and expenditure of the public and the growing needs of our population assign to a commodity which, while necessary to the life and work of the people, is limited in quantity." The second object is to stimulate the better use of land by making larger quantities of it available for homes, for industrial purposes and for public enjoyment. Should the budget not be modified as a result of the election, every owner of land will be required, as soon as the bill is passed, to furnish an estimate of his property at his own valuation. This estimate will comprise a two-fold valuation, that of the total value of the property as it stands, with buildings or any other improvements, and that of the site alone—styled the "original site value," and affords the proposed system of taxation a starting point.



A CLOSE TIME COMING

Heckled Peer: "Thank Heaven I've only taken this job on till the eighth."
(After the Issue of Writs the Peers are supposed to take no further part in Election contests.)

—Ravenhill in *Punch*.

Persons in the Foreground

MURDOCK, THE RED INSURGENT.

YEARS and years ago, when the Modoc Indians were making so much trouble, some tuneful scribe burst forth in parodic song as follows:

I am Captain Jack of the red Modocs,
Who grimly at the government mocks.
Enthroned amid my lava rocks,
Oh I'm the pest of the armee.

Somehow, out of the lumber-room of the memory, where useless things are stowed away and forgotten, that trivial stanza is brought to our mind by the name, the personal appearance and the present occupation of Victor Murdock, the Kansas Congressman. For he also is an insurgent—"the" insurgent of the lower house they call him. He also is red, in that he has the shiniest mop of curly red hair to be seen in Washington. He also at the government mocks, so far as it is represented by Speaker Cannon and the rules committee.

There has been a tendency on the part of the Washington newspaper correspondents to take "the insurgents" jocosely, especially those in the lower house. Most of them are regarded as mere speechmakers. They take themselves too seriously, the cynical scribes think, and they have been run over by the steam-roller so regularly that the event is regarded as a humorous diversion. But last month the insurgents in the lower house turned a trick on the regulars neatly and effectively. When the resolution was up calling for a committee to investigate the charges against Secretary Ballinger, they added an amendment to the effect that the committee should be named by the House, not by the Speaker, and with the aid of the Democrats they carried the amendment through. It wasn't much, but it was something. It was the first victory achieved by a little army that has been fighting hopeless battles against what they call "Czarism" for a number of years. And one of the first recruits in that little army and the most prominent of its leaders has been Victor Murdock. He has developed from a joke into a portent.

Six years ago, when Murdock, then in his early thirties, first went to Congress, a big, husky, two-hundred-and-fifty pounder, timid and smiling, he found Speaker Cannon al-

ready intrenched in his powerful position. The third day of the session he met the Speaker in one of the corridors and saluted him. "Uncle Joe" failed to return the salute, and, says Murdock, telling about it afterward in *The American Magazine*, "the realization that I was negligible was a terrorizing thing which awoke me in the dead of night and would not let me sleep." The first thing a new Congressman is supposed to learn, we are told, is that he is to obey a little coterie of four or five men and is to make his constituency obey him. Believing in the democratic form of government, this lesson conveys to him a sort of terror. "He finds that that has consideration in the House which the few leaders desire and only that can reach the form of law which they permit." Then after a time the new member arises to make his first speech, not because he feels that he has anything to say, but because his constituents expect him to say something. Mr. Murdock thus describes the sensation:

"The four hundred desks which fill the hall of the house are of mahogany and are maintained at a high degree of polish. This, together with their complete occupation of the floor space and their semi-circular arrangement, probably has something to do with the fact that nearly every man arises in Congress for the first time with a feeling of vertigo, in which the insistently red furniture, suddenly become riotous, seems to whirl beneath him and finally to rise abruptly into his face. This is as ordinary a sensation to the new member as is the delusion that he is addressing the house in deafening tones, when, as a matter of fact, he cannot be heard fifteen feet away. . . . And as he continues, there comes to him the impeaching sense that for a hundred years congressmen have been making his speech; that Jefferson heard it in his day and Clay and Webster and Lincoln and Blaine and McKinley in theirs. And he catches a cynical smile on the face of an old member like Grosvenor, of Ohio, a smile that means plainly that he, Grosvenor, has heard the speech over and over again during his long service—the same old honest, futile speech.

"The orator's throat becomes dry suddenly, his tongue thickens and stiffens, and he comes to a full stop. He cannot go on."

All this is plainly autobiographical. As a matter of fact, it is said that Murdock even

to-day is subject to an attack of the nerves after a speech in Congress and tho he does not show it at the time it is apt to send him to bed afterward. One result is that he is one of the least talky of the insurgents. "No rational being," he says, "can listen to the hundreds of addresses made in Congress during a session without acknowledging to himself the futility of legislative oratory."

One of the first things that Murdock discovered was that the railroads were being overpaid \$5,000,000 a year, under their contract for carrying the mails, and that this had been going on for thirty-five years." What I found was this," he writes: "In the computation for finding the average daily weight upon which average daily weight the government paid the railroads for the carriage of the mail, the post office department had been weighing the mails seven days—that is, every day in the week—and then dividing by six to get the average daily weight. In other words, the department included Sunday in the dividend but excluded it in the divisor." He made a fight for correction of this method of computation in the Committee on Post Offices, of which he was a member. He was not listened to. Then he made a fight on the floor of the House, but never succeeded in getting more than seventeen votes for correction out of a membership of 387. But after Congress adjourned, he took the matter to President Roosevelt and in a few days the objectionable custom was abolished by executive order. It was this experience that led Murdock to become an insurgent and to make a fight against the rules of the House by which such a degree of power is lodged in the Speaker's hands. He in the House and La Follette in the Senate "invented the insurgent game," says one Washington correspondent, "and wrote the book of rules." The same correspondent—W. S. Couch, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—describes Murdock as he arises to his feet to speak, on an allotment of Democratic time from Champ Clark, for he cannot get recognition in any other way: "You see a smooth, strong, broad, freckled face, topped with tousled red hair, wrinkled into humorous lines and set with twinkling blue eyes." The description continues:

"Murdock is built like a football tackle, with a sunflower attachment. Which is appropriate, since Kansas is the Sunflower State. Murdock has leather lungs, a gift for sarcasm and a drawling delivery which seems to rub the acid of his words into the scars left on the regulars by his

performances. After Murdock makes a speech 'Uncle Joe' loses regularly at poker for a week. It takes a calm mind to play the national game, according to 'Uncle Joe.' . . .

"Murdock is a satirist by nature. His method is to get the loud laugh on the old shams, which makes the old shams furious. They shiver at the first sound of Murdock's drawling tones. This is the unforgivable crime of Victor Murdock. It is this trick of his which causes the old guard to denounce him as a more 'dangerous' man than La Follette. Neither Aldrich nor any of the senate regulars refuse to speak to LaFollette. Indeed, Aldrich delights to cross stings with the Wisconsin wasp in private conversation. But Murdock—well, that is another matter."

Murdock climbed into Congress through the composing room; that is to say, he began his career as a boy of ten setting type for the *Wichita Eagle*, owned by his father. He was a reporter at the age of fifteen. When he was twenty he went to Chicago to work on one of the dailies there, returning later to Wichita to become managing editor of his father's paper. Then he ran for Congress, and his enthusiastic friends say now that he will be a candidate for U. S. Senator in a short time. His early dreams, however, were of a literary not a political career, and, according to one account, he wrote an erotic novel in his green and salad days which was put into type by a publisher and then, at the instigation of his father, suppressed at considerable expense. He still hungers for literary fame, however, and has recently published a serial entitled "The Musician's Love Story" in a Kansas periodical. Murdock, by the way, is said to be an accomplished pianist.

He was married when he was but nineteen, and his wife, who was Miss Pearl Allen, is described as tall and graceful and with an unusual charm of face and manner. She does not think much of woman suffrage and has a poor idea of politics as a career for women, tho she is engrossed in her husband's public career. They have two daughters, the eldest, Miss Marcia, still a high school pupil.

Murdock was the only Kansas Congressman who voted against the tariff bill last summer on its final passage. When he got home his constituents turned out to greet him with all the brass bands in the country round about. He gets no patronage and expects to get no "pork" when the appropriations are made; but apparently he doesn't need those things to keep his constituents in line. Even the Democrats, it is said, will not run an opposition candidate in his district in the next campaign.

THE STORY OF MORSE

IN THE year 1877, two young men stood up with the rest of their class at Bowdoin University to receive diplomas.

One was called Bob, the other was called Charlie. They were Maine boys, both of them, and of about the same age. Within the last few weeks those two boys, now grown into grizzled men in the early fifties, have been conspicuous in the news of the day.

One of them, Bob, went in for fame, and after devoting the best years of his life to wrestling with Arctic storms, throwing dice with Death, enduring the very limits of privation and hardship, more than once glad to chew tanned leather or bite into rancid blubber, he emerged the other day with a story of discovery that thrilled the whole world and will send his name, Robert E. Peary, sounding down the ages to the end of time.

The other boy, Charlie, went in for fortune. He had already developed the knack of the money-maker and he did not tie up his talent in a napkin. He sold candy. He sold ice. He sold lumber. He acquired banks and trust companies and juggled stocks and bonds until he amassed a fortune of twenty-two millions. Then something happened. On the day after New Year's Day of this year, his money gone, his reputation destroyed, his liberty lost, he took the 10.43 train on the Southern Limited, escorted by a U. S. marshal and two deputies, on the way to the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, to which he had been sentenced for a term of fifteen years. Every legal device to save him had been tried and had failed, and Charles Wyman Morse has now become convict Number 2814—that is all.

In seven short years Mr. Morse figured as a central figure in three whirlwinds of national interest. One was the social and legal whirlwind which carried Abe Hummel, the noted criminal lawyer, to the prison as a result of his sharp practice in trying to secure for Morse an annulment of his marriage to Mrs. Clemence Cowles Dodge. Another was the political whirlwind of 1901 in New York City, which sent Van Wyck and Tammany Hall flying out of office as a result, in large measure, of their participation in the manipulations of the Ice Trust, at the hands of Morse. The third whirlwind was a financial one and so big that not a hamlet in America but was unsettled by it for a time. It was the panic of 1907, in which Morse and his chain of banks figured so conspicuously as an exciting cause. All

three of these disturbances occurred in the brief period between 1900 and 1908, and certainly Morse in that length of time did all that could be expected of one fat, squatty little man to keep the newspaper columns filled and the telegraph wires busy. There was a strange fatality about his friendship. Van Wyck and Carroll, it is said, were able to get out from under when the Ice Trust stock started to tumble, and they made money; but many other Tammany Hall leaders lost heavily and Tammany Hall has never recovered from the defeat which followed the effort to put up the price of ice 100 per cent. in a hot summer, in order to pay dividends on watered stock. Abe Hummel's efforts as Morse's attorney led to his professional ruin as already stated. Chas. T. Barney, president of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., who killed himself at the beginning of the panic, was mixed up with Morse in his financial deals. The Knickerbocker Trust and several of Morse's banks were among the first to go into receiver's hands, and another of Morse's allies, F. Augustus Heinze, has his battle yet to fight to keep from following Morse to prison.

The father of Morse was a man of means. He controlled the towing business in the Kennebec River. They tell stories up in Maine of his sharp practice that make one think that his son came honestly by his methods of manipulation. Charles was made a bookkeeper of his father's business in 1873, being at that time but seventeen years of age. He received a salary of \$1,500 a year. He wanted to go to college, but his father didn't care to pay his expenses; so the shrewd young man found another young man who would do the book-keeping for \$500 a year, and on the balance of the salary he went to Bowdoin. When he graduated he had saved money enough out of his salary and out of his additional earnings to go into business for himself. He went into partnership with a cousin, buying ice in Maine and shipping it to New York to sell. While still in college he made a contract to supply a New York brewer with 50,000 tons of ice. On this one contract Morse and his cousin, according to Owen Wilson, writing in *World's Work*, made \$50,000. Three years after his graduation, the firm of Morse & Company was established in New York City. Five years later, 1885, he left Bath and settled in New York. By 1902 he was a director in eleven banks in New York and in ten other commer-



"IN RE MORSE"

This represents Charles W. Morse, once owner of a chain of banks and a multi-millionaire, on his way to prison, chained to U. S. Marshal Henkel. He is now convict Number 2814, but he still hopes for release.

cial organizations, including several insurance companies and a large publishing house—the Butterick Company—and he had just got started.

Three years before, in 1899, he had incorporated the American Ice Company. He bought out the Consolidated Ice Company and the Knickerbocker Ice Company, which did most of the business in New York City. Their stock amounted to \$20,000,000. The new company was capitalized at \$35,000,000, and it issued one share of stock in the new company for each share of the old, having thus a surplus of \$15,000,000 in stock to place on the market. By means of a political deal that gave him a practical monopoly of the piers necessary to the business, and by means of his bank connections, Morse managed to sell most of the stock. Then he doubled the price of ice in order to pay the dividends. The popular uproar that followed spoiled his plans. The price was again lowered, the price of the stock

rapidly fell and the company had to be reorganized, Morse in the meantime having "got from under" in good shape with a handsome profit for himself. Reports in the Wall street district put his profits at \$12,000,000.

Leaving ice, Morse began on another line of consolidation. He acquired—they rarely use the word "purchased"—down in Wall street in speaking of high finance,—the Eastern Steamship Co., the Hudson Navigation Co., the Metropolitan Line, the Clyde Line, the Mallory Line, the Ward Line, and the New York and Porto Rico Line. It took him five years to acquire all these lines, but at the end of that time he was in possession of the principal steamship lines plying in the waters between New Brunswick and the Gulf of Mexico. He became known as the "Steamship King" and the "Admiral of the Atlantic Coast." The methods of "acquirement" were of the usual Wall street sort. Bonds were issued to cover about the actual cost of the property acquired, and on these bonds money was obtained from the banks and trust companies and insurance companies to make the purchases. Then stock was issued to an amount two or three times that of the bonds, the stocks were listed and a market price created for them on the basis of large anticipated profits by virtue of the monopoly established. What Harriman did with railways, Morse tried to do with steamship lines. But there was a difference between the two men. They both started at the Wall street end of the game, but Harriman developed a positive genius in building up his roads, while Morse never did anything but "manipulate" his steamship lines, letting their operation run down shamefully while he attended to the stock jobbery.

The long continued shrinkage in all stock values during the summer preceding the panic in 1907 gradually drove Morse to more and more desperate straits to finance his operations. There are laws forbidding a bank to lend an officer or director more than a certain percentage of its funds. Morse got around these restrictions by having money loaned to dummies in his employ, his stenographer, for instance, receiving from one of his banks a loan of over one hundred thousand dollars. He claims that this practice is a common one among New York bankers and that he did nothing that was unusual. But the grand juries that indicted him and the trial jury that convicted him thought the plea a poor one. The Clearing House Association regarded his and Heinze's methods as dangerous and refused to stand by his banks or to honor his

stocks and bonds as security. So came the smash. Morse refuses to admit that he was in any way the cause of it. The sole reason, he claims, was the hostility of his enemies. In an interview in *The Herald* last year he said:

"Believe myself to have done wrong? I know I have done no wrong—I KNOW it. There is no one in Wall Street who is not daily doing as I have done. When the government officials unite with the Clearing House authorities to attack any securities, as they did with mine, it will be found that any bank in the United States can be broken within a week or any class of financiers who are doing a large business. When the bank officials recommend that the various railroad securities which are operated to any large extent be thrown out from the loans of a bank, Union Pacific will go down in a week from 190 to 50 and all other stocks in proportion. Yes, and if United States Steel were to be classed as undesirable by the bank examiners and by the Clearing House committee it would be reduced from 60 to 5 within ten days.

"I believe myself to be the victim of a peculiar combination of circumstances—political and financial. The late administration wanted a victim; the System wanted a scapegoat. The panic was projected and it became imminent that the victim and the scapegoat should be found. And so the interests of the government and the interests of the System it was supposed to be hunting became fused and I was made the scapegoat of the one and the justification of the other."

Thus does Morse account for his downfall, which has been so complete that his wife, it is said, has had to sell her jewels, her sables, her silver, china, paintings and even household furniture to pay the bills of his creditors and lawyers. Examined in supplementary proceedings, Morse declared that he had left not a bond or a share of stock that had not been pledged for debt, "not a particle" of real estate and no promissory notes. He made another and very strange statement, namely, that he never kept a set of books.

As to his physical appearance, he is generally described as a man of attractive mien. Here is a pen-picture of him as he appeared in the Tombs, before going to Atlanta. It is written by Garnet Warren:

"Standing at the stone steps of the door was a small, compact, portly man, of dark gray suit and neat appearance—a man who wore no ring or neckpin and who walked with an active yet deliberate step and regarded me very searchingly and thoroughly indeed with masterful, inquiring eyes! He had an open and agreeable but firm,

full face and a certain predominating smiling keenness of expression and a trim, whitish, upward turning mustache and rather full gray-blue eyes, which were brought very close to yours and looked into them and bore in upon them with a searching stare. His manner gave the impression that he did not regard words themselves as of great importance in these days. He was gauging and testing and weighing and trying to detect, perhaps, the veiled antagonism he has learned to look for in the ways of men."

Two sons and two daughters were born to him from his first wife, who was Miss Hussey, of Brooklyn. She died a number of years ago and the children have been reared in Bath, Maine, by a maiden sister of the father, who has, in the meantime, lived with his second wife in a handsome home on Fifth avenue in New York City.

The one hope that Morse and his wife seem to have left of restoring to him his freedom is the hope of a pardon by President Taft. Measures are being taken to circulate petitions for pardon and to secure many thousands of signatures. In the meantime convict Number 2814 takes his meals sitting on a bench, with a clean pine table before him, and guards stationed at intervals through the room. He has a pewter mug for his coffee, a tin bowl for his soup, and his vegetables, if cooked dry, are laid out on the table. He can not talk at his meals. If he wants more water, he raises his right hand; if he wishes more bread, his hand describes a circle in the air; if he wishes more soup or meat he holds the dish out before him. Those are the rules and the first thing Morse did on reaching the prison was to ask for the book of rules, saying, "I should like to give you as little trouble as possible." When his civilian attire was taken from him he asked one privilege—that he be allowed to retain the copy of a poem which he had. The privilege was granted. It was a copy of W. E. Henley's famous poem "Invictus":

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE SPEECHES THAT DECIDED THE ENGLISH ELECTION

NEVER in the history of English eloquence have the statesmen whose oratory is of the political type precipitated themselves into a campaign with a declamation so Gallic as that which thrilled every British constituency throughout the budget struggle just concluded. No speaker unbosomed himself with more passion than that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the copious David Lloyd-George. Lloyd-George it was, in truth, as the *London Post* avers, who Gallicised all the speeches of the past few weeks with the pungency of his repartees and the vehemence of his improvisations. He talked of expiring liberty until Prime Minister Asquith himself grew warm, the well-bred Sir Edward Grey mouthed loudly and at last Arthur James Balfour, rarely aught but frigid, permitted his imagination at least to kindle. Never before did English town halls resound to dîns so suggestive of the revolutionary effusions of Danton, of Marat and of Robespierre. It seemed to the Paris *Figaro*, following with amazed satisfaction the conversion of Briton's orators to the French theory of eloquence, as if the Jacobins had stepped forth from their tombs to throw their spells over cold John Bull.

All the credit belongs to Lloyd-George. Our Parisian contemporary vouches for that and to him it accords the tribute of a resemblance to Mirabeau. The countenance of Lloyd-George is not, to be sure, pitted with the smallpox, but he has the dark and sallow skin, the leonine tendency to toss the head defiantly and the aspect of inspiration that imparts to his whole body on the platform an almost preternatural animation. "The eye of Lloyd-George shoots out flames. It is with the innate majesty of a king of speech that he treads the platform, roaring, stamping, yes howling, while he shakes the mass of his long, black hair." What an interesting spectacle it is, muses the Paris paper, to behold the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he yells like an Apache about the tax on ground rents! He is Mirabeau in the haughtiness of his dominating brow, Mirabeau in the thunders of his storming eloquence, swaying the tremulous heads of the awed audience in front of him. Pathos as heart rending as it is hateful to the peerage clothes the skeleton of his political principle. He dives headlong into the mountain waves of his subject and breasts the current of his own stream

of words until the whole Liberal party is flooded with himself. But he should shave off that black mustache before he will be truly the Mirabeau of British public life, opines the French daily. Otherwise he fits the part. The long black coat, the severely simple black necktie, the flourishings of the clenched fist at some apostrophized Duke—these "properties" set the people afire because Lloyd-George is afire himself. Not to have heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to miss forever the meaning of the French Revolution before Mirabeau died.

If the eloquence of Lloyd-George makes him the Mirabeau of the crisis, the speeches of Mr. Asquith proclaim him, our contemporary avers, the Danton of it all. Mr. Asquith is an inevitably cold and composed Danton, but he achieved wonders with the part. His whitening hair, his immovable and smoothly shaven lips, his impressive stare and more particularly the awful passes he makes with his hands seem to the *Figaro* appropriately sepulchral. The Prime Minister, it must be explained, conceives the crisis in terms of death. Liberty is in imminent hazard of assassination. The rights of the people are in process of betrayal. The imagery of his discourses is borrowed from the guillotine and the scaffold. Complicities, treasons, conspiracies and machinations among the aristocracy for the purpose of driving his ministry from power absorb the attention of the Prime Minister's audiences until they grow chilled. Past master of the art of terrifying, Mr. Asquith steps gloomily upon the platform, knits his fine brow, shakes his grave and majestic head and begins in a stage whisper. Danton to the life. Our French contemporary vouches for that. Could a ghost be presumed to make a political speech, its eloquence would be that of Asquith. The hollow and reverberating accent, the slow and solemn raising of the lean hand aloft, the quiver of the limbs, the dying of the voice into the faintest yet most audible of groans—who but a Danton or an Asquith could master so uncanny a technic of speech? The audience rushes out into the fresh air as from a spiritualistic seance.

That nothing may be lacking in the typically Gallic flavor of British political oratory just now, Mr. Winston Churchill surges into the fray, we read, like the immortal French ruffian Camille Desmoulins. No one with the slight-



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE "YELLING APACHE" OF THE BRITISH CRISIS

He holds the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer and is known in private life as David Lloyd-George. Here he stands with his wife and little daughter. The French papers, which follow the political campaign in Britain closely, have pronounced the oratory of Lloyd-George an adaptation, vocally, of the Apache war whoop.



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE SCREAMER AND HIS BRIDE

Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, impresses the French as the loudest screamer on the political platform in England to-day. He is here shown side by side with the lovely heiress he lately married.

est knowledge of revolutionary history could fail to appreciate the pugilistic proficiency of Winston Churchill when he is making a speech. His characteristic procedure on the platform is to begin by clenching his fists. He plants one arm on his bosom, shakes the other at the people in front of him and in a loud and defiant tone of voice avers that somebody or other is a liar. Proceeding next to take off his coat, Mr. Winston Churchill stops half way, decides to keep the garment on and bullies the people listening to him. The unblushing audacity with which this ornament of the Asquith ministry alternately threatens and scolds his audience is delightful to the French student of his oratorical style. Winston Churchill loves to be heckled by his auditors. Every interruption is to him the most welcome of opportunities for a jibe. It is a treat to behold him, as with his hands in his pockets he dances up and down the platform while the audience is roaring over the joke he has just cracked. But his conspicuous gift is undeniably for screaming. No matter how deafening the din awakened by his bullying, the screams of Winston Churchill penetrate the ear as if

they were so many steam whistles. There is not a suffraget in England who can disconcert him on the platform, we are told, for at every cry of "votes for women" he screams and dances. When he appeared recently on the same platform with Lloyd-George, the yells of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the screams of the President of the Board of Trade led to a rumor that the town hall was afire. So it was, adds the *Figaro*, but it burned with the fire of enthusiasm for the budget alone.

John Burns—how the mere name colors the vivid prose through the medium of which he is introduced by the French dailies! He overwhelms not the *Figaro* only, but the *Gaulois*. "This prodigiously fine proletarian," to quote the latter, "fills all space with his indignation at the lot of the toiler. He breathes but the air of the wage earner. The cup of his eloquence foams to the brim with the wine of equality. The voice—how it vibrates with Catonian hatred of the exploiters in high places. See the tears that would tremble in those eyes but that a too manly nature bids them sternly to remain unshed." A voice hoarse and harsh, a language simple and unadorned, an attitude large but ungainly assimilate French impressions of John Burns with English impressions of Robespierre. His chief rhetorical artifice is roaring. His oratorical temperament is that of passion. He never tries to be funny and he is no master of the retort crushing. The John Burns eloquence is uncouth, loud, gigantic, long-armed of gesture and slow of utterance. What it lacks in technic it atones for in spirituality, however, and if this workingman in the ministry never amuses his audiences he seldom fails to convince them. How contagiously popular the unpolished man is, too! What humanity in the great, straightforward eye so blue! How human the appeal to the practical!

The most aristocratic of all the personalities whose speeches decided the English election is that of Sir Edward Grey. The name of the Minister for Foreign Affairs has never reached down to the factory and the slum. No horny handed son of toil knows the clasp of his tapering finger, for he is most aristocratic in his democracy and defends the budget as a blessing to the peerage—in disguise. His mode of enunciation is reminiscent of Lord Dundreary and the best traditions of melodrama. His appearance has been compared with that of the villain in one of the most popular novels of Mrs. Lynn Linton. His platform appearance is sartorial in the ex-

treme, comprising well creased trousers, well starched and unrumpled linen, patent leather shoes and kid gloves. His manner is too cold for much gesture, while his references to the opposition are invariably well bred. The condescension of which his manner reveals a trace is not in the least offensive, for he talks like a man who on the whole regrets that the accident of birth made him an aristocrat. "He seems to be saying, as he talks about the budget, that nothing would delight him so much as to rant and to roar, but nature denied him the aptitude." He lacks force but he has grace. The *Figaro* frankly commiserates so genuine an aristocrat doomed through the accident of politics to row in the same galley with such a crew as makes up the Asquith ministry.

It is upon the shoulders of Arthur James Balfour, Prime Minister before and perhaps to be Prime Minister again, that the oratorical burden of opposition to the budget has fallen in the exhausting weeks of the political hubbub. This most polished of all the aristocrats in English public life has revealed in his championship of the House of Lords, says the *Figaro*, every accomplishment of the rhetorician and every gift of the charmer with words. Sparkling with wit, filled with soul, the language with which he has filled the ears of tens of thousands of auditors reveals unsuspected possibilities in the English tongue. In cold type, his verbiage seems only elegant, but, heard in its exciting environment, it proves that Mr. Balfour is a consummate orator because he is a perfect man. In the easy negligence of his demeanor when he ascends the platform or emerges from behind the boxes, there is an unstudied mastery of the whole occasion. His audiences come for a treat and never yet has Arthur James Balfour disappointed them. He has spoken on an average five thousand words every day for the past two months, affirms the French daily, "and every word was golden." His oratory is poetical and practical, cold in its expository lucidity until the speaker has come to some burning theme when, with the ease of a boulevardier lighting his cigaret, he sets the people aflame. If the man were not so long and lean, not so washed out and actually weary in expression, the wonder of his platform style would have less magic in it. His low voice, too, seldom lifted above the conversational tone, is unexpectedly and delightfully audible as far as the roof and strains no ear that catches it. He is the greatest extemporizer of argument that ever persuaded a public. No



Photo by Paul Thompson

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL SPECTER

Such is the conception of Prime Minister Asquith suggesting itself to a French writer after a sight of the Liberal leader as he talks sepulchraly to the audiences that crowd to hear him.

speech, however long, falls from his wizard's lips without evincing, in the character of its

allusions and in the minuteness of its references to persons and things in the audience that it must be an unstudied performance. Mr. Balfour can not be said to make speeches at all. He meditates aloud and transfixes every listener with the heavenliness of his visions and the tenderness of his sympathy while never forgetting the conclusiveness of his argument. Thus does the keen French critic communicate impressions of the most skilled dialectician of the age.

Unfortunately for Mr. Balfour, or so our commentator concludes, he towers, from the

oratorical standpoint, isolated. He is the one speaker of genius on the Conservative side. Lord Curzon is forceful but not sufficiently furious for this turbulent period. Lord Cromer is powerful and persuasive, but he never even pretends to "orate." Diatribes against the budget tend to the somniferous in their monotony and were it not for the genius of Arthur James Balfour, the making of political speeches in this most exciting of English elections might have resolved itself into a display of sparkle and fire on one side alone. He caresses his audience with words.

THE SOLID RESPECTABILITY OF THE NEW KING OF THE BELGIANS

A GRAVITY that imparted its positively ecclesiastical repose to the aquiline features of King Albert as this sovereign of thirty-five swore fealty to the organic law of the Belgians presages to all European dailies a reign as respectable in its regularity as that of the late Leopold was flagrant in its impropriety. Anguish was never more exquisite than that with which the highly conventional young gentleman now reigning at Brussels followed, in his capacity as heir to the throne of the Belgians, the rake's progress which has so recently passed into history as the reign of Leopold II. Uncle and nephew had absolutely nothing in common except the famous family nose. It is a relatively gigantic feature, flourishing with least restraint in the countenance of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, although the late Leopold was himself likewise inordinately nasal. This Coburg nose—as famous, in its way, as the Hapsburg lip—is no common protuberance. It has inspired a literature of its own and is the foundation of a comic art for which *Simplicissimus*, *Jugend* and *Kladderadatsch* have paid legal penalties.

This nose of the new King of the Belgians, like that of the late sovereign of the Congo, is of the type known to the literature of pugilism as a "bottle." Leopold possessed the organ in its integrality, whereas Albert boasts it only in a subdued yet characteristic form. The renowned Coburg nose is neither Greek, Roman, aquiline in the proper sense, nor pug. Its importance is comprised mainly in the circumstance that it is emphatically the salient characteristic in every true Coburg countenance and from it are deducible the personal

characteristics of the sovereign, good or evil. Thus Ferdinand of Bulgaria has the nose in its most sinister aspect, and for that reason no Socialist daily in Europe professes the least confidence in him. In Leopold the feature was said to express, beyond any power of dissimulation in himself, the sordid emotions that mastered his soul. In King Albert the family idiosyncrasy is affirmed to interpret the intellect instead of the passions. The anterior fraction of the feature is diminutive—a good sign in a Coburg nose, says the *Vorwärts*—and in the bridge it expands, terminating in a flattened area. It is useless for Ferdinand of Bulgaria to travel incognito because of the Coburg nose and our German contemporary warns King Albert that he will find himself in the same dilemma.

The extreme blondness of the new King of the Belgians, his gigantic stature, his intensely keen blue eyes and the shapeliness of his figure complete the man, who is a Coburg to the tips of his long, fine fingers. His splendid constitution and the perfect health he has always enjoyed are fresh proof to the *Gaulois* that popular notions of heredity are quite erroneous. The Coburgs have intermarried for generations and have long been noted among royal families for physical vigor.

What distinguishes King Albert among the scions of his illustrious house is the solid respectability of his character, his devotion to ideals ordinarily deemed conventional and his especial abhorrence of everything like "fast" living or irregular deportment. "It will be a long time before the place is purified," he is quoted as having said when, in his sovereign capacity, he walked the corridors at Laeken



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE MODEL HUSBAND AND FATHER WHO SUCCEEDED THE LATE KING OF THE CONGO

King Albert, now on the throne of Belgium, is deemed by the whole of Europe a pattern of discretion in all that should characterize the conduct of a married man. His wife sways every impulse of his mind and dominates even the political reflections in which, as a constitutional monarch, he cautiously indulges.

and looked out upon the stately palace gardens. His immediate task, as he is said to conceive it in the *London News*, is to make his family respectable. He seems to have

effected a complete pacification of the grown up daughters of the late King. He has set about the regularization of the "status" of that Baroness Vaughan whom the Vatican



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE BLUE STOCKING QUEEN

Her Majesty, Elizabeth, the new arbiter of manners and morals at the Belgian court, is illustrious for her virtue and her learning. She is equipped with a lore, an intellect and a disposition which give to her personality the charm of the mistresses of the famous French salons without their vice.

recognizes as the widow of his uncle. He has severed every connection between the royal purse and the art of the ballet dancer. Finally, he means to divest Belgian rule in the Congo of its primarily commercial aspects.

Unfortunately for his majesty's prospects, he has to contend against a universal skepticism on the whole subject of the Coburg character. The fine genius and the generous spirit of Coburg princes shine through their actions when they begin to reign, observes the *Vorwärts*, but the lustre of their renown is invariably dimmed by personal peculiarities when they have remained long on a throne, and they have all a tendency to remain unconscionably long upon any throne they succeed in ascending. King Albert, in the eyes of this suspicious observer, is following the example of Leopold in professing, at the inauguration of his reign, that virtue which consists in pure intentions. Albert may be expected, accordingly, to edify mankind for some years to come with the degree of his enthusiasm for

learning, for liberty, for religion, for virtue and for human happiness. His conversation will long remain as modest as it is lively. To purity of manners and of morals he will unite kindness of natural disposition. Yet in less than a decade he will have become the most



Photo by Paul Thompson

BELGIUM'S BABY

The tiny Princess Marie Jose is the youngest child of King Albert and absorbs much of the leisure which, as a pattern of the domestic virtues, he devotes to his little ones.

execrated of the human species, exploiting the poor in the name of enlightened philanthropy and rioting in excess upon the pretext of patronizing the stage.

Were the respectability of the new King of the Belgians less solidly founded upon all the domestic virtues, concedes the friendly Paris *Gaulois*, there might be some ground for this prognostication that his Majesty, beginning a Trajan, will end a Nero. Albert is not to be deemed grave and austere so much as methodical. He was well along in his teens before there was any idea of his succession to the throne, for, as a younger son of the late sovereign's brother, he was educated at first with a view to a strictly private life. The sudden and somewhat tragic taking off

of Leopold's oldest nephew interrupted those studies in electrical engineering to which Albert applies himself when he has freedom to follow his personal tastes. Leopold, who never shared the popular esteem for the heir whom fate capriciously thrust upon him, ordered Albert into a regiment of carabineers, whence he was transferred to the grenadiers. Like the late Prince Baldwin, his brother, before him, observes the *Figaro*, Prince Albert was obliged to undergo not only the severe discipline of a company captain, but to acquire by the labor of his hands that familiarity with the mechanical detail of artillery without

tude to all men for which the Coburgs are famous. The new King of the Belgians has not in manner what the English call "charm," but simplicity. Contact with his fellow creatures, even the humblest, on a plane of human equality was characteristic of the late Leopold and Albert is like him in this.

It is to the influence upon his character of that gracious Bavarian princess who became his bride nine years ago that the *Gaulois* ascribes King Albert's impeccable discretion as a husband and father. Long prior to the marriage which, our contemporary ventures to think, was made by the angels in Heaven itself, the hearts of these twain were unified by the tender interest of the princess in those Alpine feats which before he was twenty glorified Albert as a mountain climber of no less prowess than the Duke of the Abruzzi. The Princess Elizabeth Valerie Gabrielle—now, of course, Queen of the Belgians—is a daughter of that German prince whose skill as an oculist was always at the service of the poor in



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE SAILOR BOY OF BRUSSELS

Little Prince Charles of Belgium is one of the sights of the capital as, accompanied by his mother, the Queen Elizabeth, he rides in his sailor suit to the lake at Interlaken and sails his boat among the ice floes.

which no European officer is deemed even an amateur soldier. The Brussels populace have seen him a hundred times returning in the early morning hours from long forced marches at the head of his men, his face bathed in perspiration and his uniform begrimed with the soil of the maneuvering ground. He "messed" with his brother officers of the regiment and displayed that unaffected democracy of atti-



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE NEXT KING OF THE BELGIANS

Prince Leopold is still too young to have left any definite idea of his character upon those who come in contact with him; but one French writer discerns a striking resemblance between the heir apparent and his grandfather, the late ruler of the Congo.

Munich. She was reared in an atmosphere of practical but not priggish piety and Albert first met her in the course of an Alpine tour during which her own daring ascents inspired no little alarm for her safety.

The pretty legend is that the heir to the throne of the Belgians, being impelled by concern for the safety of the royal lady, finally forbade the dizzy progresses to which she seemed too prone. The Princess replied with emphasis that only a parent had the right thus to address her in terms of the categorical imperative, which elicited from the Prince a few animated reflections relative to a husband's authority. The discussion is resumed at intervals to this very day with incidental reference to the pair of lovely boys and the beautiful little girl who have come to bless one of the happiest matches in Europe. Husband and wife are of the same age, practically, for they were born but a month apart. They have the same passionate love for music, the same devotion to mountain climbing, the same serious outlook upon life and the same determination to erase from the court life of Belgium the stains of a too Cleopatra past.

Although the Queen of the Belgians is the remotest of her sex from prudery—quite blithe and unconstrained, indeed, in her deportment—her feminine delicacy is so unalloyed that Leopold himself, never a model of refinement in his family circle, had not the audacity to give his conversation a tinge of coarseness in her presence. Queen Elizabeth, to quote the characterization of the *Gaulois*, is the most feminine female since Marie Antoinette. Nature intended the consort of King Albert to be wholly a woman and she may be described as a living antithesis of all that is manly. Her husband's departure for even the briefest of those journeys of which he is so fond inspires her with the direst alarm and when he set out for his long pilgrimage through the Congo region her farewell tear glistened in its transparent sluice. Upon her husband's return she threw herself into his arms before a railroad station filled with spectators and literally sobbed upon his bosom. Nor is her affability less spontaneous than her tear. Never does she encounter the peasants along the roads in the vicinity of her husband's palace without entering into a very minute inquiry concerning the health of their children, family and friends. Never, the *Gaulois* declares, lived a Queen with so little reserve of manner nor a woman with so much distinction of bearing. She was never a beauty but she achieves the effect of perfect loveliness

by her constant study to please. Her look, her gesture, her simplest attitude will be so embellished by the graciousness of her personality as to impart to her very silence all the charm of the most brilliant conversation. The virtue of Elizabeth is defined by our eulogistic Parisian contemporary as a native feeling which vibrates to the most distant touch of what is seemly and becoming and would tremble "like the sensitive plant were anything that could stain the delicacy of her mind conveyed in the most distant allusion." Her queenly dignity consists in her womanly virtues. Her royal supremacy is dissolved in her feminine sweetness.

The solid respectability of the new King of the Belgians, our contemporary therefore avers, is entrenched in the citadel of domestic impeccability. The personal habits of the sovereign are tinged with the domesticity of this most virtuous of queens. Whether he find himself in the splendid palace at Brussels or in the exquisite villas dotting the gardens about Laeken, or it may be in that chalet to which the royal couple repair with their three children in Switzerland, King Albert's unfailing companion is his most devoted consort. She brings him the mass of letters and of official correspondence left by the courier in the morning and together, as early sometimes as six o'clock, they are transacting affairs of state. At noon comes what is known to the palace etiquette as breakfast, a simple, not to say Spartan meal. His Majesty is most sparing in the use of wine, which, like the Queen, he takes with water. One of his diversions is horseback riding, a form of outdoor exercise to which his consort is also devoted. King Albert resembles his late uncle in the attentiveness with which he reads the leading newspapers of Europe. Every morning the *London Times*, the *Paris Temps*, the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* and the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* are placed upon his study table. He likewise reads the scientific press, particularly those papers which pay attention to electrical subjects. His Majesty's hobby is engineering. Some months before he ascended the throne he ran a locomotive from the Belgian capital to the frontier. His knowledge of the technicalities of his favorite occupation is by no means amateurish. He could earn a good income, the *Figaro* says, as an electrician.

Although several years have now elapsed since Albert, then Crown Prince only, visited the United States, he is well remembered by the friends he made in this country—among them James J. Hill.

Science and Discovery

A NEW PRINCIPLE IN ENGINEERING

FROM time to time, observes London *Engineering*, it happens that a new principle is applied to some common type of engineering. For example, when it was proved that the centrifugal pump was extremely useful for raising water, a completely new idea was brought forward into competition with the reciprocating pump. Similarly, when the Turbinia was seen racing about in the blue waters of the Solent, it was then realized that the rotary turbine was something quite apart from the usual form of piston and cylinder steam engine used so successfully for nearly 100 years. It was therefore to be expected that when Mr. H. A. Humphrey announced that he was going to apply an entirely new principle to various engineering problems great interest would be manifested. The official statement of the new principle was presented in such a fashion that it immediately challenged the pumping engineers, and, as it challenged them, it naturally stimulated their interest. When Mr. Humphrey further announced that he could improve gas engines by the application of this new principle, it was certain that every mechanical engineer would desire to know more about it.

"To put the matter simply, his idea (which seems to have been carried out with considerable success) is to explode a combustible mixture of gas and air in order to produce pressure on the surface of the water. Some forty years ago this was suggested, but the application was not successful, because it followed too closely the ordinary lines of power design. A mass of water or other liquid is moved, and since a great quantity is set in motion the velocities are never excessive. The liquid forms a pendulum. It swings between a high and low level. By this oscillating motion it draws in fresh water, it exhausts the burnt products, it draws in the fresh combustible charge, and it compresses the charge previous to ignition. There are no mechanical moving parts; there is nothing which requires to be cooled.

"It is extraordinary to notice how eagerly engineers have discussed this new principle, and how much in common there is between the many branches of the profession when something radically new is suggested. One man, who for months has been conducting research with microscopes concerning the structure of alloys; another, who has been attempting to solve the problem of the utilization of bituminous coal in

suction gas producers; and a third who has been immersed in the design of electrical apparatus, all turn eagerly to a new subject, and talk one with the other a great deal about it. They can all start at the same level. They have only an elementary notion of the limitations."

It would be unwise to speak of the future of this new, but extremely simple, principle. It seems to work well, and the apparatus has already been made. The enthusiastic inventor hurries us rapidly into the future, and speaks of the application being used for the propulsion of ships and the driving of central stations. He has built a machine of 16 horse power, and we must pause before we can sketch the evolution of such an apparatus that will develop some thousands of horse power. To keep a large mass of water in motion requires a long pipe-line.

"The mathematics of the new pump are not easy, and the inventor gives that as one reason why the underlying principles have been misunderstood. But unless the data concerning space can be refuted, a remarkable economy in this direction has been effected. Calculated on the horsepower basis, an ordinary steam-driven pump would occupy between eight and nine times the space of the latest type of water-raising plant. A waterworks engineer has raised a very important question as to whether, when the explosion takes place on the surface of the water, some of the products of combustion are not absorbed in the fluid. There also seems to be a possibility of tar and oil getting into the water, but doubtless this is a defect which will in time be overcome. Mr. Harry Silvester, who is the public analyst for the county boroughs of West Bromwich and Dudley, made tests, and reports, 'From these results I am of opinion that the water is not contaminated by tar or sulphurous acid.' Many objections concerning the chemical problems connected with the invention have been raised. It is quite possible that time will reveal defects. It seems, however, as if a very good case has been made out for the new principle, and there is no doubt that a larger machine will be made so as to work the whole thing out on a larger scale.

"The idea of using a jet of water for propulsion of ships is far from new, and several inventors have paid a great deal of attention to the subject. It was stated during a discussion that a Mr. Tatham had commenced working with model apparatus, which included internal combustion and jet propulsion, fifteen years ago."

A SENSATIONAL ANESTHETIC

METHODS of producing local anesthesia by the injection of anesthetic solutions into the spinal canal have been discussed with much vehemence in our country since the appearance here of Dr. Thomas Jonnesco, the illustrious Rumanian surgeon. The division of opinion among experts is confusing as to the results, but the



Courtesy *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright by Harper & Bros.

DEADENING SENSIBILITY

This illustrates the mode of injection which, in the case of stovaine, has given a new range of efficiency to the operating surgeon.

theory of spinal anesthesia itself and the method of procedure are so simple as to be readily understood by the layman. Patients anesthetized by the Rumanian physician retain consciousness throughout the surgical ordeal. This is the conspicuous feature of the treatment. The theory upon which the method of anesthetization is based is not new nor are such operations as those of Dr. Jonnesco unusual in this country. The noteworthy thing is that Dr. Jonnesco has performed operations by the employment of spinal anesthesia induced through a preparation of stovaine and strychnia perfected by himself. He has operated thus over eight hundred times and in every instance, it seems, successfully. He is one of the leading advocates of this anesthetic device as distinguished from the older method—that of operating after general anesthesia has been induced by ether or chloroform, entailing loss of the patient's consciousness.

The attitude of the medical profession is thus stated in *Harper's Weekly* by Dr. Robert T. Morris:

"Dr. Jonnesco meets us with open minds; but he is facing a critical jury of many thousand men who know the responsibilities of their calling. Dr. Jonnesco chooses stovaine in place of cocaine for his anesthetic, because it is much less toxic than cocaine, while he further intensifies its action, and guards at the same time against untoward results, by the addition of minute quantities of strychnine. Dr. Jonnesco makes no claim to being the originator of this process, and only regards himself as having perfected the details. Dr. Corning, the originator of spinal anesthesia, feels that on theoretical grounds it is as safe as, or safer than, the older methods of anesthesia, and Dr. Jonnesco appears to have very good data bearing out this idea in a practical way. It is, perhaps, the feeling of many surgeons that we shall make use of spinal anesthesia in certain selected groups of cases, and other forms of anesthesia in other groups. Certain diseases of patients take the common anesthetics rather badly—alcoholics, for instance, and drug habitués, as well as those with diseases of the heart and lungs. It is probable that spinal anesthesia will be more frequently used by American surgeons in this group of cases, and that we will gradually extend its range as fast as we feel that we can do it safely."

Of the three drugs which are now chiefly used for the production of spinal anesthesia, stovaine is found to produce the most deleterious effect upon the kidneys.

MARCONI ON THE CURIOSITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

UPON receiving the Nobel prize for physics, jointly with Professor Braun, at Stockholm, Signor Guglielmo Marconi pointed out a result of scientific interest in wireless telegraphy which he had first noticed during the tests on the steamship Philadelphia, and which was a most important factor in long distance radio-telegraphy. This was the very marked and detrimental effect of daylight on the propagation of electric waves at great distances, the range by night being usually more than double that attainable during daytime.

He did not think that this effect had yet been satisfactorily investigated or explained. At the time he carried out the tests he was of opinion that it might be due to the loss of energy at the transmitter caused by the electrification of the highly-charged transmitting elevated conductor under the influence of sunlight. He was now inclined to believe that the absorption of electric waves during the daytime was due to the ionization of the gaseous molecules of the air affected by ultra-violet light, and as the ultra-violet rays which emanated from the sun were largely absorbed in the upper atmosphere of the earth, it was probable that the portion of the earth's atmosphere which was facing the sun would contain more ions or electrons than that portion which was in darkness, and therefore, as Sir J. J. Thomson had shown, this illuminated and ionized air would absorb some of the energy of the electric waves. Apparently the length of wave and amplitude of the electrical oscillations had much to do with this interesting phenomenon, long waves and small amplitudes being subject to the effect of daylight to a much smaller degree than short waves and large amplitudes. According to Professor Fleming, the daylight effect should be more marked on long waves, but this had not been his experience. Indeed, in some very recent experiments in which waves about 8,000 metres long were used the energy received by day was usually greater than at night.

The fact remained, however, that for comparatively short waves, such as were used for ship communication, clear sunlight and blue skies, though transparent to light, acted as a kind of fog to these waves. It had been observed that an ordinary ship station, utilizing about $\frac{1}{2}$ kw. of electrical energy, the normal

range of which was not greater than 200 miles, would occasionally transmit messages across a distance of over 1,200 miles. It often occurred that a ship failed to communicate with a near-by station, but could correspond with perfect ease with a distant one. On many occasions last winter the Caronia, of the Cunard Line, carrying a station utilizing about $\frac{1}{2}$ kw., when in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Sicily, failed to obtain communication with the Italian stations, but had no difficulty whatsoever in transmitting and receiving messages to and from the coasts of England and Holland, although these latter stations were considerably more than 1,000 miles away, and a large part of the continent of Europe and the Alps lay between them and the ship. Although high power stations were now used for communicating across the Atlantic, and messages could be sent by day as well as by night, there still existed short periods of daily occurrence during which transmission from England to America, or *vice versa*, was difficult. Thus, in the morning and evening, when in consequence of the difference in longitude daylight or darkness extended only part of the way across the ocean, the received signals were weak and sometimes ceased altogether. It would almost appear as if electric waves in passing from dark space to illuminated space, were deviated from their normal path.

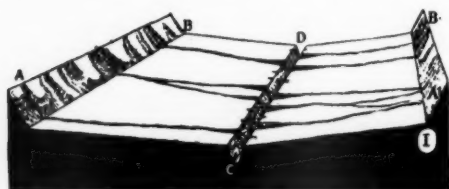


AWARDED A NOBEL PRIZE

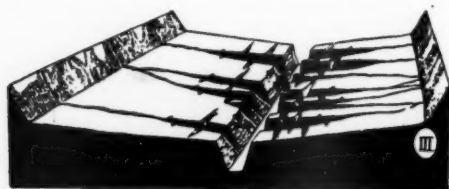
Marconi, the wizard of wireless telegraphy, said at Stockholm recently that his specialty is still one of the mysteries of physical science.

NATURE'S MODE OF ACHIEVING THE SUBLIME

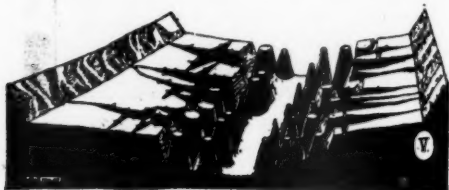
IT is through the instrumentality of a network of streams winding down the sides of a valley, carrying great stones with them, and gradually eating away their intersecting channels, that the geological formation known as the earth pyramid is formed. This problem of the formation of what are called earth pyramids has long puzzled students of physical geography, geologists and physicists. One theory, held until almost the



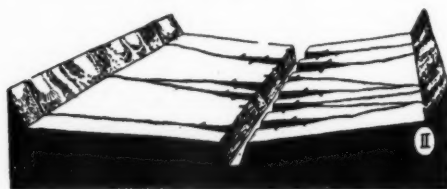
other day, made it appear that these boulders, standing on top of a great column, protected the rest of the formation from the action of rain. The rain ate into the soil not immediately beneath the boulder. In time the rain dug all around the base of the earth pyramid until the latter stood out alone like some huge tree trunk surmounted by a single immense mass of stone. In the diagrams elucidating this theory, A and B are the walls of a valley, C and D are the cañon.



The new theory has been accepted as conclusive by the German scientists who recently considered it at a session of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. It seems from *Prometheus* that rain has nothing to do with these odd and sublime aspects of scenery in certain portions of the earth. Ages and ages ago, there existed on our planet vast valleys adown which

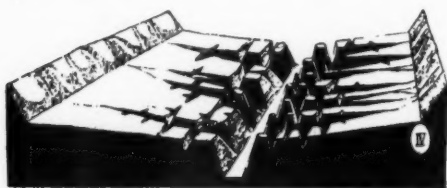


giant streams meandered. So strong was the current that gigantic boulders were borne along like pigmies in a flood. It all prefigured Poe's weird conception of "the scoriac rivers that roll their sulphurous currents down Yaanek in the ultimate climes of the pole." Bit by bit the solid face of Nature was carved out in Phidian fashion, the beds of the streams sinking deeper and deeper. The aspect of a continent slowly underwent modification. Nature was playing the part of sculptor. It was not, as so many geologists infer, a process of cataclysm. It was the gradual building up of a scene of terrific sublimity. To vary the image, Nature played the part of scenic artist, her chief tool being running water, not rain. In this theory of geological action, the earth



pyramid is a mere incident, a thing incidental to a general plan. This eliminates much theorizing regarding the apex stone which is so integral a feature of the earth pyramid.

To apply this theorizing in the concrete. We have first of all lateral streams beginning to fall into the main ravine. "This was in the olden time long ago." The lateral streams increased in size and number. Next cross streams formed between one lateral stream and another. Now the pyramids began to take shape under the action of the intersect-



ing streams. Finally, complete pyramids were formed at the edges of the main ravine. The number of centuries required for the slow working out of these sculptural effects can only be conjectured. The significance of this theory of the subject to our German scientific contemporary lies in its modification of some modern geological ideas.

AN OPTICAL REFUTATION OF THE THEORY OF MIMICRY IN NATURE

THE plates here reproduced from *The Popular Science Monthly* have been prepared by Professor Abbott H. Thayer with the especial purpose of exposing the weakness, as he deems it, of the optical hypothesis upon which the theories of "warning colors," "recognition," "mimicry" and the like, so largely rest. They show that these hypotheses would never have lived a day, according to Professor Abbott—whose article we give in his own words—had their originators begun by testing them. Darwin's erroneous supposition that a conspicuous mark on an object makes the object itself conspicuous has been built on and rebuilt on by the leaders of zoological research, even down to the present day. Entomologists, especially, make much of the supposed power of sharp and strong patterns to render conspicuous that particular part of the insect which they occupy. We now discover that the effect of

these patterns is the very opposite. In the illustrations of this article we see the actual effect of such marks in several typical situations. Fig. 1 shows two butterflies and several letters, all of one color, and against one background.

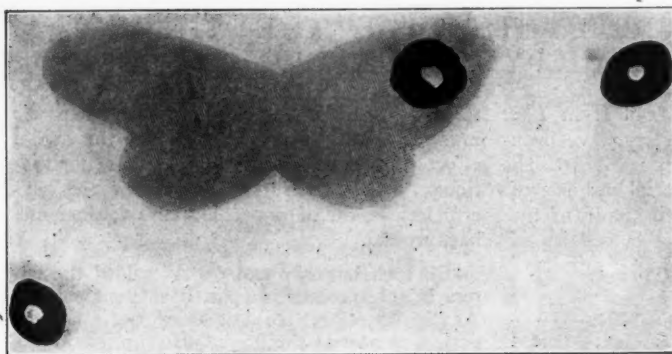
"On each butterfly and on several of the letters bright spots or patterns have been painted. As the spectator recedes, those parts of the butterflies nearest the bright patterns fade, until, at a short distance, they are invisible, while the rest of the insect is clearly distinguishable up to a much greater distance. The same thing is true of the letters, the unmarked ones being legible much farther than the others. Fig. 2 shows exactly the same effect with reversed colors. That part of the gray butterfly next the black ocellus fades, as one recedes, until it becomes pure white like the background, leaving the rest of the butterfly to continue visible at a much greater distance. In both these cases the effect of conspicuous pattern proves to be the exact reverse of

the old hypothesis on which the Bates and Wallace theories so largely rest. Figs. 3 and 4 will, I think, still more surprise the many writers who, from Darwin and Wallace down to the present time, are accustomed to say of one or another brilliantly pied species, that its patterns are so conspicuous that one can see it a hundred yards off. It is here shown that it can not be the brilliancy or conspicuousness of the animal's patterns that enables them thus to see him from afar, since these very characters here produce the opposite effect. The reader will discover, in looking from a greater and greater distance, that it is the normally colored, strongly pied butterfly and skunk, respectively, that *fade first*, and that all of the remaining six figures can be seen further. (These can be tested not only by distance, but by decreased illumination, and, especially for the latter means, a still more satisfactory test of the skunk can be made by using life-size figures and turning down the lights in a hall, or studying them out of doors as night comes on.) He will discover that the supposed white blazon actually serves to efface the black animal on a nearer view (especially if seen through the leaves). He can not fail, either, to perceive that an all-white skunk, being exempt from the risk of giving an impression of *two different things*, a black one, and a white one, would in the long run, be, also, the more *recognizable* when seen against any ground, except snow. It is not yet generally received that in the scenery about us every spot means to a casual observer, *one thing*, and it follows that two different color-



OBLITERATION

Figure 1 shows that bright sharp pattern effects obliterate instead of rendering conspicuous the form on which they are painted. Test these facts by receding from the illustration.



CONFUSION OF PATTERN

Figure 2 shows, as did the preceding one, that a bright sharp pattern obliterates instead of rendering conspicuous the form on which it is painted and that its details are left to seem to be part of the similar details of the background. Test these facts by receding from the picture.

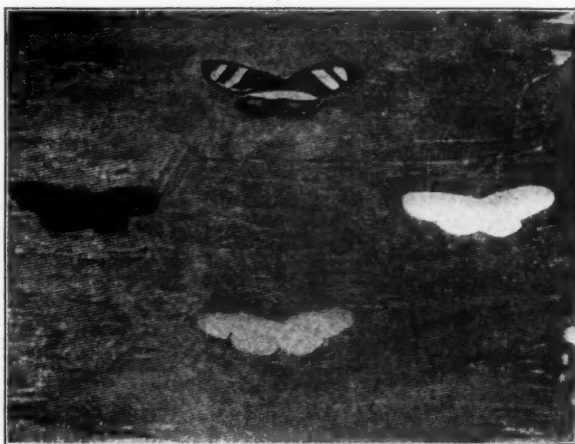
patches, as of the skunk, amidst the million color-patches in sight, tend especially when more or less eclipsed by vegetation, to mean, not one pied animal, but two different elements of the scene. It must be remembered that the skunk's scene is a night scene, commonly abounding in wild places, in black shadow masses relieved here and there by light spots made by bleached twigs, fragments of fallen birches, shining wet spots, etc., and, what is by far the most essential fact, with all visibility whatsoever at the minimum. In fact the whole 'warning-color' theory in the case of these nocturnal species smacks of the laboratory. For instance, altho skunks abound all over the premises of American country folk, it is very rare to see one of them except by encountering him in the hen house. This is the more significant in view of their well known temerity and disinclination to get out of one's way. Their white pattern, if seen at all, and even when observed to move, is easily mistaken for some inanimate detail of the scene, some shifting shine on a wet leaf, or other of the above mentioned light-colored details of the place."

These simple diagrams then prove, says Professor Thayer, that it is not the diversification into brilliantly contrasted pattern that makes its wearer conspicuous. But let us turn to notice the circumstances of the species already recognized by naturalists as colored procryptically—that is with a view to protective concealment. These are merely such species as live or rest by day, in actual contact with their background and, as now proves to be the case with practically the whole ani-

mal kingdom, wears its colors (or some of them).

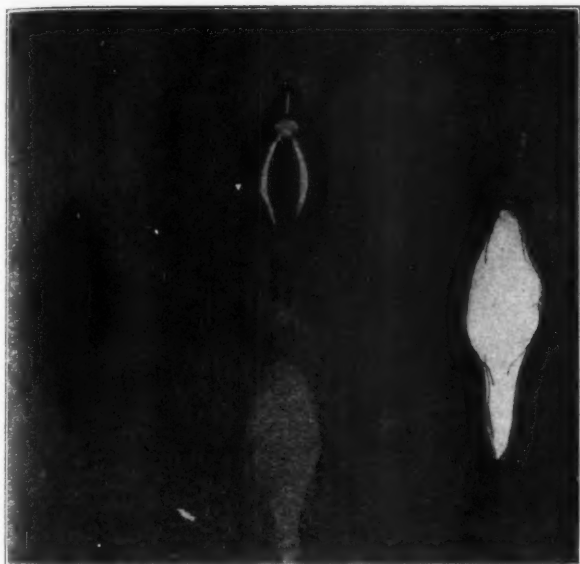
"Bark-moths, terrestrial animals in general, terrestrial habited birds, etc., all such species, when thus in actual contact with their backgrounds, share its varying illumination from minute to minute. The patch of sunlight that falls on the squatting woodcock illumines also the surrounding ground, so that the bird continues to seem a part of it; and the same is of course true of the rest of this great class of animals. But a very different fate attends the life of aerial species destined constantly to

appear against more or less distant backgrounds which do not share their particular momentary illumination, and which constantly show, now light, when the flying bird or butterfly is dark, and the next instant dark when he is light. This fate causes all aerial species, in a very vital sense, to be conspicuous. Fig. 5 illustrates this. On the white of the sky a white butterfly has been pasted, which, of course, does not show. In the same way, a black one has been placed upon the darkest part of the tree's shadow, and a ground-colored one on the ground. Both of these, like the white one, are, of course, practically invisible, and, could they be always seen against these same backgrounds, they might be classed as cryptic. But their habits preclude the possibility of this, their own changes of position, not to speak of those of the spectator, bringing them, as they fly about,



MUTUAL DESTRUCTION OF COLOR NOTES

This picture diagram, reproduced like the others illustrating this article, from *The Popular Science Monthly*, is the figure 3 referred to in the text and should be compared with figure 4, the reading matter under the latter explaining the significance of both.



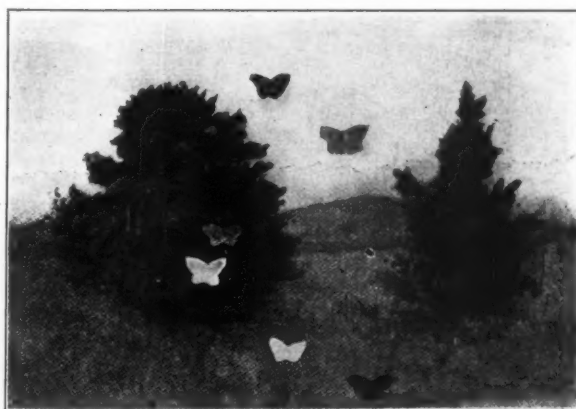
A MONOCHROME STUDY

Figs. 3 and 4. Here the spectator will find, as he recedes or turns down the light, that all the monochrome figures, even the dimmest, can be seen further, or in a less illumination, than the two normally and brightly patterned ones. These latter fade first. They show how contrasted juxtaposed color-notes destroy each other, so that, contrary to the current theories, monochrome is far better both for revealing the wearer, and also for proclaiming his identity amidst the innumerable details of wild places.

across, often in a single second, the whole gamut of backgrounds, from the brightest sky to deepest tree shadow, and back. And against every one, except the single one which they match, they are clearly visible. The black one shows against the sky, the ground, etc., the white one against the various darks, and so forth. Nor is it only their varying background that dooms them to visibility. Their flight carries them with equal speed through a series of metamorphoses of their own aspect. One instant they are themselves practically black, because of being in deep shadow, and are perhaps seen against a bright sky-space. The next has brought them out into full sunlight, and they blaze bright against a new background of perhaps inky darkness. The principle of the inevitable visibility produced by this swift succession of *visible moments*, tho alternating with *repeated vanishings*, is well illustrated by the complete visibility of landscape through the cracks in a board fence, to the eyes of any one passing swiftly by. The view recurs again and again to the retina, in time to keep up the image. This is why the average observer thinks he sees these butterflies through all their course. This plate only goes so far

as to show how fatal to invisibility it is to have the wrong background. Fig. 6 illustrates the above explanation of that perpetual disharmony between flying species and their background which *plays fast and loose, part of every second, with all their patterns' power to cut their forms into deceptive shapes*, by making them so constantly, first so bright against dark that all parts, even the blackest fall into one light silhouette, and then so dark in shadow against bright light, that even their white parts join the rest in one dark silhouette. These two climaxes of visibility occur in the flight of a bird or butterfly often at the rate of several a second, while, during the rest of the second, the creature is *effaced* by passing a background that his costume matches, and by being, as in the case of the butterflies A and B, midway between the extremes, favored by the momentary illuminations being neither too great nor too small. Even in the climaxes of conspicuousness his patterns still perpetually lessen his visibility in direct ratio to their strength. As when he is chased by an enemy every instant of confusion as to where he leaves off and the background begins must often save him, so that the brighter his light marks and the deeper his dark ones, the greater the range of background he can meet without silhouetting as an entirety and being for the instant conspicuous."

One of the cardinal effects of patterns is shown in Fig. 7. Here is a bird patterned in white, black and gray. Seen against the sky



CROSS LOTS

Fig. 5 shows the revealing-effect of being seen against a contrasting background, and illustrates the fact that no aerial creature can go about at all without constantly passing across both revealing and concealing backgrounds.



A REFUTATION OF MIMICRY

Fig. 6. In this figure the two inconspicuous butterflies in the middle show the effacing-power of pattern when it repeats the background. At the left a butterfly of the same costume is represented passing through a moment of illumination too great to admit of its patterns still cutting it apart into notes of the background. At the right a butterfly of the same pattern is going through the reverse experience, being for an instant too much in shadow for its pattern to save it from appearing as a lone single dark form against the light space beyond. This illustration reminds one how perpetually such vicissitudes must succeed each other in the life of such species.

he loses his white part, against the dark he loses his dark part and against the gray his gray part. Now, when we find that pattern works always for concealment in direct ratio to its own conspicuousness and elaboration, there remains no vestige of evidence that the specific recognizability of the constant pattern of each species has had, even to the slightest degree, a hand in the evolution of such pattern. To give Professor Thayer's elucidation in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"Let us try to get a vivid view of the whole field of the world's animals; over the whole earth, all species, of all orders (that ever prey or are preyed upon), wear, regardless of all possible needs of badge or mimicry, such colors, and nothing but such colors, as are to be found in certain of their backgrounds. Nothing but failure to perceive this broad fact has made it possible for all these rootless theories to gain a foothold. The two most recent theories, Professor Gadow's, and that of several experimenters, that humidity is the cause of patterns, both these are invalidated by the same general arguments. Dr. Gadow, who believes that it is shadows flickering over a lizard's back that cause his patterns, ignores the unmistakable fact that lizards, like all other terrestrial species, are colored and patterned to match the ground on which they live, no matter whether there be vegetation overhead to cast shadows, or, as on sea-beaches and bare rocks, nothing but air and sunlight. The humidity theory has the same defect. It believes that the increased richness in the colors of a species as one traces it from the arid part of its habitat to such a region as the moist-aired gulf-state forests, arises from the increased humidity, not noticing that with the increase of humidity goes always a corresponding enriching of the

vegetation which forms the species' background. Let these investigators pass through the mangroves that border this sultry aired forest against the bare sands of the gulf, and they will find, two steps out upon the beach, in a saturated ocean atmosphere, beach and ocean fauna of purest beach and ocean colors, palest gray and pearl.

"Black-and-gold is as truly the background color of the flower haunting black-and-gold wasp, as is stone-weed-and-sand color of the stone-weed-and-sand colored sandpiper. Scarlet and yellow fruit colors, sky-blue and green leaf colors, on the macaw, are as absolutely the

picture of this bird's background while he is dangerously absorbed in feeding in a tropical fruit tree, as is the little terrestrial mammal's brown the picture of the universal earth-brown on which he lives. The thousands of species of open ocean fish, the bare sand-dwellers and the ocean-air-fliers, all wear only the colors that characterize their backgrounds, often adding for the breeding season bits of the scenery of their nesting place, as in the case of puffins, whose gaudy breeding-season-bill on guard at the mouth of the burrow, obliterates the dark hole itself, and at the same time substitutes a semblance of flowers to complete the deception. The moment these domestic duties are over, and the puffin back in the open sea, we behold him dressed again in the universal ocean-and-rock colors of his habitat. (To show that no physiological difficulty prohibits fish, for instance, from wearing gaudy colors, we find such colors upon them wherever they live amidst brilliant corals and brilliant water-plants.)

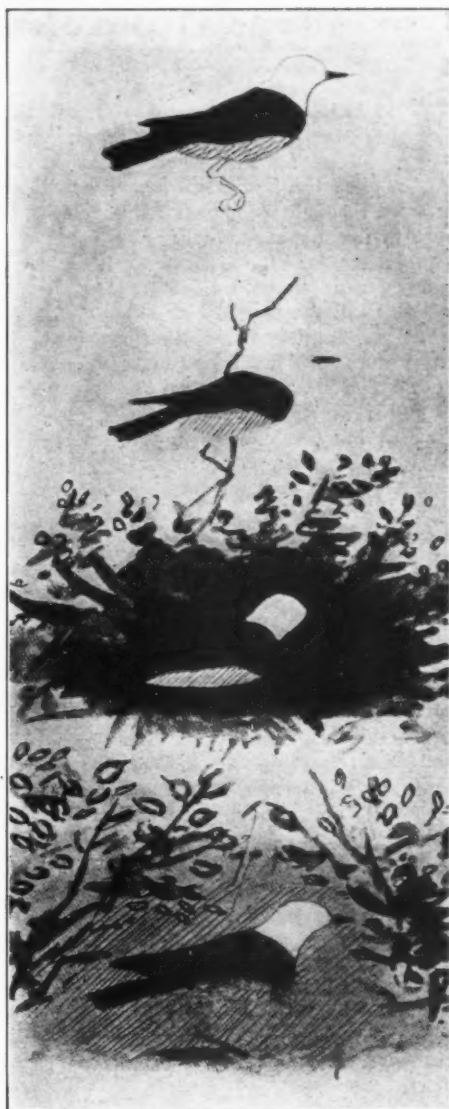
"To complete the above argument, notice that, as my illustrations show, it is in the midst of vegetation, or other confusing and more or less eclipsing surroundings, that monochrome is far the best costume for identification, while out in the open spaces, the air, the beach, and the sea, there, where no twigs or other forest details threaten to confuse the identity of pattern, striking devices of all kinds would have their fullest chance to effect the identification for which they have been supposed to exist. And what do we find? We find nature foregoing, from end to end of the world, every chance to make use of this obvious opportunity."

Now to glance for a moment at the significance ascribed by entomologists to the injuries which are found along the borders of butterflies' wings.

Perhaps the most highly artificial and strained hypothesis that has been released from duty by the discovery of the use of patterns is the conception that after a million years' experience birds would not *inevitably* know what part of a butterfly is edible and instinctively seek it, rather than try to eat the tissue-paper pictures of background painted along its wing-borders. This is entirely contrary to the stern rectitude of nature. One might as well hope to fool a ship about her center of gravity, and induce her to float at an angle that did not defer to it, as induce a million-year-long race of eaters of butterflies' bodies to waste energy over these patterns.

"A butterfly has, of course, a fairly tough body, and wings that begin tough next to the body, but become mere tissue-paper at the lateral borders. Now, every slightest contact is perilous to the entirety of these borders, and at the same time every circumstance of the butterfly's life threatens contact to them. Even the wind may blow things against them, and when the butterfly is pursued by an aerial enemy, his own efforts to escape must often bring them into collision with vegetation. Again, if the pursuer be a bird, his swoops bring him into almost inevitable collision with these out-stretched wing-borders. To lunge at a thing and miss it is inevitably to be carried on, the next instant, close past it. To put it from the insect's point of view, barely to dodge an onrushing foe, is, as we all know, to have him almost inevitably brush against us, to say the least, as his impetus carries him forward. It would be absurd to doubt the very great likelihood of mutilation to the butterfly's wing-borders at such a moment. Again; a bird struggling, against difficulties, to seize such a thing as a zig-zagging butterfly, inevitably tries for the *mass* of the target, the most visible part. Now, altho the wings do, certainly, more or less wag the body up and down, nevertheless the body is the axis of the mill-wheel of which the wing-borders are the floats, so that even if the bird *tried* for the body, unless the attack came exactly from behind, the flapping wings would tend to protect it by constantly getting in the way of the bird's beak, but this would be at the expense of these delicate fabrics, which would smash themselves against it. So much for the immensely *greater* risk of every sort to this delicate border than to the body itself.

"Now as to the supposition that birds prefer to seize this border region, rather than the body. One simple fact suffices to show us that we have not the slightest evidence that they do so. It is this. A butterfly seized by his body can not escape (unless, of course, he chances to be cut nearly through by the beak that seized him) while one seized by the wing-border is no more detained by being thus seized than by receiving



NOT "PROTECTIVE"

Fig. 7 shows the fundamental optically disruptive effect of pattern. Against each background the bird loses that part of its form which matches it.

at this point any of the merely accidental injuries above referred to. Now if a butterfly seized by the *body*, is generally *eaten*, while on the other hand every butterfly injured as to its *border*, *escapes*, what possible significance has our finding, as we do, mainly border injuries?

"We find that the whole subject of animals' coloration has been handled with very loose thinking, as if the old time disrespect of natural history still haunted men's minds."

AN ANATOMICAL VINDICATION OF THE STRAIGHT FRONT CORSET

THOSE long, graceful and unbroken curves imparted to the hips of American females whereby the contour of the figure below the waistline is

reduced through the corset from four to ten inches exemplify the significance of the change in bodily posture from horizontality to verticality effected in man when as nothing more than a hairy simian he first stood erect. "Concealed by the slow process of ages," to quote what Doctor George M. Gould says in *The Medical Record*, "we do not see the profound changes that occurred during the passage from horizontality to verticality of body. Think of placing a habitually horizontally-bodied animal on his hind legs only, his body erect, and one has a picture of what immense modifications of morphology, physiology and the like must follow before the abused animal, if he lived a thousand years, would see and act with any approach to our 'natural' seeing and acting." Terrible as the strain must have been to the male, the strain upon the female, as Havelock Ellis observes, must have been all but extinguishing. Her greater suffering was the result of her organically more complex pelvic viscera. Woman might be physiologically truer to herself, Havelock Ellis insists, if she went always on all fours.

It is because the fall of the viscera in woman when she imitated man by standing erect induced such profound physiological displacements, according to that renowned surgeon, Dr. W. Arbuthnot Lane, of Guy's Hospital, London, that the corset is morphologically essential. Unfortunately, he explains, in the London *Lancet*, the corsetiere sought contour primarily. Contour and the factors in evolution have never harmonized until the intro-

duction of the "Princess" gown effect in female fashions. By flattening the abdomen, reducing the hips and emancipating the bust, the French corsetieres—who in reality originated the prevailing American female form—have shown themselves anthropological in a very scientific sense. This circumstance acquires a special importance in the light of Dr. Lane's observations in *The Lancet* on the whole subject of the importance of the fall of the viscera in the erect posture:

"What I wish particularly to call attention to is the disadvantage that the individual experiences from the habit of keeping the trunk constantly erect. This habit of keeping the trunk erect from morning to night, whether the erect or sedentary attitude is assumed, is almost universal in the condition of civilization which exists with us in the present day. It is necessitated by our habit of using chairs and by the fact that circumstances and surroundings do not lend themselves to our lying or squatting on the floor. The erect posture affects men and women differently, for the reason that the abdomen of the woman is relatively much longer than that of the man, while the female thorax and pelvis differ materially from the male. The abdominal wall of the woman is also rendered less efficient by pregnancy and by the support afforded by her dress.

"I would formulate three general principles. When an attitude of activity is assumed on a single occasion certain tendencies to change exist. If this attitude is assumed habitually these tendencies to change become actualities, and the skeleton varies from the normal in proportion to the duration and severity of the attitude. The skeleton is first fixed in the attitude of activity, and later that attitude is progressively exaggerated. The same is true of an attitude of rest assumed in a single occasion and also when assumed habitually. The skeleton of the ordinary or normal individual rests upon a combination



AN ANTHROPOMORPHICALLY LEGITIMATE CORSET EFFECT

This toilette, seen recently at the Paris races and photographed for our contemporary *Vogue*, corrects the anatomical error of evolution in failing to anticipate woman's upright attitude.

of the tendencies to change consequent on the assumption of complementary attitudes of activity and of rest. Now, when the trunk is erect, there exist tendencies to the downward displacement of the viscera contained in the abdominal cavity. The several viscera are influenced by this tendency in a varying degree in proportion as they themselves vary in weight. For instance, the stomach and the large bowel are probably the most variable in weight, since a quantity of material collects in them and passes along at a comparatively slow rate. The more or less fluid nature of the contents of the large bowel assists in its accumulation at certain points, as, for example, in the cæcum and in the middle of the transverse colon, while in the stomach the pressure is exerted on its convexity.

"The mechanics of the abdominal wall are such that the muscles exert a firm pressure on the viscera and tend to prevent downward displacement. Still, in the abdomen as well as in the body generally, the anatomy is so arranged that there must be a suitable relationship between the attitudes of activity and those of rest, or, in other words, that the erect posture, in which the viscera tend to drop, must be alternated sufficiently with a position in which all strain is taken off the viscera. This latter may be obtained by the assumption of the recumbent or of the squatting posture. In the former the viscera tend to displace upwards by their own weight, while in the latter they are forced upwards by the forcible apposition of the thighs. In our state of civilization the recumbent posture is only assumed at night, and even then only partly, since the heavy buttocks and thighs sink deeply into the bed. The squatting posture, so common among savage races, is never employed. Therefore with us, from an early hour in the morning till a late hour in the evening, or for at least 16 out of the 24 hours, the tendency to drop of the viscera exists, while during the night this tendency is more or less in abeyance, but in a degree below the normal of the savage."

Nature deals with this modification of the normal mechanical relationship of the individual to its surroundings in precisely the same way as it deals with any specialized mechanical function, whether active or passive. First, as regards the large bowel or cesspool of the



THE AMERICAN STRAIGHT FRONT

In our country the anatomical exigencies of physiology are reconciled with the dictates of the esthetic sense more happily than most enemies of the corset believed possible a few years ago.

gastro-intestinal tract: it attempts to oppose the downward displacement of the cæcum into the pelvis by the formation of peritoneal bands, not inflammatory in origin, but functional, which pull upwards the hepatic flexure and secure it with as much firmness as possible in the upper and back corner of the right loin.

"Acquired bands secure the outer surface of the ascending colon and cæcum in a similar way to the peritoneal lining of the adjacent abdominal wall. They also grasp the appendix, commencing at its base and forming a new mesentery, which is moreover less distinct from its normal mesentery. In this way a portion of the appendix takes on the function of a ligament of the cæcum, tending to oppose its down-

ward displacement. Unfortunately for its new function, the appendix being a hollow tube whose mucous membrane secretes fairly abundantly, it is ill adapted for this purpose. The pull exerted by the heavy loaded cæcum upon such of the proximal portion of the appendix as is fixed by acquired adhesions to the abdominal wall produces a kinking of the appendix at the junction of the fixed and mobile portions. In consequence this secretion tends to accumulate in the distal portion of the appendix and concretions form in it, or it may become more or less acutely inflamed, producing varying conditions of what is called appendicitis. And unluckily for the right ovary, the appendix becomes a near neighbor, and the irritation and annoyance of the ovary may result in a cystic degeneration of that structure. Again, the recurring menstrual engorgements of the ovary serve also to encourage the appendix to manifest effects of its mechanical disability at these periods."

The most effective means of correcting the evil resulting from fall of the viscera in the erect female posture, affirms Dr. Lane, is the exercise of a sufficient pressure exerted appropriately upon the lower abdomen. For too long a period women have been in the habit of wearing corsets for the mere purpose of supporting the dress and of affording an enticing contour to the form. The English corset, he says, is disastrous in that it exerts a constricting and encircling pressure on the abdo-

men about the lower costal margin and exaggerates the tendency to downward displacement of the viscera. The straight busked French corset is much better and if skilfully made and applied serves to exert a moderate pressure on the lower abdomen. The corset that is most efficient is one that, as already hinted, while exerting a firm and constant pressure in a backward and upward direction on the abdomen below the umbilicus, leaves the upper portion of the abdomen quite free. The explanation is simple if it be remembered what is entailed by falling of the human viscera in the upright position:

"The transverse colon, especially when loaded, tends also to fall into and occupy the pelvis. The abnormal acquired fixation of the hepatic flexure in the right loin and of the splenic flexure in the left loin help to oppose the downward displacement. Some of the load is transmitted to the ascending and descending colon by means of acquired adhesions, which connect the descending and ascending portions of the transverse colon respectively to the ascending and descending colon. Above the connexion of these tubes is direct, exaggerating very much the kink at the flexures. Lower down the strain is transmitted along an acquired mesentery which stretches from one to another. The greater portion of load is transmitted along the great omentum to the convexity of the stomach, which may itself be loaded up at the same time. This abnormal drag on the convexity of the stomach is met by the formation of peritoneal adhesions or bands, which attach the upper and anterior aspect of the pylorus to the under surface of the liver. The upper attachment commences in the vicinity of the transverse fissure and extends forward along the under surface of the liver, not infrequently attaching the gall-bladder or its duct. The effect of this upward drag upon the pylorus and of the pull on the convexity of the stomach is to interfere with its normal functioning and to result in its progressive dilatation. The strain on the stomach is experienced along its upper margin, and especially on either side of the pyloric attachment. It would appear that in the male subject the tearing strain is greater on the upper aspect of the first piece of the duodenum, while in the female it is greater on the proximal side. This varying distribution of strain would be readily accounted for by the different form of the abdomen in the two sexes. Again, if the liver itself is mobile and displaced, and the pylorus no longer depends for support on it, the point of strain in the concavity of the stomach approaches the oesophageal attachment in a degree proportionate to the downward displacement of the liver. The importance of these points of strain is that in the presence of autointoxication these two factors produce engorgement of the

mucous membrane, its excoriation, ulceration, and later its infection by cancer."

Owing to a want of knowledge of the pathology of the condition he describes and which he calls intestinal stasis, Dr. Lane thinks the corset has not received the amount of scientific attention it deserves, "so that by far the most important factor in the treatment" is neglected. He endorses the therapeutic efficiency of the prevailing fashion in corsets.



THE ENGLISH STRAIGHT FRONT

It is affirmed by some London physicians that Englishwomen are among the least hygienically corseted in the world, but of late the adoption of the French *directoire* gown has improved physiques as well as aspects.

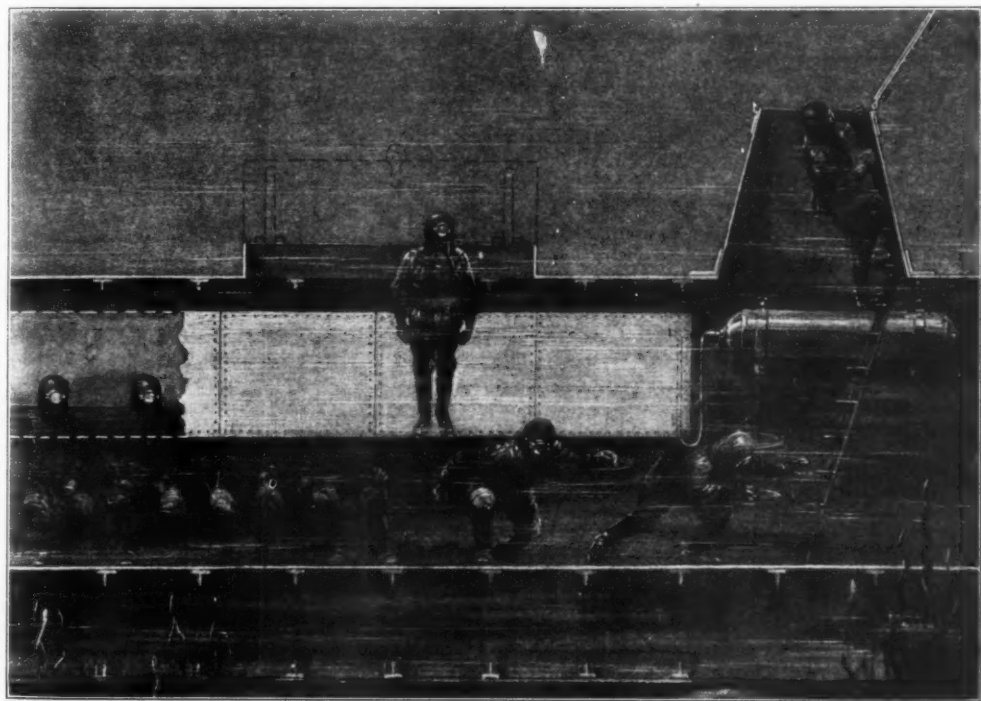
A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM A SUBMARINE

A METHOD by which the crew of a submarine may escape from the vessel and rise to the surface has just been perfected in the yards of that famous firm of submarine engineers, Messrs. Siebe, Gorman & Co., of Great Britain. The drawing, reproduced here through the courtesy of that firm and of the artist of the London *Illustrated News*, reveals the exact mode of escape of a crew caught at the bottom of the sea or river in a submarine while, at the same time, the secrets of submarine construction proper are carefully kept.

It is necessary to render the crew independent of poisonous gases caused by salt water coming into contact with the stored electrical energy or open terminals; to preserve the crew from drowning in the boat; and to provide means of escape from the vessel and ascent to the surface. The devices at present known are air-locks for escape; detachable chambers, or life-boats; and self-contained dresses for escape. Air-locks alone are of little use, except in shallow water; com-

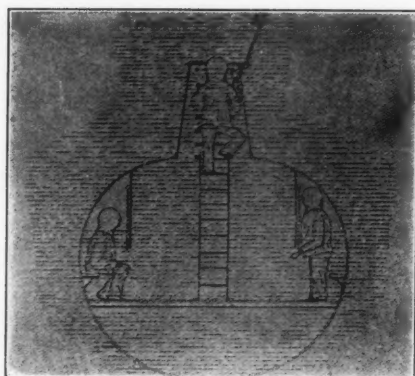
bined either with detachable chambers or with self-contained dresses, they are essential in all methods of escape. When a submarine is holed by accident, the water pouring in will, if the hole be at the top of the boat, gradually replace the whole of the air in the vessel; but if the hole be below the highest point, then the water as it enters will compress the air until the pressure of the latter is equal to that of the water outside. It is obviously necessary, therefore, to provide some device that will catch and contain the air if the vessel be holed high up; hence the provision of air-traps.

The accident having taken place, and the boat having sunk to the bottom, air will be compressed either under the deck of the vessel itself or under the air-traps. Beneath the air-traps the men, having put on their special diving-helmets, sit, with their heads in the compressed air, until it is their turn to escape, either through the conning-tower or through the torpedo-hatch, and rise to the surface. In front of each waterproof jacket, attached to



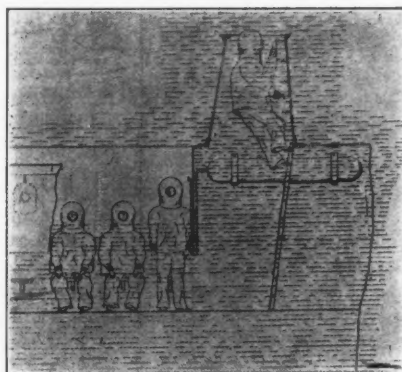
ON THE BED OF THE RIVER

The wrecked submarine is no longer to be the tomb of its crew, for by the protection of the compartments from poisonous vapors it will be easy to emerge through the tower in a diving suit and rise to the surface.



AIR LOCKS

Escape will be the mere ascent of the ladder to the trap door



THE AIR TRAP

The accident having taken place, air will be compressed under the deck

the diving-helmet, is a pocket containing a combined purifier and oxygen-generator, which enables the same air, purified and re-oxygenated, to be used again and again. The dress, which can be put on in thirty seconds, not only prevents the suffocation of the wearer, but acts as a life-buoy. There are fitted to the air-traps air-supply pipes from the boat's compressed-air cylinders, so that an extra pressure of air may be turned on when necessary. The drawing shows men, wearing safety-helmets, waiting under an air-trap in a submarine;

men leaving the air-trap to ascend the conning-tower; a man leaving the conning-tower to float to the surface; and a man escaping through the torpedo-hatch. The diagram on the left shows a longitudinal section of a submarine, showing an air-trap in use, three men under the trap in safety helmets; and one emerging from the conning-tower; that on the right a transverse section of a submarine, showing air-traps in use; men seated in the air-traps, wearing safety-helmets, and a man emerging from the conning-tower.

COLLECTING CARFARES BY MACHINERY

TWO quite new devices for the collection of fares have been introduced on the "pay-as-you-enter" cars that are rapidly being installed on the principal surface lines in New York City. One apparatus, says *Popular Mechanics*, not only automatically registers the fare, but also gives change. It has five slots to admit 5, 10, 25 and 50 cent pieces, and silver dollars. It is worked in connection with a turnstile, and after the fare has been deposited the arms of the stile are unlocked so that the passenger may pass through. If a coin of larger denomination than 5 cents is deposited, the change due to the passenger drops into a cup below. Human attention is still required on the part of a conductor to admit passengers when tendering transfers or paper money. For transfer passengers he depresses a foot lever that releases the turnstile but still reg-

isters its movement on a transfer record, and the paper money is exchanged by the conductor in the same way as with the ordinary boxes.

The other new fare box gives the conductor access to the cash till, but prevents dishonesty, as he must account for every fare registered, and the dropping of the five-cent piece does the registering. The advantage is that the conductor does not have to carry a large amount of money for change. The new box also passes the fare through a glass chute, and if the conductor detects a mutilated or counterfeit coin he can divert it into a special receptacle from which it is returned to the passenger without registering. An automatic gravity closure prevents a coin once deposited from being shaken out by inverting the box. A coin larger than a five-cent piece cannot enter the machine, and a smaller one is mechanically returned.

Religion and Ethics

MORAL OBJECTIONS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE

"SHOULD the duty of governing in the State be imposed upon women, all the members of society would suffer; children, by diminished care from their mothers; husbands, from the increase of the contentions, and the decline of the attractions, of home; young men and maidens, from the diminution or destruction of the idealism which invests the family with such charms as to make the hope of a home of one's own."

So Dr. James M. Buckley, the indefatigable editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, declares in his new book, "The Wrong and Peril of Woman's Suffrage."* The words are the culmination of a formidable attack on the arguments of those who believe in granting the ballot to woman. Dr. Buckley has reached the "settled conviction," he tells us, that "to impose upon woman the burdens of government in the State would be a 'reform against nature' and an irreparable calamity." This conviction is based upon moral, quite as much as upon political grounds.

From Dr. Buckley's point of view, there is something evil in the very inception of the woman suffrage movement. He sees in Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton fanatics rather than sane leaders, and he points to England as an illustration of all that the movement has already accomplished in the way of demoralizing even the better sort of women. "There is now in England," he says, "a revelation of the depth to which previously respectable women will descend when under excitement almost equal to monomania. The suffragettes have left decency behind. Their deeds as yet do not equal the atrocity of those women whose actions gave additional terror to the first French Revolution, but their spirit is much the same, and their methods so exaggerate the least admirable traits of women that they become an army of termagants, throwing stones and slates, breaking windows, screaming in public meetings, violating every law of courtesy, and slapping the police (one woman striking the premier three times), in hope of being struck in return, so as to be

crowned martyrs or imprisoned, and appeal to the chivalric to denounce a government that will 'strike a woman.'"

Woman almost always appears at her worst in public agitation, Dr. Buckley contends. He instances the incessant bickerings of the National Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair, in Chicago, and adds: "The scenes at recent sessions of the legislature of New York, enacted by educated women arguing for an increase of the salaries of women in the public schools of the metropolis, their exclusion from the floor of the House, the bitter articles and interviews later, and the stormy hearings before the Mayor confirm the conviction that such situations are to be dreaded." If it be argued that men are often just as quarrelsome and violent in public assemblies as women, Dr. Buckley replies: "That women, however much excited, do not conduct themselves more reprehensibly than men, and that in public there is no more disorder in their assemblies or elsewhere than sometimes is seen even in clerical assemblies, is a melancholy fact, but such men disgrace themselves, and weaken the influence of their profession." Moreover, happenings of this kind "furnish all the more reason for women to maintain the standard of decency and courtesy which they seldom fall below, unless when suffering from wounded feelings in excited contests or the epidemic of disorder which publicity and crowds engender."

An argument often urged by advocates of woman's suffrage is that "women are better than men, and therefore would make better laws, and would reform politics." Dr. Buckley responds:

"This is by no means certain. To show that women are better than men it is customary to present statistics of the number of the sexes respectively in prisons and in churches. Undoubtedly more than two-thirds of the imprisoned criminals of the country are men, and probably more than two-thirds of the communicants of the churches are women. But that this indicates that women are naturally better than men it is easier to assert than to prove. The majority of women are shielded and protected, while most men lead adventurous lives, away from home. Men have excessive physical energy, which frequently involves them in fierce conflicts. When

*THE WRONG AND PERIL OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By James M. Buckley, L.L.D. Fleming H. Revell Company.

they commit crimes they are more likely, under the present *régime*, to be convicted; for juries dislike to convict women, especially of crimes punished by long terms of imprisonment or death. Men's crimes are generally of violence, the result of excess, or distortion of those natural characteristics which in normal degree and legitimate use give them the power of defense and aggression. Women's abstention from crimes of violence is due to those characteristics which fit them for the persuasive influence which in their normal condition they exert.

"With these general views of men and women in respect to crime, etc., Frances E. Willard agrees, for in an article entitled 'The Woman's Cause is Man's Cause,' in the *Arena* for May, 1892, she says: 'We do not claim that this is because woman is inherently better than man (altho his voice has ten thousand times declared it); we are inclined to think it is her more favorable environment.'

The participation of women in government, Dr. Buckley further contends, would lower, rather than raise, its moral tone. The principal causes of political immorality he declares to be desire for power, for "spoils" in money and office, bribery, craft, party and personal prejudice. "Is it reasonable," he asks, "to believe that women who become party leaders, and intensely excited in political campaigns, will escape the influence of these demoralizing elements?" He proceeds:

"Certainly it will not be maintained that women are destitute of ambition, that they are above the influence of prejudice or prepossession, that personal favoritism can never warp their judgment, that money, or what it procures, has no charm for them. While some—in the aggregate, many—would resist every temptation, preserve their womanliness, and illustrate in high places all the virtues, is certain. But to subject the entire sex to such influences would inevitably lower its moral tone. . . .

"At present the morals of society are largely preserved by the fact that a woman of doubtful character is not admitted to the society of women of unspotted reputation. It is easy to maintain such an attitude now; it might be impossible in a general participation of women in politics.

"Log rolling," now disgraceful, will probably become doubly so, for tho many are women who win the co-operation of men by moral and legitimate means, there are not a few who fascinate men and will stop at nothing to accomplish their purposes. Should this be the case, the evil effect upon domestic peace and private and public morality would be incalculable."

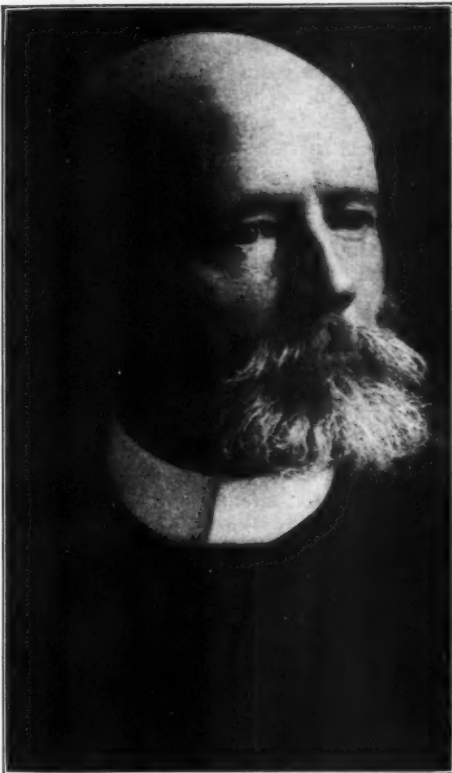
Even more fundamental is the objection that woman's suffrage will lead to a greater in-

dependence on the part of woman, and will "place a new and terrible strain upon the family relations." Dr. Buckley points out that religious differences between husband and wife sometimes disrupt the home, and that political differences would be even more likely to do so. "There is another aspect of importance to the family," he continues. "When women become active in political campaigns and in the administration of the government, religion will suffer. Their exemption from these absorbing responsibilities has secured to women the time, and matured in them the disposition, to support the institutions of religion; to attend upon its services, receive its sacraments, teach it to their children, and to maintain a close connection with its members." Nor does this exhaust the contention that woman's suffrage will make inroads upon family life. Dr. Buckley goes deepest of all when he says:

"The relation of the sexes is the most fundamental problem of society. The domestic life of its individual members turns upon it, and the increase, and consequently the very existence of population on the earth. Were the race separated into units,—universal prostitution, with little or no care or training of children, would be the result. In the civilization represented by Europe and the civilized parts of America, the foundation of society is the family, consisting of one husband and one wife; the contract between them being for life, never to be broken except for extraordinary causes and by due processes of law.

"As marriage is the general law for the race, and is a life partnership 'for better or for worse,' how is it made to cohere? A vital question, for wedlock is a partnership indeed imposing mutual rights, and equal, tho not identical, responsibilities.

"Upon these principles and facts I assume that the family is the foundation of the social organization; that it could not cohere without certain intellectual and moral differences between husband and wife. . . . The family is a union of two different manifestations of a common human nature;—moulding, governing and guiding the children, each after its own manner, and diffusing through society the blended influence of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and husband, father, son and brother. Such an institution involving two distinct personalities of the same kind, requiring lifelong living together, day and night, would break down under the strain if there were no natural and spontaneous predominating tendency. When the warmth of passion had subsided, the novelty of the relation disappeared, the imperfections of each had become apparent, and the struggles and disappointments of life accumulate, discord would soon arise and



A LEADER IN THE FIGHT AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, holds that "to impose upon woman the burdens of government in the State would be a reform against nature and an irreparable calamity."

each will refusing to bend, the breach would widen and secret aversion or open rupture ensue.

"But the marriage relation does hold together, and by what means? Tennyson answers in the following lines:

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. *Could we make her as the man*
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is
this:

Not like to thee, but like in difference.

"Man reasons, debates, decides, and the tendency is to his headship. Woman, if she approves, conforms; but if she does not approve, endeavors to modify,—not in an authoritative, imperative spirit, but gently, tenderly, persuasively.

"The bearing of these principles upon the relations of wives and mothers to the suffrage is that to govern in the State would unfit woman for her position in the family."

In closing his argument, Dr. Buckley formulates the "Creed" that sustains him in his war on woman suffrage:

"I believe that for many ages woman has been grievously oppressed and that in various parts of the world she is still oppressed.

I believe that woman's intellectual powers are equal to those of man; that the same faculties and tendencies exist in both sexes, and that some of them are the same in strength, while others differ in strength and rapidity of action: that nature gave to woman as one of her most important functions that of refining man: And that as woman is the chief guardian and teacher of children from their birth, she is naturally endowed with greater quickness of the senses, of thought, speech, and watchfulness.

I believe in coeducation for some young men and women and in separate education for others, the selection depending on the special characteristics of each: And in the higher education of woman and rejoice to promote it—provided that the normal dissimilarity in the constitution of the sexes—'a difference but not a scale of inferiority or superiority'—is not ignored or underestimated. If that be not recognized, the proper characterization of such culture is the *lower* education.

"I believe in woman's right to enter and practice the professions; and see no incongruity in her speaking in any assembly which gives her the right so to do;—provided she preserves her womanly delicacy.

I believe in woman's being athletic, and that it is wise for her to use all healthful exercises in preparation for her numberless burdens. But should she become as strong as the legendary Amazons, I would not have her join the army or the navy. On similar principles I would have her cultivate and enrich her mind to the highest degree compatible with her situation and responsibilities; but for the reasons given in this book, I believe that neither the state, the family nor woman herself would be benefited, but on the contrary would be injured, if she were invested with the suffrage.

"I believe that there are two objects in nature alike obnoxious—a mannish woman and a womanish man; also in the wisdom as well as the wit of the toast offered at a banquet, a day after Woman Suffrage went into effect in one of the States of the Union:

"The Ladies: *Our superiors yesterday, our equals today.*"

CRIMINOLOGY FROM THE NEW STANDPOINT

“**A**ROUND the forlorn figure of the convict,” runs the striking phrase of a newly published work,* “swirls the battle for the emancipation of human thought.” Up to quite a recent date, the anonymous authors of this work declare, “the sole question asked by those who administered the law has been, How shall we punish? and that is still the main question. The other query, Why should we punish? belongs to a future that is yet unborn.”

The book from which these citations are made is dedicated to Tolstoy, and carries on its title page a quotation from President Taft to the effect that “the administration of the criminal law and the prosecution of crime are a disgrace to our civilization.” Its point of view is further revealed in the following passage:

“Punishment unquestionably has passed through three stages, the first of which was revenge; the ‘eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth’ of the Mosaic and a prior dispensation. This is the primitive idea; Othello howling ‘Blood, Iago! Blood!’ The family, the survivors of the clan, obtain no compensation through the death of the offender, but their lust for vengeance is appeased and their honor retrieved. This primitive type is not yet extinct. It flourishes under the form of capital punishment, whether administered with due legal formalities by the state, or informally by the mob. One still catches its echo in such expressions as ‘Justice must be avenged.’

“The second stage is deterrence, terrorism, the attempt to stamp out criminality by fear. Judges who resort to exceptionally severe sentences in the hope of stemming waves of crime show themselves still under the influence of this philosophy.

“The third and last stage is that of reformation, marking a public conscience that, having become more civilized, has grown uneasy. Influenced by the reminder from the modern and scientific school that not only the commission of the crime but also the conditions that made the criminal must be considered, society asserts that while inflicting punishment it wishes by so doing to reform the offender.”

That the first stages of punishment, based on revenge and terrorism, have already run their course and can not be too quickly superseded by entirely different methods, is the main thesis of the authors of “Crime and Criminals.” They try to show that brutality leads to brutality, that violence breeds violence, and that,

above all, cruel methods are not necessarily deterrent. One of the startling features of the book is their statement, drawn from authoritative writers and reports, that crime in this country is steadily increasing. Another is their revelation of the tortures practised upon prisoners in American jails.

In regard to the first point, the increase of crime, the evidence they present is copious. The first witness they summon is Arthur McDonald, specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, and compiler of a report submitted to the Senate by Platt of New York, December 3, 1902. It opens with this statement: “It may be said, with few exceptions, that within the last thirty or forty years there has been an increase (relative to population) in crime, suicide, insanity and other forms of abnormality. This is the general verdict of the official statistics of the leading countries of the world.” This report runs to fifty-five pages, most of which are occupied with tables of official figures covering the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Bavaria and Algeria.

Similar testimony is given by Dr. G. Frank Lydston, author of “The Diseases of Society”; by Frederick A. Wines, author of “Punishment and Reformation”; by David A. Wells, the economist; and by W. D. Morrison, the well-known English criminologist. All would concur in the statement of Dr. Lydston that “crime is now increasing faster than population.”

The authors of “Crime and Criminals” contend that the brutal methods employed in our jails and convict camps are in part responsible for this very increase in crime. The list of horrors described by them is in truth appalling, and is commended to those who have lulled their consciences with the thought that torture in prisons is a thing of the past. As late as last year a boy was done to death by excruciating tortures in the State Reformatory at Pontiac, Ill. He was given the “water cure” (that is, water was injected into his mouth with a hose until he was almost suffocated), and he was “cuffed up,” or manacled, with hands as high above his head as he could reach, for the best part of three days and nights. His spine was finally broken in two places, and he was taken to the hospital to die. The whole frightful story is told in a report made to a committee appointed by the Illinois House of Representatives.

*CRIME AND CRIMINALS. Prison Reform League Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

This case is far from being the only one of its kind. Mayor Brand Whitlock, in "The Turn of the Balance"; Messrs. Hopper and Bechdolt in their novel, "9009"; Charles Edward Russell and Judge Lindsey, of Denver, in numerous magazine articles have told stories almost as terrible. The convict laborers of Mexico and the South, as has recently been shown in articles by John Kenneth Turner and Richard Barry, are treated abominably and frequently murdered by their warders. And the question inevitably arises, What good does it all do? Crime is not lessened, but increased. The authors of "Crime and Criminals" cite a long array of figures marshaled by George Allen England in the *Arena* magazine to show that from 8,000 to 10,000 homicides take place in the United States annually, and that in this unenviable total we lead all countries, with the exception of Russia and Poland. Moreover:

"Chicago murders six times as many annually as does the far larger metropolis of London and eight times more than does Paris. In Georgia alone more killings take place than in the entire British empire.

"No less than 3,914 murders were committed in the South during the year 1906, while in the central division of the country the murders numbered only 2,843, and in New England, a densely populated manufacturing district, the total was only 254. In the chapter on convict camps special stress was laid on the brutality with which that which professes to call itself the 'law' is being administered in the south. Does it not look as if here again we have an illustration of the truth that brutality begets brutality? And it may be remarked incidentally that those whom it has been the fashion to speak of as 'low, ignorant foreigners,' and whom we glibly charge with being answerable for the swelling tide of crime, are fewest in the south and most numerous in New England."

Mr. S. S. McClure, in his article, "The Tammanyizing of Civilization," published last November, has said: "The cities of the United States are filled to overflowing with organizations of all kinds to oppose crime and to dispense aid to the masses of criminals and unfortunates who are created by present conditions; law and order societies, temperance organizations, college settlements, committees to put down the traffic of women. All these work well and earnestly, but their efforts are either the work of salvage, after the great damage is done, or, at most, attempts at a very partial cure. They assist the population in very much the same way that a servant might who was hired to drive away the flies from the table

of a dinner party set upon the edge of a cesspool. What our country needs is, not more societies to remove flies, but the removal of the cesspool." This attitude appeals to the authors of "Crime and Criminals" as fundamentally correct.

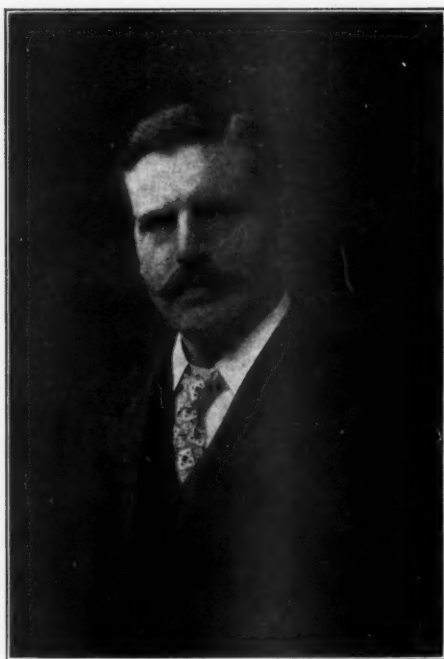
What is chiefly needed, they argue, is a recognition of the fact that the prison is but part of the great social question, and that, as a general rule, poverty is the parent and the slum the kindergarten of vice. "We also know," they continue, "that, while these prepare the soil, it is the administration of our criminal law that plants the seed and supplies the tropical conditions that bring it to the instant maturity of crime."

As initial steps toward more deep-seated reforms, the authors of "Crime and Criminals" recommend an extension of the principles of "probation" and "the indeterminate sentence," thereby putting the prisoner on his mettle and allowing him to redeem himself by right conduct. They believe in juvenile courts. They point to the Cleveland Farm Colony, established under Mayor Johnson, as a penal institution of the best sort:

"Despite the fact that many of those sent there have been committed for comparatively serious offenses, there is no stockade, no one wears a ball or chain, there are no guards, and, as the superintendent told the writer, probably no one could be found on the place who carried a revolver or even a stick. The colony is under the management of Dr. Harris R. Cooley, who had been for seven years director of charities and corrections under Mayor Johnson's administration.

"Dr. Cooley explained the fact that they had been able to dispense with the usual safeguards by making the work to which the men were set interesting and healthful, and he added: 'Even from a financial point of view this experiment justifies itself. But that is the least important consideration. The principal thing is that we restore the prisoner's self-respect. He grows strong by outdoor work. He goes back to life again able to meet the temptations which the city offers. And a very large percentage of these men never come back. But, better even than that, we restore their respect and confidence in themselves. For we treat them like men and they respond to it. We have had hundreds of prisoners at work on the farm here, and only a handful have ever taken advantage of their liberty. And it was the other prisoners who were most incensed at their escape. They were unhappy because some of their associates had broken their word. That is why we do not need guards to watch these men.'

"How true it is that the liar's real punishment is, not that others cease to believe him, but that he himself loses all belief in the veracity of others!



Courtesy of F. H. Revell Company.

A DIVISIVE FACTOR IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Dr Charles F. Aked, the well-known Baptist leader, is at present the center of a controversy that threatens to rend his denomination in twain.

And just as certainly the real renunciation of those who wed themselves to the deterrent philosophy, the creed of fear, is that they become physical cowards, placing their sole reliance on the gun and the revolver."

But even the Cleveland idea, progressive and noble as it is, fails to reach the root of the problem. The best that the penal institution can do is to reform the criminal, but the deepest question of all is, Why did the criminal commit his crime? To the answer of *this* question the new scientific school of criminology devotes itself. We quote, in conclusion:

"Many crimes, and especially those of a sexual character, are due directly to physical malformations, inherited from diseased parents. The unfortunates who commit such crimes are 'defectives,' against whom society may justly protect itself, but whom it cannot justly punish. Other crimes, and those by far the most numerous, are the direct outcome of a present social environment that lends itself to the creation of that particular class of offense. Petty larceny abounds when times are hard. Remove the causes that begot the hard times and there will be an immediate falling off in the volume of that particular crime.

"The scientific school, therefore, traces the origin of crime both to the individual organism and to the physical and social environment acting on that organism. It does not cast the entire blame for crime on present social arrangements. Poverty, for example, has much to do with crime, but not everything. Just as Charles Darwin was careful to point out that in the struggle for existence the inherited organic structure was the most potent of all factors, so criminological science notes the fact that there is such a being as 'the criminal man,' the abnormal defective whose instincts are anti-social. Every scientific work on criminology emphasizes this and buttresses the assertion with elaborate proof.

"It is, we think, a fair statement of the case to say that the modern school of scientific criminology discriminates between (1) the born criminal, whose tendencies are naturally anti-social and with whom relapse is the rule rather than the exception; (2) the criminal by contracted habit, embracing that large class with which the power of resisting temptation is defective and which degenerates after having been in jail; (3) the criminal of passion, who, although otherwise normal, is the victim of neurotic weakness; and (4) the occasional criminal, whose fall is due rather to external causes than to internal tendencies.

"This was practically the position of the celebrated criminologist, Cesare Lombroso, whose recent death has led to an increased discussion of the teachings with which his name was prominently associated. Lombroso's message was that moral defectives are a social product, and that, as one critic, Mr. Charles Ferguson, has expressed it, 'no man can be bad without a bad backing.' While, in common with all the modern physiologists, he attached great importance to the study of skull formations as indicative of brain power, a defective cranium was not in his opinion a fault for which its owner should be punished, but a misfortune entitling him to extra consideration at the hands of society.

"It will be observed that this is not a sentimental view, or one that lends itself to gushing generalizations. On the contrary, it professes to be something of far greater value—an approximation, at least, to the truth, founded on facts carefully investigated. But it will be observed also that, whether the cause that led to crime was individual weakness of will or physical malformation, or whether it was that general economic ignorance which plunges us, for example, periodically into panics and brings thousands to starvation, the act was the inevitable result of environment—past or present. Now it is absurd to take revenge on or punish what was inevitable, and it is the part of wisdom to guard against it and, if possible, remove the causes that insure its endless repetition.

"This, in a nutshell, is the position of the scientific, protective and preventive school, as opposed to the deterrent, punitive philosophy which still, most unhappily, dominates the situation."

DR. AKED'S CONFLICT WITH HIS BAPTIST COLLEAGUES

DR. CHARLES F. AKED, the brilliant pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, is at outs with some of the most influential members of his denomination. No definite eventuation can yet be foreseen as a result of the controversy that has been raging for several weeks now between himself and his colleagues, but the arguments on both sides already approach that danger-point where heat, rather than light, is generated. It may all be interpreted as illustrating a new phase of the everlasting war between authoritarianism and libertarianism, between orthodoxy and heresy; and it began in this way:

Some weeks ago *The Examiner*, the New York organ of the Baptist Church, published a leading editorial under the heading, "What Will Be the Outcome?" It mentioned no names, but hinted vaguely at "impending danger" and "disaster" in connection with certain subversive tendencies making themselves felt in the Baptist Church. "Some of our pastors and teachers," it said, "not satisfied with abrogating, on their own motion, long-established usage with respect to the ordinances of the Gospel, are now battering away, with the catapults of argument and ridicule, at the very citadel of our faith as Baptists, the New Testament, repudiating its authority, denying its inspiration, and claiming the right to depart from its teachings when these do not square with their own opinions." Then followed the statements:

"There is unmistakable evidence of a trend toward a denial of the divinity of our Lord, toward the doctrine of universal salvation, a repudiation of the Atonement of the Cross, and a conception of the Kingdom of God as a society, not of men and women redeemed by the blood of Christ, but of all respectable, well-behaved people, whether they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ or not.

"Such ideas as these are being proclaimed from our pulpits and professorial chairs with constantly increasing boldness, and they are having their effect. Our own is not the only denomination infected by them. They are in the air, and are regarded by many as a necessary expression of the spirit of the age."

But over against these tendencies, *The Examiner* continued, and viewing them with alarm and abhorrence as a negation of all that is vital and effective in the Gospel of the Son

of God, is the consensus of thought of a vast body of strong-hearted, earnest, faithful disciples, who hold with the grip of deep conviction to the old ways—the great evangelical body of believers.

"It cannot be," said *The Examiner*, "that elements so diverse, so adverse, can long remain together. They are working at cross purposes." The editorial concluded:

"Multitudes of Baptists are mourning today over the assaults of their own leaders upon the integrity of the Bible to which they are compelled to listen, and over the attempts to subvert the ordinances of Christ in the name of a pseudo-liberality. Will they always be content to mourn? The orthodox Congregationalists were once compelled to withdraw from association with the aggressive Unitarianism of the time. It may be,—alas! it may be—that orthodox Baptists will find themselves reluctantly forced to take a similar step."

This editorial unloosed a hundred tongues, and one of the first to reply was Dr. Aked. He apparently regarded the editorial as aimed, in part at least, at himself, but he wrote impersonally and in fraternal spirit. "You say," he observed, "that 'some of our pastors and teachers' are now 'battering away with the catapults of argument and ridicule' at the New Testament, 'denying its inspiration and claiming the right to depart from its teachings when these do not square with their own opinions.' You wrote in evident distress, but in cold blood will you really defend this charge? How does it look to you now you see it in type?"

"One disadvantage of these charges is that they leave us wondering who the sinners are. 'Oo is 'e gettin' at?'—the cry of the London urchin rises readily to our lips. Are you obsessed by Professor Foster, of Chicago, as Canon Cheyne by our old friend Jerahmeel? Professor Foster is not 'some pastors and teachers.' He is not a pastor and only one teacher. And has he ever been guilty of ridiculing the New Testament? Has any member of the Baptist Congress? Your hands upon your hearts, brothers, can you name to yourselves one of our pastors or teachers who has assailed the New Testament with ridicule? Surely upon reflection you will delete that word, and wish it had occurred to you to strike it out of the proof. For myself, I simply do not believe it. I should not believe you upon your oath, if you were in the habit of making affidavits. 'Ridicule!' You do not say 'Cast doubts upon,' 'discredit'; you say 'ridicule.' Where is this con-

temptible person imitating the tactics of Robert Ingersoll at his worst? I am in the mood of Betsy Prig with regard to Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris: 'I don't believe there's no such a person.' I do not believe that there is one pastor or teacher in all the Baptist churches of this country such a cur and such a fool as to 'ridicule' the New Testament. I should not believe it on the evidence of a committee of angels, each armed with a questionnaire, and with an archangel in the chair. And in your sober senses you will not either."

Dr. Aked expressed himself as equally sceptical in regard to any wide prevalence, within the Baptist denomination, of teachers who deny the inspiration of the New Testament. "I do not believe," he said, "that there is one Baptist pastor or teacher from one end of the country to the other who denies the inspiration of the New Testament." Then he added: "I put a question to you. Do you not mean that there are Baptist pastors and teachers who deny what you understand and intend when you speak of inspiration? That may well be the case." The rejoinder proceeded:

"You say 'there is unmistakable evidence of a trend toward a denial of the divinity of our Lord.' I do not believe there is. My view is precisely the contrary of yours. I hold that . . . the total net result of the entire negative attack of the last hundred years is that Jesus Christ is more to the world than ever he was before, and that a greater number of people own his rule over a great portion of their life with every day we live.

"I should like to say much the same sort of thing about another charge of yours, namely, that there is unmistakable evidence of a 'trend toward a repudiation of the Atonement of the Cross,' only I am afraid you would grow weary of my remonstrance. This may be the case. You have fuller opportunities for ascertaining the facts than I have. But I have not yet found a scintilla of this 'unmistakable evidence.' And I wonder whether you could prove more than that there is such a trend toward a repudiation of your theory of the Atonement. There may be such a trend. For all I know, I may be in it myself, for I have not fully learned what your theory of the Atonement is. All the same, you will concede that the rejection by you of my theory of the Atonement or by me of yours is not necessarily and forever the same thing as a repudiation of the Atonement.

"You are noble fellows, you editors of *The Examiner*, better men than I am, men whom it is an honor to know and a pleasure to work with. But I have a fear that in this article you have come desperately near to bearing false witness against your neighbor. And I wonder: What will be the outcome?"

The Examiner, so far from admitting the truth of Dr. Aked's rebuttal, now reiterated its original fears, with added emphasis. The word "ridicule," it insisted, was not too strong a word to apply to heretical teachers who, quite literally, are making a "laughing stock" of the New Testament by "substituting their own notions" for Divine Truth; by refusing to bow to its authority. "The New Testament writers took themselves very seriously; they believed they were dealing with eternal verities, and speaking for God. If they had no higher knowledge of divine things than other men of their own or any other time—if, in a word, they were 'inspired' only as the poet, the orator or the romancer are inspired—their seriousness is absurd, and their assumption of authority to speak for God in a unique and conclusive way not only presumptuous, but a subject for ridicule. Yet that unique inspiration and authority are denied, perhaps not often in direct words, but by innuendo, or by a significant silence easily understood by those familiar with the theological literature of to-day."

The Examiner was equally explicit in reaffirming its belief that there are many pastors and teachers who deny the inspiration of the New Testament, the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the Atonement.

"As to a 'theory' of the Atonement, we have none; we simply, in full faith, accept the clear, easily understood declarations of the New Testament, and humbly make them our creed. All the shuffling argumentation in the world cannot change their plain meaning. The trouble has been, and is, that men construct theories, instead of believing that which is written. Now, it would overtax the ingenuity of a Philadelphia lawyer to reconcile some theories we have heard from the pulpit and read in books with the plain statements of the New Testament. It is not a question between 'my doxy and your doxy,' but between any 'doxy' and the inspired declarations."

In a second rejoinder Dr. Aked was not so suave. "I am sincerely grieved," he said, "to find that you are willing, in cold reason, to defend what you must really allow me, even in your own columns, to characterize as outrageous libels upon some of the ministers of the denomination to which we belong." He declared, with asperity: "You are sowing the seeds of strife, suspicion, ill will, bitterness, and these, in accord with the laws which govern theological and ecclesiastical controversy, will develop a spirit of intolerance, arrogance, self-righteousness, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." He concluded, dramatically:

"You will be found to be warring against God. He is making for unity. God himself is at war with the obsolete. The tendency of our time, directed and controlled, as I believe, by the Holy Spirit, is toward the realization of our Saviour's prayer, 'That they all may be one.' One in ordinance, in creed, in polity we may never be, but one in faith, in hope, in love we shall surely be. There is nothing so radical, nothing so revolutionary, nothing so anarchic as the determination to keep things fixed and changeless when by all the laws of their being they are destined to movement. You may play the obscurantist, the reactionary, if you will. Like the persecutor of old you may think to

Prove your doctrine orthodox

By apostolic blows and knocks,

and all the while believe you are doing God service. But you have one opponent—and he is immortal.

"So I read the signs of the times. You may be right or I may be. Time will show. Arrogate to yourself the right to sit in judgment upon men as brave, as loyal, as devout, as true to Christ and his Church as you are, if you will. And try to turn back Niagara River over the Horse Shoe Fall if that seems a sensible piece of work for wise men to do. And you will fail. We shall win—we who believe that God is not dead, that the God who has been our help in ages past is our hope for years to come, that the God of our heroic sires will not let go his hold upon their faithful sons. We shall win who believe that God is pouring out his spirit upon the churches and saving Christianity by bringing them together. Your attempt to wreck a denomination will fail and you will be forgotten, all but the good and beautiful work you did before this folly seized upon you. You are not the first whose heart has trembled for the ark of God. But I have not read that any good came to the ark, the Church, or the world for the original trembling. Old Eli fell down backward and broke his neck. It is not in trembling, but in trust that our power lies, not in cowardice but in confidence and courage. 'This is the victory which overcometh the world'—and of that faith I do not need to ask, 'What will be the Outcome?'"

A spirited discussion has followed this formulation of the issues at stake. Most of the readers of *The Examiner* are evidently in sympathy with its editorial attitude, and one correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Barnes, of Binghamton, N. Y., expresses himself as follows:

"Only the correction of serious wrongs, or the inauguration of important advantages and improvements, will justify rupturing the churches. No more avoiding of some intellectual difficulties in the interpretation of passages of Scripture, or the accommodation of statements of doctrine to

somebody's notions of psychology, will justify proclaiming divisive utterances.

"There is always a presumption in favor of the old. New notions and theories are always disturbing and divisive, and should be held in abeyance until their truth and importance are very clearly seen. The fathers were not careless or prayerless readers of Scripture, nor were they lacking either in logic or conscience. Only some very important matter will justify discrediting them.

"In addition to this is the fact that their theologies have been put to practical tests. They have so affected the spirit and services of those holding them that they led them to strive to be, and made them, of marked and excellent personal character. Personal piety, family worship and religious instruction, effective prayer meeting services, neighborhood evangelism, mutual carefulness in promoting church consistency, and the birth and earnest prosecution of missionary enterprises, must all be credited to those doctrines. He is a narrow-visioned or a very reckless man who will venture to interpose his new doctrines, unless they are very clearly true and very important. The world's debt to the old theologies, and to the men who held and practised them, it is impossible for us to compute. The outcome certainly ought to be a very long and careful consideration of all the interests involved before a new theory, discounting the old, should break the shell or peep. The spirit which seeks distinction and notoriety had better be crucified, as a damage to its holder, and as a threat against the deep and eternal interests of men."

But other correspondents have their qualms as to the wisdom of this attitude. "Crucifixion" was tried in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and the results were not encouraging to those who advocated it. "Will you kindly print some of the letters that are written in Aked's support?" a Michigan clergyman writes to the editors of *The Examiner*. "It cannot be that the man stands alone in his advocacy of principles, for the establishment of which, and in defense of which, our fathers died."

"For your own sake, and to show that the denominational press has an ethical standard, you should do this. Let us hear both sides. Things are in a perilous condition if that man, like Tennessee's pardner, 'has to play a lone hand' in such a game as this. And, above all, for the sake of the denomination, for the sake of your own honored position in it, for the sake of the Christ whose we are, and whom we serve, let *The Examiner* state that it was misunderstood, that it did not mean all that has been read into its words, that it still stands for the peace and unity of the church, and for denominational comity."

DOES AMERICA WORSHIP FALSE STANDARDS OF SUCCESS?

FROM time to time we Americans are told that we are lacking in idealism and in any true standard of success.

A French journalist in a recent book expresses his conviction that the people of this country are "terribly practical, avid of pleasure, and systematically hostile to all idealism." Not long ago, a distinguished lawyer of the Middle West, pleading the cause of one of the societies for improving civic conditions, made the statement that the higher life of the American people "had been drugged with a spirit of mercenary materialism," and that "political self-seeking and unlimited corporate greed have become a national religion."

How far are the charges true, and is it a fact that we do not know the meaning of real "success"? Prof. Brander Matthews, who considers these questions in a late issue of *The Forum*, admits that "in the mouth of the ordinary American of today the word success is usually interpreted to mean material prosperity," and he thinks that this is a false definition and a false ideal. But he finds so many counteracting tendencies, so many signs of a changing temper, that his conclusion is: "In spite of much that may seem like evidence to the contrary, the American people as a whole are not now setting up false standards of success."

To the great mass of mankind, Professor Matthews points out, the outward and visible proof of success is always and everywhere "money in the bank"—or whatever may be the immediate equivalent. And so long as the majority are not far removed from poverty, and are compelled to put most of their energy into the crass struggle for existence, this standard is inevitable, and even necessary. "To measure success in terms of material prosperity may be sordid and it may be dangerous to the commonwealth; but it is natural enough and it marks no sudden fall from grace. Even tho this standard of success may seem to some to be more exclusively accepted by us just now, the acceptance is not at all peculiar to the American of the twentieth century. It is only what has long been visible both in France and in England; and the industrial development in Germany has brought about the same state of affairs even in that land of soldiers and philosophers. When one of my Columbia colleagues was a student at Berlin thirty years ago, he was once told by

a native that the Americans 'worship the dollar,'—to which he retorted that the Germans had a similar god, only it was but one-quarter as powerful."

The real question, Professor Matthews continues, is not whether success is taken to mean material prosperity, but whether material prosperity is not received by us as the final test of success and as the sole touchstone of a finished career; and this, he avers, "is a question as important as it is difficult to answer." If we are admitting that the acquisition of money is the only standard of a well-spent life, then indeed are we in danger of confounding the end with the means. Then are we hailing the man who has merely entered the portal as though he had conquered the inner citadel. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Professor Matthews proceeds:

"While material prosperity, is of necessity, the immediate aim of the average man in the thick of the struggle for life, it ought not to be his only aim; and just so soon as he can feel his feet firm on the ground beneath him, it ought not to be his chief aim. And what may be, for a while, almost the whole duty of the inferior man, is only a small part of the duty of the superior man. When the desperate dread of want is no longer driving us to leisureless toil, and when a fair measure of material prosperity has been achieved by abundant energy or by early advantage, then the further accumulation of wealth ceases to deserve exclusive attention, since it is no longer needful to the individual or to the community. To continue to put forth all one's power for the sake of needless acquisition is a short-sighted selfishness which is not success but failure. It is a failure of the individual, which, if widely multiplied, must be fatal to the community.

"There is no denying that there are now in the United States glaring examples of this failure, masquerading as success, nor can it be doubted that many if not most of those who are in the thick of the strife are willing enough to welcome this sham as tho it was the genuine article. They are, as it were, hypnotized by the revolving of the glitter before their eyes; and they are in no condition to appreciate the truth of Beecher's saying that 'there are a great many poor men who are rich and a great many rich men who are poor.' They do not see that if they got what they are seeking, they would swiftly discover the imposture that they played on themselves. They cannot be expected to find this out until it is too late, until they have failed according to their own temporary standard, or until

they have succeeded according to the standard which will betray them in the end. They have energy and determination and ability; but they are bending their powers to the attainment of an object which will never adequately reward the effort. They have not taken time to plan the journey before them and to decide whether they really want to arrive at the port for which they seem to be steering. 'Most men,' so Lowell has told us, 'make the voyage of life, as if they carried sealed orders, which they were not to open until they were in mid-ocean.'

But while there are many men in the United States of the type described, they are not, so Professor Matthews contends, the type that America admires. "It is a good sign," he thinks, "that the attitude toward the very rich seems to be changing of late. They are beginning to feel themselves more or less under suspicion, however much the society-reporter may delight in snobbish adulation. No longer is there a belief that the mere heaping up of money is a sufficient service to the community. There is an increasing tendency to apply a stricter moral standard and to ask embarrassing questions. There is a desire to know where the money came from and whether it was honestly come by." He goes on to say:

"While the public attitude toward the idle rich is never admiring, rarely envious and generally contemptuous, its attitude toward the powerful group of masterful manipulators of the necessities of life is distinctly hostile. Their example has been as demoralizing as their mischievous activity has been dangerous. But this the plain people now perceive, and as a result the plain people are asking for laws which have iron teeth and for prosecutions which will put prison-stripes on a few of these predatory financiers. Probably these self-seeking captains of industry have been astonished of late when they discovered their unfortunate position in public opinion. Possibly they may even be moved to inquire whether the success they have achieved is really worth while—whether it is worth what they have paid for it. Certainly they might awaken to the fact that a man can scarcely be called successful in life when a large proportion of his fellow-citizens not only believe that he ought to be in jail, but would like to see him there. Success is at least a little dubious when men of immense wealth have to go into hiding or to escape out of the country to avoid the subpoena that might force them to the alternative of perjury or of testifying against themselves."

The conviction is gradually growing in this and in all countries, so Professor Matthews feels, that "pleasure cannot be purchased, and cannot even be sought for, with any chance of success in the pursuit." The truth is, he

says, that "pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has something to do that he wants to do intensely and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the keenest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done."

"The foolish talk about the 'curse of labor' is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may retire into idleness. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is never a curse, that it is ever a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty only of inferiors, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal; it is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sweetens life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly accursed who is refused the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much money." The argument concludes:

"There is a significant passage in one of the letters that Taine wrote toward the end of his well-spent life—an honorable life which had been crowned with all the outer rewards of success. 'To my mind,' he declared, 'the hope of success, even success itself, does not suffice to sustain us; man needs an aim, something loved for its own sake, sometimes money or high place, which is the case of ordinary ambition; sometimes an object he will enjoy all by himself, a science he wishes to master, a problem which he wishes to solve to have done with it.' The ordinary ambition, as Taine calls it here, money or high place, is a false beacon, and when he who is possessed by it attains to his promised land he finds it to be only a slough of despond, if it has led him to starve his capacity for getting out of life the things that are really worth while. He may seem to have succeeded, but he is left lonely amid those whose ambitions have been better inspired."

"In spite of much that may seem like evidence to the contrary, the American people as a whole are not now setting up false standards of success. It is not true that they are drugged with 'the spirit of mercenary materialism.' There is really little reason to believe that the average man here in the United States, however much he may wish to be better off than he is, weighs his fellow-men by their balance in the bank. In fact, the average man today is not without a pretty high opinion of those whose minds are not set

on money-making; and he is in no danger of denouncing as a dire failure a career devoted to the loftier things of life. He may at times display too much curiosity about the methods and the amassed money of Mr. Midas and of Mr. Croesus; but he does not reveal any too great esteem for their persons. He does not actually envy them, even tho he may wish that he also had a little more of the material prosperity of which they have too much. It may even be doubted whether he holds them to have been more successful than the men whom he admires as the leaders of public opinion and as the possessors of the things that money cannot buy. He may gossip about the latest entertainment or the latest benefaction of inordinately wealthy men, but he does not set them as high as he rates certain college presidents, certain artists, cer-

tain men of letters, certain inventors, whose power and success cannot be measured in money. He would not dispute Bacon's assertion that 'no man's fortune can be an end worthy of the gift of being . . . and often the worthiest men abandon their fortunes willingly that they may have leisure for higher things.'

"All those who are old enough to remember the funeral of Peter Cooper and its outpouring of affectionate regard from all classes in the city he had made a better place to live in, will not need to be assured that the average American clings sturdily to the belief that public service, in office or out of it, is the true gauge of a life. The most useful citizen is in fact the most successful; and it is those who have given loyal service to the community whom the community holds in highest regard."

THE STRUGGLE TO CONTROL THE MIND OF THE CHILD

FEW issues are being contested with greater bitterness throughout the world to-day than those involving the religious education of children. In England, where not long ago the educational storm was raging, a temporary truce has been called. In Spain, the other day, the founder of the rationalistic "Modern Schools," organized to offset the religious teaching given in Roman Catholic schools, was taken out to a ditch and shot. In France, the secular authorities and Roman Catholic bishops are at the present moment engaged in impassioned controversy regarding the religious doctrines taught in the schools.

Primary instruction in France, as a correspondent of the Protestant Episcopal *Living Church* (Milwaukee), has lately pointed out, is paid for by the government. The public school system is established in even the smallest villages. But the Roman Catholics also have a large number of schools, and prefer to send their children to their own schools. It seems, however, that in many localities there are no Catholic schools, and that numerous Catholic children attend the public schools.

The present government schools of France were started in 1882. They are compelled to be unsectarian; the law is precise on that point. M. Jules Ferry, the principal framer of the law, is on record as having said: "If a teacher of the public school should presume to introduce into his school any teaching that would disturb the religious convictions or beliefs of any one, he should be quickly and

severely reprimanded, just as if he had committed any other misdemeanor, such as beating, or injuring their person."

But in the heat of the recent religious controversies in France, the spirit of this impartial declaration has been transgressed. The French State of to-day is emphatically secular. The present French Prime Minister, Aristide Briand, was once a militant Socialist, and even yet his anti-Catholic feeling is manifest. Some of the books used in French public schools come very near being text-books of free thought. For example: A little book by G. Bruno, "The Tour of France by Two Children," which has reached its 345th edition, has been mutilated. One sentence, "We will help one another and God will do the rest," is changed to "things will arrange themselves." "Prayer gives us courage and hope," is changed to "let us help one another." La Fontaine said in one of his fables: "Little fish will grow big, provided God give them life"; this is changed to, "Little fish will grow big, provided life is given them."

History is also distorted. In the manual of the history of France, by Gautier and Deschamps, the first few pages are on the Roman Empire. As regards Christianity, only the date of the birth of Christ and just an allusion to the decree of Constantine are allowed, while a full half page is devoted to Mohammedanism. The conversion of Clovis at the battle of Tolbiac is passed over in silence. Then again, speaking of the death of Blanche of Castille at St. Louis, "I would

rather see you dead than to have you commit one cardinal sin" is changed to, "I would rather have you return to me dead, than dishonored."

A book by Albert Bayet, entitled "Middle Class Moral Lessons," opens as follows:

"The moral taught in this manual is non-sectarian and positive; that is to say, independent of all religious views.

"Moral laws are founded on facts; we therefore have omitted the chapter relating to the existence of God and the duty of man to God. Those chapters that might disturb certain beliefs have been omitted and replaced by others, in which we will name the principal religions, and we will point out the difference between scientific truths that only the ignorant can deny and the religious and metaphysical beliefs that each one has the right to accept, reject, or modify as he likes."

This leads on to more subversive doctrine:

"As man cannot know scientifically what awaits him after death, he has turned his thoughts to conjectures; he has made many conjectures on the subject. Some claim that after death there is total annihilation; others, that he will find himself in the presence of an eternal Being, supremely good and just—God. These believe that God will reward or punish, therefore they pray to Him, using prayers that have been composed for them. They worship and honor him. This diversity of opinion has given rise to many creeds, because each person has his own conception of God.

"The principal creeds are Brahminism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. All these creeds speak of things that will happen after death and of God. They tell us of the occult, of things that we may believe or not, but that we cannot believe on a scientific basis. That is why we have the right to choose from these creeds the one that pleases us most, and if none appeals to us, we can do as we please, as it is only a question of creed."

This is the sort of teaching that French Roman Catholics object to. They say it is nothing short of a scandal that public money should be used to disseminate such doctrine. Protests have lately been fast and furious, and in October last the bishops issued a collective letter, to be read in all the parishes. They said:

"The family is a society that God has established and that man cannot destroy, however certain philosophers may contend that the family can live in the State but need not be a part of it.

It is to you, fathers and mothers, that the children belong; they are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. It is you who have the right to give them the life of the soul. The State can aid you in educating them, can be as parents to them, but can never supplant you.

"Thirty years ago, by a deplorable mistake or a perfidious design, the principle of non-sectarian religion was introduced; a principle false and disastrous in its consequences. What is meant by non-sectarian? It means a putting aside of all religious teaching, and a discredit thrown on those truths that every one knows to be the necessary foundation of education. The Church tolerates these schools and allows the children to go to them when there are good reasons for doing so, but nothing in the school must pervert the conscience of the child, and the parents will be held responsible if they neglect their duty towards their children. It is a well-known fact that in many of these schools the teachers, instead of respecting the religious views of the parents, seek to make free-thinkers of their pupils. You have the right, and it is your bounden duty, to keep a strict watch over the school.

"Nothing should escape your vigilance—books, copy-books, pictures, should be sanctioned by you. Finally, dear brothers, it is our desire to help you yourselves, in this work of watchfulness to which we have incited you.

"Availing ourselves of an inherent right, and which the laws and courts would seek in vain to dispute, we condemn collectively and unanimously certain school books that are generally used, said books containing untruthful matters and making light of the Catholic Church, its doctrines and history."

As a result of this manifesto, the pupils of several schools have refused to use books condemned, and a few associations of school teachers have sued the bishops for damage done to their reputations and prestige. The government is standing behind the teachers. It claims the right to protect children—even against their own parents. "Any American appreciation of the situation," the Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* remarks, "is vitiated from the start by the fact that the French State claims a right to form the child's mind independently of its parents, something for which our Constitution makes no provision." He continues:

"It has always been a part of Republican teaching in France that the child belongs to the State more than to the family; and that the State has the right to defend what it considers the child's moral interests against the parents. As the State, in all republics, means eventually the majority of politicians who succeed in getting themselves

elected as representatives of the people, such a principle may carry a nation far. . . . M. Steeg, the deputy who reports on the budget of public instruction, while deprecating aggressive teaching against the ideas of parents, scouts the idea that the State has not the right to emancipate the minds of its children from belief in miracles, for example."

In Germany, where political conditions are entirely different from those existing in England, Spain or France, the educational controversy appears in somewhat different aspect. But even here the same conflict between the old and the new is going on. Not long ago the Bremen and Hamburg Educational Association demanded the total exclusion of all religious instruction from popular education on the ground that religion as such is not a teachable subject, and that modern thought has overthrown the traditional faith; and now three thousand teachers of the Kingdom of Saxony, assembled at Zwickau, have passed a set of resolutions which, without being so radical as those of their Bremen and Hamburg colleagues, are nevertheless regarded as dangerous and subversive. These are the Zwickau resolutions:

"1. Religion constitutes an essential feature of popular education; a purely secular and non-religious education is out of the question.

"2. Religious instruction has for its purpose the awakening in the heart of the child of the mind of Jesus.

"3. The method of instruction must be adapted to the mind of the child; and the school authorities alone, not the church or any other body, should have the right to determine what this instruction shall be. The church should have absolutely no oversight over elementary religious instruction.

"4. Only those factors should enter into the religious instruction of the child which will awaken religious and ethical life. Essentially religious instruction is historical in character and contents. Its center is the person of Jesus. Special attention should be given not only to the Bible but to those persons in our national history who are known to have advanced religious and moral culture. To a large degree the religious experience of the child itself should be utilized.

"5. Popular education has nothing to do with systematic or dogmatic teachings in religious matters. For the advanced classes a short summary of the ethical contents of the Christian religion can be used, such as are found in the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer.

"6. The material secured from these sermons ought to be utilized according to psychological and pedagogical principles, and participation in

this instruction should be made as voluntary as possible.

"7. No religious instruction should be given in the first two years of school, and no examinations or tests should be held in this work.

"8. The entire religious instruction must be in harmony with the sure results of scientific investigation and with the highest moral feeling of the day.

"9. In order to bring about the necessary reforms in this respect in popular education, the normal colleges ought to undergo a suitable transformation in their courses and preparation of teachers."

When compared with the fiery utterances of Frenchmen and Spaniards, these German resolutions seem mild and conservative. But upholders of "the true faith" in the Fatherland see in them a presage of disaster. A writer in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* comments:

"They do not signify a reformation of popular education; they mean a revolution. The proposed program implies a straightforward denial of all the fundamentals and essentials of Christianity, such as Revelation, the Word of God, the Trinity, the Divinity of Jesus Christ; the Atonement through his blood; the supernatural character of Christianity. And in this very rationalism lies the sure promise that, whatever harm this propaganda may do for the time being, it is inevitably doomed to destruction. No religion of a purely naturalistic character or origin will in the long run satisfy the heart of man, which, as St. Augustine has said, will never be content until it rests in God, and in the conviction that what it believes is of God and from God. The religion proposed as an element in popular education by this advanced class is really the elimination of all religion. Nothing distinctively Christian is left. It is, to use the words of the elder Delitzsch, purely 'a religion of the era of Darwin,' a natural development of man's inborn powers, psychological and ethical; but nothing in it really gives and imparts to man new powers and strength. It can end only in religious and spiritual starvation."

Other conservative periodicals, such as the Berlin *Kirchenzeitung*, and the *Reformation*, speak in the same vein. They deplore the radicalism and rationalism that has evidently found its way into the ranks of the leaders of popular education in Germany and elsewhere, but believe that it is a passing phase and not a permanent innovation, because of its innate weakness and lack of positive features in character and contents. The Zwickau theses are, however, the storm center of debate throughout the churches and schools of the Fatherland.

Music and Drama

PEEPS INTO IBSEN'S BRAIN

IBSEN was, perhaps, the most secretive of artists. He carefully hid away every scrap of paper that might have betrayed even to his family the subjects on which his mind was engaged. Nevertheless, he must have possessed a strong sense of his own historic importance, or he would not have so carefully preserved all these scraps in his strong-box. They have now been collected in three volumes and afford us invaluable peeps into the seething brain of the master-playwright. This collection, Mr. William Archer informs us, contains preparatory matter for all of his works from "Brand" onward, with the solitary exception (oddly enough) of "An Enemy of the People."

The first volume is mainly devoted to Ibsen's youthful writings. Half the volume is occupied with poems of considerable interest. The greater part of the remaining pages is occupied with unpublished plays and fragments. One of these, "St. John's Night," forecasts "Love's Comedy" and "Peer Gynt." The second volume opens with a narrative version of "Brand." This is followed by chips of "Peer Gynt" and the first draft of "Emperor and Galilean." The real interest of the volume, Mr. Archer remarks (in *The Forum*), lies in the sketches for the series of modern plays beginning with "Pillars of Society" and ending with "When We Dead Awaken." "Nowhere else," the writer continues, "do we obtain so clear a view of the processes of a great dramatist's mind. There is something of the same interest, no doubt, in a comparison of the early quartos of 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Hamlet' with the completed plays; but in these cases we cannot decide with any certainty how far the incompleteness of the earlier versions represents an actual phase in the growth of the play, and how far it is due to the bad stenography of the playhouse pirates."

"In Ibsen's manuscripts we can actually follow the growth of an idea in his mind; distinguish what is original and fundamental in his conception from accretions and afterthoughts; see him straying into blind alleys and trying back again; and estimate the faultless certainty of taste with which he strengthened weak points in his fabric, and rejected the commonplace in fav-

or of the rare and the unforgettable. Not once, I think, is a scene or a trait suppressed which ought to have been preserved; not once is a speech altered for the worse. The amount of preliminary matter varies considerably from play to play. Of the 'foreworks,' as he used to call them, for 'Ghosts,' and for 'The Master Builder' we find only insignificant scraps. But in the case of several plays we have such full and consistent drafts that they are almost in a condition to be acted. They are like completed plays by a distinctly inferior dramatist. . . .

"The main processes to which he subjected his raw or half-finished material were always three: simplification of mechanism, rejection of accessory figures, and elaboration of character. The last process implies, of course, elaboration of dialog; but tho he often polishes phrases, he never works up dialog, so to speak, for its own sake. The additions almost always reveal some new facet of character or complication of motive.

"Of 'Pillars of Society' we have three brief and fragmentary scenarios, two almost complete drafts of the first act, an almost entirely rejected draft of the beginning of the second act, and large fragments of a draft of the fourth act.

"Here at once we discover—what the 'foreworks' of later plays fully confirm—that Ibsen was far from being one of the playwrights who have their plays clearly and definitely mapped out before they put pen to paper. Even in the second draft of his first act he is still fumbling around after his characters and their relations."

Of "A Doll's House" we find a first brief memorandum, a fairly detailed scenario, a complete draft, in quotable form and a few detached fragments of dialog. These documents, Mr. Archer confesses, put out of the count a theory of his own that Ibsen originally intended to give the play a happy ending. Ibsen's own commentary on the play furnishes us with a final and authentic interpretation of his philosophic intention. "There are," we read in these notes, "two kinds of conscience, one in men and quite a different one in women. They do not understand each other; but the woman is judged in practical life, as if she were not a woman, but a man." To quote further:

"The wife in the play finds herself at last entirely at sea as to what is right and what is wrong; natural feeling on the one side and be-

lief in authority on the other leave her in utter bewilderment.

"A woman cannot be herself in the society of today, which is exclusively a masculine society, with laws written by men, and with accusers and judges who judge feminine conduct from the masculine standpoint.

"She has committed forgery, and it is her pride; for she did it for the love of her husband, and to save his life. But this husband, full of every-day rectitude, stands on the basis of the law, and regards the matter with a masculine eye.

"Soul-strugglers. Oppressed and bewildered by the belief in authority, she loses her faith in her own moral right and ability to bring up her children. Bitterness. A mother in the society of today, like certain insects [ought to] go away and die when she has done her duty toward the continuance of the species. Love of life, of home, of husband and children and kin. Now and then a woman-like shaking-off of cares. Then a sudden return of apprehension and dread. She must bear it all alone. The catastrophe approaches, inexorably, inevitably. Despair, struggle and disaster."

Of the dialog of "Ghosts" only brief fragments are found, but we possess a few scattered memoranda of the underlying idea of the play, some of them written on the back of an envelope addressed to "Madame Ibsen, 75 via Capo le Case, Città." These in Mr. Archer's rendering run as follows:

"The piece will be like an image of life. Faith, undermined. But it does not do to say so. 'The Asylum'—for the sake of others. They shall be happy—but this also is only an appearance—it is all ghosts—

"One main point. She has been believing and romantic—this is not wholly obliterated by the standpoint afterward attained—'It is all ghosts.'

"It brings a Nemesis on the offspring to marry for external reasons, even if they be religious or moral—

"She, the illegitimate child, may be saved by being married to—the son—but then—"

"He was in his youth dissipated and worn out; then she, the religiously awakened, appeared; she saved him; she was rich. He had wanted to marry a girl who was thought unworthy. He had a son in his marriage; then he returned to the girl: a daughter—

"These women of today, ill-treated as daughters, sisters, as wives, not educated according to their gifts, withheld from their vocation, deprived of their heritage, embittered in mind—these it is who furnish the mothers of the new generation. What will be the consequence?

"The fundamental note shall be: the richly flourishing spiritual life, among us in literature,

art, etc.—and then as a contrast: all humanity astray on wrong paths.

"The complete human being is no longer a natural produce, but a product of art, as corn is, and fruit trees, and the creole race, and the higher breeds of horses and dogs, the vine, etc.

"The fault lies in the fact that all humanity has miscarried. When man demands to live and develop humanly, it is megalomania. All humanity, and most of all the Christians, suffer from megalomania.

"Among us we place monuments over the dead, for we recognize duties toward them; we allow people only fit for the hospital (literally: lepers) to marry; but their offspring—? The unborn—?"

In the remaining volume are 'drafts of "The Wild Duck," "The Lady From the Sea," "Rosmersholm" and "Little Eyolf." Ibsen had difficulty with the names of characters, and continually rechristened them. Miss Varg was the name originally chosen for the grimly fascinating rat wife. It seems, Mr. Archer informs us, that the poet's first idea was simply to study a rather commonplace wife's jealousy of a rather commonplace child.

"The lameness of little Eyolf was an afterthought; there is no trace of it in the fairly complete draft we possess. And as Eyolf is not lame, the terrible cry of 'the crutch is floating' must also have been an afterthought, as well as the almost intolerable scene of recrimination between Allmers and Rita as to the accident which caused his lameness. In fact, nearly everything that gives the play its depth, its horror, and its elevation came as an afterthought. There is a slight—a very slight—hint of the 'evil eye' motive, but the idea is in no way developed. Instead of the exquisite beauty of Rita's resolve to try to 'make her peace with the great open eyes,' and to try to fill the blank within her with 'something that is a little like love,' we have a page of almost common sentimentalising over Eyolf's continued existence in their hearts. And instead of Alfred's wonderful tale of his meeting with Death in the mountains, we find a poem which he reads to Rita!—the verses Ibsen had written as the first hint for 'The Master Builder.' In no case, perhaps, did Ibsen's revision work such a transfiguration as in this play."

To the student of dramatic technique and to the student of the psychology of the great poet, these documents are of incomparable value. "For my own part," Mr. Archer remarks, "I have never felt Ibsen's genius more clearly than in comparing his first conceptions with his finished work. It is as tho we watched a city turning, at a magician's touch, from brick into marble."

"ISRAEL"—HENRI BERNSTEIN'S DRAMATIC ARRAIGNMENT OF RACE PREJUDICE

THE problem of race prejudice furnishes meat for the dramatist. "The House Next Door," by a German playwright, one or two American plays of minor importance, Zangwill's "Melting Pot," and Bernstein's powerful picture of the havoc wrought by the anti-Semitic sentiment in France, bear witness to this contention. The conditions portrayed in "Israel" are, fortunately, practically unknown in this country, although alarmists have noted the growth of an anti-Jewish tendency in view of the fact that New York is to-day numerically the greatest Jewish center the world has known since the fall of Jerusalem. Aside from these considerations, the play as such, is terrifically impressive. In the celebrated second act every scene is a succession of emotional hammer blows. Bernstein goes right down to the root of feeling. There is something primitively dynamic in his dramatic conflicts. It is strange to observe how Greek tragic motives reappear in modern drama. In Clyde Fitch's latest—and last—play, "The City," a brother unwittingly falls in love with his sister, and in Bernstein's *tour de force* a father faces his son in a duel.

The first act of "Israel" takes us to the Club of the Rue Royale. The atmosphere, surcharged with Jew-hatred, is extremely aristocratic. The leader of the anti-Semitic movement, Thibault, Prince of Clar, has announced his intention to force the resignation of Gutlieb, a prominent Dreyfusard, the only member of Oriental extraction. We gather that Gutlieb, at one time, had been his father's partner. The father, the Duke de Croucy, we are given to understand, having made himself impossible at home through his brutal deportment, lives in voluntary drunken exile, ostracised by his caste, in a solitary chateau. His wife, Agnes de Croucy, devotes her life entirely to the service of the church and her son. She disapproves of his violent anti-Semitic escapades, but Thibault is honestly persuaded by the flattery of his youthful partisans that for the sake of his principles and the safety of France he must champion the cause of the Church against Capitalism, and, incidentally, insult even the individual Jew. With grim determination he stops Gutlieb, as the latter modestly passes him on the way to the door. Gutlieb at first ignores him, but the young nobleman is insistent.

THIBAUT. Monsieur, it is with extreme regret that I find myself obliged to speak to you—for the first and last time.

GUTLIEB. At your service. Shall we go in here? (*Motioning towards the library.*)

THIBAUT. (*Cutting him short.*) No. These gentlemen do not hinder me. Quite the contrary. (*A pause. Then composedly, calmly, and deliberately.*) Monsieur Gutlieb, a number of us here at the Rue Royale, object to your continued membership in the club. We object seriously as Christians and as Frenchmen.

GUTLIEB. Sir!

THIBAUT. I am sure you will not impose your presence upon my comrades and me. And you will be good enough to hand me your resignation. I am waiting for it.

GUTLIEB. You don't ask this seriously, sir?

THIBAUT. I do, seriously.

GUTLIEB. (*Who speaks in an undertone and feverishly.*) But—it's impossible—it's preposterous—it's—

THIBAUT. (*With entire coolness.*) Not at all. It's very simple. You've only to return to the desk you've just left and write a few lines to the President of the club.

GUTLIEB. (*Speaking low and rapidly.*) It is outrageous! Unbelievable! For thirty years I've been a member of this club. No one has the right—

THIBAUT. Oh, Monsieur, I've no wish to discuss the matter.

GUTLIEB. Nor I, sir, but I—

THIBAUT. Come. Make an end! Look me in the eyes, Monsieur!

GUTLIEB. (*Pulls himself together at these words but keeps his eyes averted.*) But Monsieur!

THIBAUT. Yes, yes! Look me in the eyes! Let us speak face to face as men should! (*Gutlieb obeys and looks him resolutely in the eyes till the end of the scene.*) That's it.

GUTLIEB. (*In a firmer voice.*) Consider my age, and yours. Don't go on with this. Let me pass!

THIBAUT. Not before you answer.

GUTLIEB. I shall make no answer. Let me pass.

THIBAUT. I've asked for your resignation. If you don't resign we shall settle the matter elsewhere.

GUTLIEB. I won't fight you. Let me pass.

THIBAUT. If you don't resign I shall compel you to fight.

GUTLIEB. (*With a deep note in his voice.*) I entreat you to let me pass.

THIBAUT. Then you refuse? Well! Perhaps you will answer this! (*With the tip of his stick he knocks off Gutlieb's hat. Gutlieb only makes a motion with his head backwards and does not move. Thibault, after the provocation, has*

thrown his stick on a seat, and the men stare motionless in the faces of each other. A pause.) Well? Gentlemen, you are witnesses! *(He goes out and his friends follow him. When Gutlieb is alone, he seems to collect himself. He stoops, picks up his hat, brushes it mechanically, and puts it on again. Then meditatively, very slowly, still more round-shouldered, he goes toward the door.)*

The second act introduces us to the mansion of the Duchess of Croucy. Agnes has hastily sent her Father Confessor for Gutlieb, because—here the tremendous motive comes into play—the Prince is his son. In vain she pleads with her erstwhile lover not to engage in this parricidal combat. “To-morrow,” the banker firmly avows, “I shall defend my life.”

AGNES. You shall not fight. I am a Christian and Thibault is my own son. How could a mother hand over her guiltless son to God's wrath? I will keep for myself, I will take on myself, the whole sin of his birth. You shall not fight! Oh, what scheme could I devise! It would be stupid to look to you. At the bottom of your heart you are laughing! You are an enemy! Are you not an enemy?

GUTLIEB. *(With weariness.)* I am a man who has suffered, who has suffered much. Nobody can guess. Ha! what wretched things we are! Little by little I have grown accustomed, hardened as a tanned skin, compressed—compressed is the word—for I take less room. Unless an accident stops me on the way, I shall soon become a little old man. So old is my heart already, so old! Nothing can move it now. I have suffered too much.

AGNES. And what of me? Must I make an avowal of struggles and tears? Must I tell what I suffered when all of a sudden I suppressed—yes, suppressed the passion of my life?

GUTLIEB. *(Excitedly.)* That is quite another thing! You inflicted on yourself a voluntary torment with a view of winning Paradise. Moreover you kept your son, who is my son too. You took him from me; you stole him from me. I could never see him again but with his hand lifted against me.

AGNES. What does it matter to you, since you glory in facing him in a duel? Don't be a hypocrite. Don't mask your aversion to Thibault.

GUTLIEB. *(As if reflecting.)* You are mistaken. Thibault! Thibault! I might have loved him. Yes, and, remember, I love strongly when I love. Oh! I might have loved him amazingly. You spoke of aversion. It is rather the other who would inspire me with aversion, that son who is named by my name! To him I bear ill-will, secretly, wickedly. He is the child of my hate. As for Thibault, little Thibault—well, listen: there are times—*(Recollecting himself.)* But all this is done, done, forgotten, withered. There

remains nothing more. There remains but that incident at the club. A Prince boxed the ears of a Jewish banker. So that now, at any price, he must march. *(About to take up his hat.)*

AGNES. I am a most unhappy woman.

GUTLIEB. One day, a few days after you discarded me, as I was reeling with distress, as I feared I should lose my reason, I presented myself before Father Silvian. He was then a young man. He is not much older than I. Sitting in his poor little parlor I implored him: “Allow me to see her again, sir! But for an hour! For half an hour! For five minutes—I won't try to win her back. Allow me to behold her, to behold her without exchanging one word.” Father Silvian had on his desk a small book which he handed to me. And I read: “He who beholds a woman with an evil longing, commits adultery in his heart.” Then, I was no more a man. I fell at the priest's knees, at his feet, I crept along his carpet. I kissed the hem of his gown. Oh! when I think of that! As an answer, the young priest preached to me. Oh! He preached admirably. Under his eloquence, I felt, all at once, how I was shut out, banned, lonely, lonely amidst all. I left him. In the street, anger took the place of submission—it became the anger of my whole life. With compressed lips, I muttered: “You that are turning round, turning round, watching for the woman, and ready to pounce upon her and snatch her away from love, allow me but time to heal! But time to heal! I'll join this game; this great black game, and I will hunt you.” I have done. I am going. *(At the same moment the door opens and Thibault appears.)*

Gutlieb goes out without glancing at Thibault. Now follows a scene between mother and son, almost unparalleled in modern drama, except in Bernstein's own play, “The Thief.” Thibault insists on an explanation of Gutlieb's presence. The Duchess shields herself under her religious scruples. “That my child, bred by me to fear God, should plan a homicide, the thought was heartrending. I searched for a way to avert the danger. Suddenly a suggestion came to me. I said to myself that Mr. Gutlieb, being the older, would show himself more reasonable, and I sent for him.” She almost melts Thibault's heart; he promises to give the banker only a “scratch.” At the door, however, his doubts return.

THIBAUT. You chose a strange ambassador. To send an ecclesiastic to a reviler of priests!

AGNES. Father Silvian was representing me.

THIBAUT. But you, mother, what credit had you with Gutlieb?

AGNES. What credit? No credit! You are really wonderful! And besides, it happens that I am Duchess of Croucy and wished to profit by my social position.

THIBAUT. I can't see how.

AGNES. My dear child, you should understand by hints. It was to be supposed that I should meet with a ready accommodation from—in short, you know the co-religionists of Mr. Gutlieb!

THIBAUT. Then you played on his snobbery?

AGNES. I did. A little. I confess it. Such was my calculation.

THIBAUT. (*Gently.*) Take care, mother. Hasn't Glegenoy and others told you in what abhorrence Gutlieb holds all people of noble birth?

AGNES. Yes, but—(*Disconcerted.*) Oh! Thibault, you press me so much that the details escape me. Allow me a few seconds' breathing time. I shall recollect myself and remember all the—

THIBAUT. Shall I help you? Shall I submit a hypothetical case? Listen: There is a piece of gossip that I sometimes hear. This Gutlieb was once a companion of my father's; yesterday evening Glegenoy spoke of their acquaintance. Might you not have dreaded some indiscretion?

AGNES. What indiscretion?

THIBAUT. Some revelation? Something like extortion?

AGNES. I don't understand; not a word.

THIBAUT. My father was a gamester. He led a life of ups and downs. If Gutlieb, by chance, held some written evidence—but this is a painful matter. Don't oblige me to dwell on it!

AGNES. I want to understand!

THIBAUT. The proof of some old debt or of some—some—money matter.

AGNES. This time you're quite astray, quite! That is to say—I mean—you plunge deeper and deeper into blunders!

THIBAUT. It is, however, my supposition that the conference of today was not due to you, that it was Gutlieb who—

AGNES. I swear that you are mistaken, Thibault. Thibault, I swear it by the cross! (*Rises.*)

THIBAUT. (*Surprised.*) Mother!

AGNES. Does my vehemence amaze you? I can't help it. Anything is better to me than to see that distorted, tortured face of yours! My dearest Thibault, my little boy, you are so pale. Your forehead is damp. (*She wipes Thibault's face with her handkerchief.*) Yes, my child, yes! I swear by our Saviour's cross. I hope you are satisfied now.

THIBAUT. Mother, what is it you swear?

AGNES. That you are mistaken.

THIBAUT. In what?

AGNES. In believing that Gutlieb has some secret—some secret about your father. He has none. I freely, deliberately contrived our interview. So, you see—

THIBAUT. Yes, I see. I was on the wrong trail.

AGNES. (*Relieved.*) There!

THIBAUT. I must begin my investigation from another side.

AGNES. (*Turns quickly.*) No. No. We've had enough! Enough! Enough! You go too far. You recall me to a sense of my dignity. I won't say one syllable more.

THIBAUT. (*Rising.*) I like that better. The restraint was getting irksome. I need to speak more frankly. Of this mystery a man holds the key. With that man I will speak.

AGNES. Thibault, in God's name!

THIBAUT. (*Drawing near the door.*) What was Gutlieb doing in our house at the time when my seconds were waiting for his? This is what he shall tell me himself. (*He has reached and opened the door.*)

AGNES. (*With a scream.*) Thibault! (*Thibault stops. Leaves the door open.*) You spoke of "extortion"?

THIBAUT. (*Plain-spoken and formidable.*) There is nothing base in my curiosity. Minute by minute, passing from one unlikely thing to another, from one evasion to another, I have come to feel that this matter is a sword suspended over my honor by some invisible thread! And I would rather give up my life than give up the inquiry.

AGNES. Be it so! Shut the door! (*Thibault obeys.*) I yield. Resume your inquiry. Tear me to pieces. Let us both tear each other to pieces.

THIBAUT. No, no, no, no! No, mother, no. I won't question any more. I am silent and I wait. Speak. For God's sake, speak.

AGNES. Don't press me so hard. I'm near fainting.

THIBAUT. (*With his teeth set.*) Don't yield to weakness now.

AGNES. I'm beginning to find you out; I am afraid of you!

THIBAUT. Mother, minutes are passing. I can no longer live in this uncertainty!

AGNES. Well, then, let us dispel it! After all, it only exists by my fault, because of a shame that may be somewhat silly, but no matter! No matter! I'll conceal nothing more. What was it that put into my head this idea of seeing Gutlieb? A remembrance—Oh! an innocent one, indeed! A mere trifle! In my youthful days, people granted me good looks; they say I was pretty. Pretty enough—

THIBAUT. Well, what then?

AGNES. My darling, don't look at me like that.

THIBAUT. (*Peremptorily.*) What then?

AGNES. Then, I believe, Mr. Gutlieb had conceived some admiration for me, an admiration which, of course, he never took the liberty to confess to me. But, in my present straits, my memory suggested to me the stratagem; not the stratagem, the idea, the notion, well, in short—

THIBAUT. (*Roughly.*) It isn't true.

AGNES. Are you losing your senses? (*Recoiling.*)

THIBAUT. It is not true! it is not true! It is not true!

AGNES. (*Hesitating.*) The pressure you put

on me, Thibault! I am so desperately troubled—

THIBAUT. You were saying—

AGNES. The man loved me to distraction and I was aware of his love. There it is. Yes, yes, although I had repelled him, he loved me for years, without any hope, without even the comfort of one single, encouraging, pitying word. It was in the name of the past that I ventured what I did. There it is, Thibault. Be satisfied. You have tortured me enough. Before my son, my sincerity failed. I blushed before my son. And, to finish, I have betrayed a secret that was not mine. But your victory leaves me worn out. Go now, we'll meet this evening. (*A pause.*) Go! (*A pause.*) For mercy's sake, don't look at me so.

THIBAUT. (*Sincerely.*) Excuse me. I was considering—

AGNES. Go, Thibault, go! You know everything now—go!

THIBAUT. (*Thoughtfully.*) Last year you didn't love me less? My safety was as much to you last year as now?

AGNES. Last year? (*A gesture of immense weariness.*) What riddle's this?

THIBAUT. When I fought a duel then; when I ran my adversary Philippe through the lungs.

AGNES. I only heard of the duel after it was over. Are the circumstances alike?

THIBAUT. Identical!

AGNES. You are again losing your senses.

THIBAUT. Identical. For three days, the man Philippe was in deadly danger. If he had died, he would have died by my hand.

AGNES. You remember my deep regret!

THIBAUT. (*With triumphant air.*) Bravo! There sprang the word that exactly describes the case. You had regret; nothing but regret; none of the despair you have expressed today!

AGNES. I did! I did.

THIBAUT. And on the fourth day I informed you that Philippe would get well, that the physicians answered for his recovery, that we were saved. Did that good news throw you into a frenzy of joy and wring from you the action, the astonishing action of kissing your son's hand? No, no! I didn't see anything like that in the case of Philippe. (*Folding his arms.*) And why?

AGNES. You are causing me infinite grief!

THIBAUT. What of my sorrow—mine?

AGNES. (*Vehemently.*) I forbid you to pursue this conversation.

THIBAUT. You cannot forbid me to think, mother. In old times, when that man's disrespectful look was drawn to you, are you sure, quite sure that you turned your head away?

AGNES. You insult me!

THIBAUT. If you neglected that abject love, if you armed yourself with scorn, why are you white with terror now? Give a reason. (*Backing from her.*) A true one. I wish for it. I beg for it. (*Grasping his head with both hands.*) Or do you want me to try to find it out myself?

AGNES. (*With fright.*) No! Don't try!

THIBAUT. (*Lifting his eyes.*) And yet—

AGNES. Hear me! As you claim the right to pry into my heart, and hunt me down, so much the worse! I confess!

THIBAUT. Oh!

AGNES. I confess that there was a feeling, a deep feeling, but a pure one, scarcely spoken. Nothing else.

THIBAUT. (*Bitterly.*) Nothing else! That man!

AGNES. That man would have given his life that I might suffer less.

THIBAUT. (*With a tone of deep despair.*) Oh!

AGNES. My little boy, I pity you.

THIBAUT. (*In a hollow voice.*) It is as tho the world was overthrown. I used to rank you so high. You were like nobody. You were my mother. And now, I dare not look at you. I am ashamed.

AGNES. (*Turns away.*) I, too, am ashamed.

THIBAUT. (*Without looking at his mother.*) Well, I am going. Mother, will you do me a kindness?

AGNES. Yes.

THIBAUT. (*With a low and mournful voice.*) I feel that we have reached the bottom. But I am afraid of going to my study, afraid of being alone. Afraid lest, all at once, some evil thought should choke me.

AGNES. What evil thought?

THIBAUT. Mother, is it true, is it quite, quite true that—that you—that never—I try to find your own words, in short, the feeling you spoke of remained pure, quite pure?

AGNES. (*Reproachfully.*) Oh! Thibault!

THIBAUT. Swear it on Christ's cross?

AGNES. Do you want that?

THIBAUT. As you did just now, I beg you! That I may be at peace!

AGNES. I am ready to do so. (*A pause. A beseeching gesture of Thibault.*) I am ready to do so if you require it.

THIBAUT. Yes! Swear! (*A pause.*) Do you falter? (*A pause.*) Mother, do you falter?

AGNES. I refuse.

THIBAUT. What for?

AGNES. I cannot take my Saviour's name in vain.

THIBAUT. What?

AGNES. (*A cry of avowal.*) O my son, I have committed but one great sin, one only, and I know, within my heart, that God has forgiven me.

THIBAUT. (*In despair.*) Mother! You should have sworn! You should have sworn! (*Weeping.*)

AGNES. No, my dearest Thibault, I should not. All sorrows I would rather endure than nail my God upon his cross again! Thibault, here is your work. Here we are, in the wreck and the havoc. Don't be too severe! Remember that before this expiation, the most cruel of all, I had worn my knees on the flag-stones of churches and

wasted the fairest age of my life in prayers for forgiveness.

THIBAUT. (*Like a madman.*) I can't even hear what you say! Through the uproar of my soul there comes but one thought. Down yonder in a stony old castle in Lorraine, is that man you doomed to exile. It is my father, the drunkard, the reprobate, the bad husband—

AGNES. Say no more!

THIBAUT. No hand would be stretched out to greet him. We had no friend but would have taken part with you against him.

AGNES. No more!

THIBAUT. I say that, in spite of abuse and ill-treatment, this is not fair!

AGNES. Oh be silent! Be merciful.

THIBAUT. I speak with authority. My father having forfeited his rights, I become the head of the family, and, as such I guard its honor. A blessed chance has thrown upon my way the thief, the scoundrel who mocked us! Woe to him!

AGNES. (*Barring his way against the doors.*) Thibault, your promise.

THIBAUT. A promise obtained by fraud is no promise! I take it back.

AGNES. (*Who has reached the door.*) Thibault, you shall not go until—

THIBAUT. Mother, let me pass!

AGNES. (*Holding the handle.*) Not till you hear me. Thibault, you cannot kill that man!

THIBAUT. Mother, stand from the door.

AGNES. Thibault, you cannot kill that man!

THIBAUT. Nothing shall hinder me. (*Advances to take hold of door handle. Agnes grabs his arm and forces him back.*)

AGNES. Oh wretched boy! look in my eyes; listen to me! You cannot kill that man!

THIBAUT. (*Startled.*) What?

AGNES. No! Not that man! You cannot!

THIBAUT. (*With a dreadful cry.*) Ha! (*He in his turn goes back dismayed, and stammering out.*) No! It is not true!

AGNES. Yes! Yes! It is true! I tell you! Yes, Thibault. It is true.

THIBAUT. (*A step towards her.*) It is false! It is false!

AGNES. This time I will swear it on Christ's cross.

THIBAUT. (*Turning away.*) It is not true!

AGNES. Thibault, I declare before God—

THIBAUT. (*Stopping his ears.*) It is false! Be silent! I order you to be silent!

AGNES. I swear that Justin Gutlieb is—

THIBAUT. It is not true! It is not true! It is false! You lie! (*With his hands against his ears, head down, he runs out.*)

AGNES. I swear it! I swear it!

The duel has taken place. Thibault is unwounded, Gutlieb has received only a scratch. Father and son meet in Thibault's apartments. Thibault declares that it had been his intention to kill Gutlieb. "It seemed

to me my duty, that I owed it to my whole past, to my party, to the race from which I *thought* I had sprung. . . . But it seems one cannot kill one's own father so easily." Gutlieb replies that he has come because he feels that his son had need of him. Thibault explains that he is going to a place where sorrows like his can sob themselves to sleep before they perish. "I am going to a monastery, Monsieur Gutlieb."

GUTLIEB. I will endure all your ridicule, all your disdain. But this I will not have. The life of my life, the son I have loved in spite of himself, who has been my only joy, my secret glory, captured in his turn, throttled, gagged! Never! They shall not take you.

THIBAUT. I will die in the cloister! I have chosen!

GUTLIEB. Before *dying*, try to *live* there. Day after day, waking to the life of a monk. Night after night blotting yourself out in a coffin. Having only one horizon, the white walls of a cell. Only one enemy to conquer, the same to-morrow, and then the same—and the same, once more. And you accept this in good faith?

THIBAUT. I do.

GUTLIEB. You accept this long suicide?

THIBAUT. I'm eager for it.

GUTLIEB. That is not true. I think I know you. You're born to struggle, to climb, to act, to grow. You're born to live.

THIBAUT. Enough, Monsieur Gutlieb. It's not my soul, but yours, your ambitions, your instincts, your *self* that you have shown me here.

GUTLIEB. And if you are made in my image?

THIBAUT. Oh! Oh!

GUTLIEB. Why should you not resemble the man from whom you spring?

THIBAUT. (*Harshly.*) I know who I am. I know that there is nothing of you in me.

GUTLIEB. Are you sure?

THIBAUT. Absolutely sure.

GUTLIEB. Open your eyes, my Thibault. You are a Jew, and you are nothing but a Jew. It isn't the Church, this faith you were fighting for. It was the Jew in you that made you fight, the Jewish love of power.

THIBAUT. (*Threatening.*) Take care, sir.

GUTLIEB. What would you answer?

THIBAUT. No, I am not a Gutlieb. I am not a Jew. Moreover, what do you see in me that you think is yours? What are your miserable gifts? A certain facility of speech, the art of discussion, a trick of playing politics? Well, this gilding, this frippery, I give them back to you here, and now, I swear that I will never make use of these sordid advantages. But the things that are deepest in me, in the depths of my soul, these you have never seen. And you will never see. They mark another ancestry, an inheritance that I respect, that inspires me, the great, the only. I forbid you to deny it. Is it my Jewish

blood which has precipitated me with all my might against your race, against you? Is it? Is it? Is it?

GUTLIEB. It is!

THIBAUT. (*Controlling himself.*) Sir, let us speak calmly. What is to become of me?

GUTLIEB. What do you say?

THIBAUT. (*Very calmly.*) From now on what is to become of me?

GUTLIEB. Thibault, you can be anything. You are a great man. You have talent. You can be the finest orator of this country, one of its ambassadors, a patron of arts and letters.

THIBAUT. Under what name shall I attain these heights?

GUTLIEB. Under what name?

THIBAUT. Yes. There is the difficulty. Shall it be Gutlieb?

GUTLIEB. Are you in earnest?

THIBAUT. Surely. Thanks to your powerful argument, I know now what I owe to my birth, what I owe to you, and therefore—

GUTLIEB. Well!

THIBAUT. Advise me then. When the Duke of Croucy dies, shall I assume his title and pass myself off as his son?

GUTLIEB. My son, we have a woman's secret to keep.

THIBAUT. Has she kept it? No. To save you, to save me, she cried her shame upon the housetops. This need of confession I suppose I've inherited from her. If I repress it, it will burn my throat, it will fire my veins, it will drive me I don't know where.

GUTLIEB. You alarm me.

THIBAUT. I can't help it; I am not your son only, I am also my mother's son. So I ask you again, what will become of me?

GUTLIEB. Thibault, my son, to save you this, I will live over again my bitterest years.

THIBAUT. (*Gently.*) Monsieur Gutlieb, I feel that you pity me. I really feel that, at this moment, you love me. Yet, never more than now have I so hated you.

GUTLIEB. Oh!

THIBAUT. Or rather, I know now, as I never did before, why I've hated you. You and your people are destroyers. You can do nothing but destroy and dishearten. You cannot either console or build up.

GUTLIEB. That is the iniquitous charge of the ages.

THIBAUT. Anyway I have heard you, Monsieur Gutlieb. And I thank you for the help that you have tried to bring me. You have always loved me. I—I cannot. I must always hate you. Let us part once for all. Do not insist. From now on we can only exchange useless words. From your affection I only claim one thing: solitude. Leave me alone. I need to be alone. Go! Please go. (*Gutlieb is about to protest.*) (*Thibault continues in a tone of gentle command.*) Without a word! (*He has opened the door; Gutlieb regards him for the last time, at length.*)

Then he goes out, with bent back and a gesture of discouragement. After Gutlieb's departure, Thibault goes to his table, shrugs his shoulders; sits in armchair and resolutely takes from one of the drawers of his table a revolver, which he inspects minutely. Then he loads it.

At this juncture, fortunately, Henriette, the girl he loves, appears. He puts the case plainly before her. Love solves the riddle.

THIBAUT. Yesterday I could have claimed you. To-day I am not worthy. I have no right now to live.

HENRIETTE. It's wicked, wicked and foolish to talk like that.

THIBAUT. But my cause! My ideas! Your ideas!

HENRIETTE. For us who are women ideas don't furnish the best reason for living. We exist, thank God, outside of our ideas. And now I know that your ideas were wrong, that they were absurd and lying ideas. Your father is a Jew, and I see plainly that he has acted like a hero. His whole life has been a sacrifice to his love. You, Thibault, are also of Jewish blood; you are the son of a Jew. I thought my instinct turned me against all Jews, and see! it is my instinct which from childhood has impelled me towards you, has bound me to you. So what can I believe? What can I believe? I detest those ideas because they have become your enemies, our enemies; because they are cruel and false. I hate them! Don't believe in them! I don't believe in them any more! Look at me! I want you to look at me. I want you to find in me the best reason for living. I am worth the trouble. My love is worth the trouble that you should live for me. You have not the right to inflict this sorrow on me, to strike me down, to kill me with the same blow. You have not the right. No, no! I won't have it. I know what I am, the happiness that I will bring to you. I wish for happiness, a great, infinite happiness, which we can, which we owe to each other. And I will not let myself be robbed of it. I will struggle with all my force. Yesterday I would have had the courage to give you up, to make you great and powerful and happy. But today you are alone, and in trouble, and you have as much need for me as I of you. I will not let you go! I will not let you go! (*Thibault embraces her, and suddenly lets his head fall on her shoulder, and weeps.*) Thibault, dear Thibault, I want you to weep. My dear! My dear!

THIBAUT. It's absurd! It's cowardly!

HENRIETTE. No, no, it's right!

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERVANT. Her Grace the Duchess of Croucy!

THIBAUT. What! (*Low to Henriette.*) No, no! It's impossible! I can't, I can't see her. (*Hesitates, crosses to the door, holds it open, and stands in the doorway. His mother comes*

to him. She stands on the threshold.)

AGNES. (*With great emotion.*) Thibault! My child! My son! Forgive me. (*Thibault remains totally silent. Agnes turns sadly to door. Henriette moves to Thibault and touches his arm.*)

THIBAULT. Mother!

AGNES. (*Returning to him.*) Mother! You called me "mother" as you did in the old days; as you said it in the old days.

THIBAULT. (*Holds her for a moment in his arms.*) We have both suffered—we are both to be pitied. (*Curtain.*)

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, "KNIGHT OF THE LAUGHING TEAR"

PERHAPS the most contradictory character in the history of the English drama is Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

His life was strangely at variance with his works; he was a bundle of complexities. The biographical sketches of him represent, in the words of his latest and greatest biographer, Walter Sichel, "facts but not truths; they do not pierce below the surface." Mr. Sichel lovingly analyzes the antithetical characteristics of his puzzling hero.* The psychology of Sheridan, rendered in music, Mr. Sichel affirms, would prove "a *scherzo serioso*, a strange medley of tears and laughter." He was not merely a free lance and a fantastic rebel, but he was also what Heine has termed "a knight of the laughing tear."

A constitutional melancholy neighbored the mirth of the greatest wit of the eighteenth century; the irony of things was underlying his gayest outbursts, and his mind, like that of his frolicsome forerunner, the comic Farquhar, was frequently "dressed in black." He would have agreed, Mr. Sichel thinks, with Richardson's "I am forced to make myself laugh that I may not cry." He represents the never-hackneyed spectacle of Yorick without his cap and bells, of Pierrot dissolved in pathos. Mr. Sichel's word on Sheridan must be accepted as final. "This," says the *Saturday Review* (London), "is a great biography, and will remain the classical, authentic, unsurpassable Life of Sheridan."

"Sheridan was above all," Mr. Sichel declares, "a sentimentalist, and an Anglo-Irish sentimentalist of the eighteenth century." His inner texture is Shandean. His first letter and love lyrics are pure sentiment. A strong spice of sentiment flavors his speeches also. The strain is audible even in his comedies. The original sketches for "The School for Scandal" were much more sentimental than the finished play. "In the rough, then, Sheridan offers a study in sentiment. Round this

he revolves, and it explains much in him that would otherwise remain a riddle."

"He too frequently mistakes mood for character, spirits for sympathy, and whim for will. He suffers from the different hues of the self which he feels and that which others resent and sometimes misconstrue. He is at once martyr and persecutor, and in both characters, if, like Sheridan, he belongs to the Georgians, he goes off the lines at a period when the lines are many and sentimentalism was complex. The base of Sheridan's nature was good, but by virtue of his sentimentality he often came to be romantic where he ought to have been moral; childish where he should have been experienced; sensuous, even sensual, where he ought to have been loving; dependent on the outward where he should have been self-poised. The material standards of his generation overwhelmed a native simplicity, which, however, still prevailed in his adherence to causes and courses which spelled absolute failure. His sentimentality at least saved him from the Baal-worship of success. He was identified with many struggles, altho he could lose himself in none, and if he lacked faith in the highest he preserved a frank belief in human nature and its possibilities. These rough outlines are not without noble exceptions, and throughout his prodigalities we may say of him what Voltaire said of Beaumarchais. 'Sa naïvete m'enchanté, je lui pardonne ses imprudences et petulances.' He remains one of those naughty children of genius who, amid all their frailties, are still human and lovable."

Sheridan's sad gayety not only proved his armor against enemies and a society that resents wretchedness, but against himself also. Like Garrick in the picture, he stands hesitating between the Muses of Comedy and of Tragedy. Like his own Charles Surface whom we have recently seen admirably impersonated in the revival on the stage of the New Theatre in New York, his "distresses were so many that he could not afford to part with his spirits."

"True it is that both the party and the prince that used and abused his great powers required

*SHERIDAN. By Walter Sichel. In two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.



THE TRAGIC PIERROT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

Pierrot and Puck were strikingly blended in the character of the brilliant author of "The School for Scandal." He was a significant incarnation of the never-hackneyed spectacle of Yorick without his bells.

them with ingratitude; that the friends who hung round his neck with rapture after the Begum speech of 1787 in the House of Commons, left him in the lurch when his decay set in; that Fox, whom he had so often shielded, came to suspect his every movement; that Fox's gentle nephew, Lord Holland, whom Sheridan loved, belittled him behind his back while he humored him to his face; and that the fascinating Georgiana of Devonshire, who had courted and caressed the prodigy of her youth, turned a cold shoulder on one who to the last regarded her with undiminished tenderness. True also that he waited till 1806 for the privy councillorship which jealousy grudged even to Burke till sixteen years of parliamentary predominance compelled it; true that, like Burke also, he was excluded from a promised seat in the Cabinet; and true that for the last eight years of his life he was half ostracized by politicians who affected to be popes and, immured in their mock Vatican, excommunicated the jesting heretic outside. But ingratitude did not ruffle Sheridan's ironical calm. He concealed mortification and insult, shrugged his shoulders, passed on and smiled. Nor was the smile sour; a *roué* he sometimes was, but even politics never made him a cynic. His sprightliness seemed to spring from the soil of unhappiness like the wild blossoms that flourish in bleak places. It was bitter-sweet, like Beaumarchais' irony and Heine's."

The antitheses of his character are as pointed as those of his comedies. He was a continual paradox, a tissue of second natures, parentheses and surprises. He proved by turns a sweetener of life and impossible to live with; the pink of punctilio, yet a prey to financial shifts. In a "toping age" he was one of the few who deplored a degradation signally baneful to the highly strung, a craving which could not subdue his mind, which at times he nearly overcame but which gained on him by fatal degrees till at the close his visage appeared, as Byron describes it, "the upper part that of a god, while below he showed the satyr."

Discontent was written across his life. "The want of a thing," he said—or might have said—"is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable." The brilliant success of his comedies failed to content him. He delayed and pondered over them, he touched and re-touched, set and reset them again, so anxious was he for "polish and correctness." He was not an impetuous author, altho he could extemporize when the mood was upon him. He was not afraid of literary appropriation. It has been said of him that, like Heliogabalus, "he grew fat on nightingales' tongues." His borrowings in life were notorious; yet he often owed what he could not pay merely because he had paid what he never owed. But he was a sanguine sentimentalist—a "sanguine pig" said his wife. "Thank God that's settled," he was reported to have said as he pushed over an "I. O. U." These three letters were often the sum of his performance. He was a successful borrower; for at the root of his spell was that of a skilled sentimentalist, who makes others feel for and with him. Face to face with his creditors he was sorry for them, so sorry, so caressing and heartening that they forgot the money, became one with the man and fancied themselves his debtors.

Sheridan's Irish descent offers the clue to the labyrinth of his mind. Behind him marched a long procession of erratic ancestors. In the Irish temperament, Mr. Sichel detects most of the scattered qualities which he combined and heightened; the blend of gayety and sadness, the unmethodical energy, the thriftlessness and tact, the eloquence, amiability and hopefulness, the theatrical instinct; the union, moreover, of pathos with satire and impromptu and polish.

Sheridan added to the "Pierrotism" of his dreamier side not a little of the harlequin, and of Puck. Like Puck's, his jests were devoid of a sting. The histrionic element was strongly pronounced in him. It was an age of ora-

tory and of actors; and the theatrical invaded even public life. Tears, Mr. Sichel remarks, did not go out of fashion until 1808. Burke, Pitt and Fox wept on occasion. Sheridan himself would swoon for effect. His intemperance must also be ascribed to his age. Hard drinking went out of fashion much later than tears. His accomplishments have not suffered apparently through his alcoholic excesses. We need only to recall Byron's tribute to "the best speech, the best address, the best comedy, the best farce and the best opera," which drew tears from Sheridan in his decay. Dr. Johnson's praise of the "two best comedies of the age" is equally famous.

The perennial vitality of this tragic Pierrot is not, however, restricted to his compositions. "There are," Mr. Sichel remarks, "beings who possess the talisman of survival. They continue to live in a romance of their own, long after they have vanished from the stage. His-

tory becomes legend, and legend turns into listory. They are themselves drama."

"Such was Byron, such has already proved Disraeli. It is not so with the abstract characters of the world. No after-plot will ever adhere to Locke, or to Newton, or to Bentham, or to John Stuart Mill. But this posterity of the personal is reserved for the dreamers and fantasts, for those who have the magnetic quality which always compels the future. Sheridan was no dreamer, but a fantast he certainly was; nor will he ever cease to interest even those who cannot respect him. At this moment, both in England and America, the tragi-comedy of his life, and the living force of his plays attract many who know little of the inner circumstances that attended them. A sprite Sheridan remains, hovering above the puppet-show of existence. He belongs not to the white-robed immortals who sit radiant and aloft, but to the elfin band who have never faded from the atmosphere. His province is not history but wonderland."

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT'S TIGHTENING GRIP ON LIFE

"**D**RAMATIC authorship does not exist in America," declares Professor Bliss Perry. William Archer, the distinguished English critic, however, champions the cause of American drama. The quality of practical, intelligent, workmanlike American plays, as compared with foreign plays, he affirms, is immensely higher than it was ten years ago. France, in his opinion, still leads the world. Germany has fallen a little behind, at least she has fallen off from the promise of fifteen years ago. England and America progress more rapidly. Our dramatic conscience is awakening. We are no longer satisfied with the vulgar sentimental dramatic pabulum of our fathers. We demand life—and we get it. The grip of the American playwright on the larger problems of our existence—and on all existence—is tightening. Three recent plays by Americans afford indisputable proof that the American public appreciates genius divorced from convention. Clyde Fitch's swan song, "The City," has provoked a panic of acclamation; Belasco's new adaptation from the French, a play entitled "The Lily," elicited a pandemonium of applause on its first presentation; and the New Theatre has produced, with the enthusiastic approval of its distinguished patrons if not of the critics, Mr. Edward Sheldon's powerful contribution to the race problem in the South.

Not even Continental critics would dare to call these plays conventional or prudish. Illicit love relations are intrepidly revealed by the authors. Fitch introduces the note of incest; rape stalks through Sheldon's remarkable play; and Belasco, following the "Easiest Way," presents himself as an advocate of Free Love—in France. Not many years ago these subjects were tabooed; but it seems that of late the social curiosity of America has been stirred. The dramatist, quick to perceive the change in the popular temper, seizes the opportunity of the moment. The dawn of the new social drama in America, exclaims William Mailey in the *Twentieth Century*, has already passed; it is morning here; the day of its fulfillment is begun. "During twenty years," he goes on to say, "spasmodic sprouts become visible, only to be fatally smitten by the indifference of the multitude and the rapid discouragement of the few experts who blindly set their faces against the inevitable. And now these experts are justly without honor in their own country."

We have, in a recent article, traced the development of Clyde Fitch from frivolous froth to his most serious effort "The Truth"—a play accepted, according to Archie Bell, Mr. Fitch's biographer, in seven European capitals. "The City" is a greater play than "The Truth." Shortly before he died, Clyde Fitch declared

that "The City" was the finest play he had ever written. Apparently Fitch has profited in his latter years by the study of Ibsen. "Ibsen is right," he confessed to Bell;* "I accept him thoroly as the master genius of the age. Perhaps we are not ready for him as playgoers, but we shall mount closer and closer to his perfection by reason of the example he has piled high before the intelligence of the younger men who are aware of his message." If Mr. Bell is right, "The City" is not the last work of Clyde Fitch. There are still two unproduced plays of recent date—"Kitty and the Canary," his last completed work, written for Zeda Sears; and "The Social Guide." "The City," however, is regarded as his valedictory as a playwright. There are touches of humor in the first act, touches of sentiment in the last, which, remarks *The Times*, show Clyde Fitch at his very best and which will compare favorably with the work of any English playwright. The play, says *The Tribune*, "is as strong as a raging bull, an elephant in passion or a hungry tiger."

"Here is a play that shocks its beholders into thought, smites their frail conventionalities, makes the timid and formal gasp; a play that is as soothing as a salvo of artillery. If it be asked what the spectator will see as he sits through this three-act drama at the Lyric Theatre, let the answer, briefly enough, be this: He will see a highly respected, tax paying citizen, the leader of his community, banker, philanthropist, pillar of the church, blackmailed by his illegitimate son—as twisted a knave as ever crept among men; he will see and hear this esteemed subscriber to worthy causes rebuke his legitimate children for their desire to live in 'the city,' where there is opportunity, fashion, the chance, and the game; he will hear the country extolled, the city traduced, then the country traduced and the city extolled; he will hear the model father confess to his model son his faithlessness, and will presently learn of the esteemed gentleman's death under the shock; he will see the model and legitimate son risen in the city, a public figure climbing higher and higher on a ladder of lies and graft; he will see the illegitimate son tricking, undermining, scheming, drawing his nets around his seemingly luckier brother, but finding himself caught in his own intrigues, and married to his own sister, killing her in a gorilla-like rage when he learns the truth; he will see the model brother, with the governorship within his grasp, ruined in his political, professional and social ambitions, but, responsive to his fearful lesson, ready to start life anew with a real man's courage."

*THE CLYDE FITCH I KNEW. By Archie Bell. Broadway Publishing Company.

In his long and busy career, remarks Louis De Foe, in the *New York World*, Clyde Fitch has experienced his share of failure. He touched the life around him with the feather of wit and sometimes pricked it with the dart of satire; but not until his name became only a memory did he deliver the unexpected sledge hammer blow.

"Certain it is that in 'The City' Clyde Fitch did not concern himself with beauty. He dealt with life only in hideous aspects. He laid human nature bare and exposed its cankers in their most repellent forms. He cut through the quivering flesh to the very heart. He made the foundation of his work firm and then went on, piling sensation upon sensation, multiplying horror with horror, until he reached uncanny heights. Murder, incest, suicide, blasted ambition, the degenerate raving of a mind dulled by drugs—these were only a few of the materials with which he worked. Out of them he builded a structure so firm in the illusion it created that it seemed no longer a counterfeit of life, but life itself. And when he reached the summit of this structure he turned his climax into a pathological exhibition which vividly recalls that scene at the last moment of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' when Oswald grovels at Mrs. Alving's feet gibbering and crying wildly for the sun. . . .

"The craft and cunning of the play compel admiration. They will arouse amazement at Fitch, who, throughout his career, was charged with being a dramatist of women and a photographer of drawing-room manners. It was often said of him that the virilities of life were beyond his reach and that he could only make frivolousness seem real. He could not live until he had proved the contrary, but he left ample testimony in 'The City' that he could play with volcanoes as well as pin wheels."

Mr. Sheldon's "Nigger" exhibits a strong admixture of the purely melodramatic in its first two acts. The last act resembles a tract. But there is no denying that a tremendous American problem has been valiantly presented by Mr. Sheldon. The play has been announced as another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "tho," it was added, "its purpose is purely to present a dramatic picture, urging no thesis, subserving no faction." The effective craftsmanship of the author leaves no doubt in the mind of *The Theater Magazine* that the young author has a future before—not behind him.

"It is certainly dramatic and even tragic for a man in the South, after he has become Governor of his State, to be informed by Veritas—or One Who Knows—that his mother was a 'beautiful octoroon,' and, furthermore, that if he did not



COME INTO HER OWN AT LAST

Nance O'Neil, having battered at the gates of New York for years, has achieved in "The Lily" an unforgettable and an indisputable triumph. In the words of a finicky critic, Mr. Alan Dale, "she takes a place with the very greatest of actresses."

veto a prohibition bill the fact would be published on the front page of a newspaper with horrescent headlines, with the result that his taint would disgrace him and deprive him of the woman (free, white and twenty-one) whom he was about to marry. That is the whole story, lacking certain details. In a scene with the girl, realizing that his ruin is at hand and that he must confess to her, preferring that she hear it from his own lips, when she turns in horror from him he yet declares his love and determines to hold her in his embrace and smother her with kisses for the last time. It is a fiery and impassioned melodrama. In the end, just before he resigns his office and himself publicly announces his taint, she visits his office and tells him that she has reconsidered and will stick to him and implores him to marry her."

This, the reviewer goes on to say, is nauseous nonsense. The hero, it is true, refuses to marry her and determines to take his position with the blacks, working for their elevation. The play, however, appears to be an argument for the physical unity of the American people with the negro.

"The Lily," an adaptation from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, bears witness to the unfailing magic of the wizard Belasco. The theme displeases, the reasoning is specious, the conditions alien to American life, yet any one who happened to be in the theater at the end of the first performance might have supposed himself suddenly translated into an asylum for the insane, such, says *The Times*, was the enthusiasm produced by "The Lily." Mr. Belasco has, in Mr. Klauber's opinion, materially added to the strength of the original play. The general proposition, he thinks, is universal in its application. The conflict arises out of the abominable short-sightedness and selfishness of a decadent French aristocrat, the Comte de Maigny, whose elder daughter, Odette, a willing sacrifice at the parental altar, has grown old and wrinkled."

"He has had his fling—is having it, in fact, at the very moment when Odette, faded, weary, carrying in her heart the one secret passion of her life, is piecing out a prosaic middle age, trying to get what happiness she may out of complete devotion to Christiane, her younger sister.

"When it seems apparent that Christiane, also, will be a 'lily'—the name by which these unloved ones are known—things happen. And it is in the discovery and the development of this girl's passion for an artist, M. Georges Arnaud, who has been separated from his wife, that the shock of the dénouement comes.

"The revelation is brought about through the

breaking of a marriage contract agreed to between young de Maigny and the daughter of a neighbor, M. Flock, a wealthy bourgeois manufacturer. Flock, greatly excited, hints at a reason why he must declare the engagement off, refuses to be clear upon the subject, and leaving the Maigny household is pursued by the son, who returns wild with anger at a discovery which involves his sister's honor.

"It is at this point that the threads of the story are quickly and firmly drawn into a dramatic knot, the tightening and subsequent unraveling of which, at first very stirring, ultimately become most affecting. The scene of the trap laid for the lover, his subsequent arrival and discomfiture, the discovery of the girl's stolen rendezvous, her championing of her love, given freely, in contrast to the brother's sale of his—the dowry being an important factor in the Flock arrangement—and finally the father's denunciation of his younger child, followed by the sudden flare up of all the latent burning passion in Odette, as she comes forward to plead her sister's case—these successive incidents develop, amplify, expand, and, finally, end in a climactic situation that for sheer power and emotional appeal is not often equaled on the stage."

In "The Lily," Nance O'Neil, the emotional and beautiful actress who for years has been vainly battering at the gates of New York, triumphantly enters into her own in the character of Odette. Her acting, maintains Alan Dale, in *The American*, was inimitable.

"There was a cataract of unshed tears as she pictured her own life that had been denuded of love, that had been robbed of husband and children—a life in which every feminine instinct had been pulverized to a dry-rot. She pointed to her withered face and her joyless form. Her instincts, forbidden by paternal tyranny, to illumine all that was right, were driven to defend all that was wrong. It was her father that she blamed for the catastrophe. Her voice, strident and harsh, hurled itself at him. Then, in organ-like tones, it melted into a harrowing plea for justice and for sympathy. The appeal swept cyclonically through the audience. The overwhelming sonority, the Niagara-like fervor, the elemental ferocity of the thing was appalling.

"The large, brown, shambling sister stood, like an eruptive Nemesis, the infernal daughter of Nox, the goddess of vengeance. The helm and the wheel could almost be perceived as the woman, in her rage, stood to her task. The absolute suddenness of the attack made the hair rise and the gooseflesh creep. Such a scene is rare in any theatre. It was a superb achievement, and Miss Nance O'Neil came into her own, unforgettably. Early promise of years ago—delayed probably by a curious temperament—was fulfilled. Miss Nance O'Neil in 'The Lily' takes her place with the very greatest actresses."

HUGO WOLF, "THE WAGNER OF SONG"

THE reported discovery, at this late stage in musical history, of a composer who stands "at the head of the song-writers of the world," who "surpasses them all to the same extent and for the same reasons that Wagner surpasses all other musical dramatists," is arousing keen interest among music-lovers in all lands. Hugo Wolf, the Austrian composer for whom such high honor is claimed, has been dead seven years. The man who gives him this supreme ranking is Ernest Newman, perhaps the most distinguished musical critic in England to-day.

Hugo Wolf is well and favorably known among musicians, but few would as yet give the superlative verdict rendered by Mr. Newman. Wolf's star, however, is undoubtedly in the ascendant. A "Hugo Wolf Verein" has been organized in Vienna to spread his musical gospel. The judgment of Mr. Newman may be vindicated.

In a new book* Mr. Newman gives the details of Wolf's pathetic career. Like so many men of genius who preceded him, like so many who are bound to follow him, he suffered all the tortures of a neurasthenic temperament. During a large part of his life he was poor and he was unappreciated. In his lodgings in Vienna he lacked the actual necessities of life, and tried to subsist on one meal a day. For a long while he made a meager living by giving piano and violin lessons. Then he was offered the post of second Kapellmeister at Salzburg, but soon renounced the position—consumed by the creative fire. Several influential men, among them Humperdinck and Felix Mottl, were interested in him and tried to help him. In 1884 he became musical critic of the *Wiener Salonblatt*. By this time his talents were beginning to find solid recognition, tho at first no one would buy his songs even when he had the rare good fortune to get them published. The turning point of his career was the year 1887, and now songs came streaming from his pen in spasmodic bursts, during which he seemed to be living at white heat and to be indifferent to everything except his inspiration. But just when fame and wealth seemed fairly within his grasp his mind gave way and he had to be confined in an asylum. He died in February, 1903.

The secret of Wolf's peculiar power, Mr. Newman tells us, is that in his welding of song and poesy "he pierced to the very heart

of the poem as few musicians have done even in isolated cases, and as no other has done in so many varied cases." The lyrics of Goethe, of Heine and of Edward Mörike, excited his especial enthusiasm. He also set to music sonnets of Michelangelo. Mr. Newman goes on to say:

"He allowed the poet to prescribe for him the whole shape and color of a song, down even to the smallest details. It was not that he was so little of a musician that he could not, like the others, bend any poem to his arbitrary will, but that he was so much a musician that he could accept any conditions the poet liked to impose upon him and yet work as easily under them as another man could do without such seeming limitations. The general habit of composers is to ignore everything in the words that will interfere with their developing their melody on its own lines. There is not a song-writer of genius, from Schubert to Brahms, in whose work examples of this sacrifice of the poet to the musician cannot be plucked by the handful; while the guilt of opera-composers in this matter is notorious. . . .

"Now the justness of Wolf's accentuation, the way in which the melodic accent coincides with the verbal, is wonderful. It is even more wonderful than Wagner's, for it is pretty clear that Wagner, being his own poet, sometimes thought of his melody first and then wrote words that would fit it. Wolf had to follow another man's poem scrupulously, bring out into high relief the significant words of each line, and yet not permit this process to interfere with the purely musical interest of the phrase. How completely successful he was in this can be realized only by those who have studied him carefully."

The second distinguishing characteristic of Wolf, Mr. Newman continues, is to be found in the use he made of piano accompaniment. He gave to the piano part a significance it had never previously had in the whole history of song. Mr. Newman writes on this point:

"His songs were indeed not written for 'voice with pianoforte accompaniment'; the title-pages tell us that they are composed for 'voice and pianoforte'—a quiet hint of the importance of the rôle assigned to the instrument. It has been objected against the songs, as it formerly was against Wagner's operas, that they are 'unvocal,' that the 'centre of interest is often in the piano rather than the voice,' that 'the voice is treated like an instrument,' and so on; it recalls to our minds how Wagner and other dramatists used to be accused of 'placing the pedestal on the stage and the statue in the orchestra.' The objection breaks down in each case. . . . Richard

*HUGO WOLF. By Ernest Newman. John Lane Company.



HAILED AS THE GREATEST OF SONG-WRITERS

"Since the death of Schubert," says Ernest Newman, the biographer of Hugo Wolf, "there is no musician whose premature end has been so truly an irreparable loss to art."

Wagner often ran the two parts beautifully in harness; but now and then the real inspiration is in the orchestra, the voice part being pasted in more or less factitiously. Wolf really amalgamated the two much better. He had one of the most contrapuntal brains of modern times. Counterpoint with him was a living thing; he could scarcely think of a melody without other melodies consanguineous with it spontaneously suggesting themselves to him."

The range of Wolf's expression, Mr. Newman contends, is no less remarkable than the intensity of it.

"To think of his songs one by one is to see defiling before the eye a veritable pageant of humanity in epitome, a long procession of forms of the utmost variety, all drawn to the very life,—lovers and maidens in every phase of passion and despair, poets, rogues, humorists, philosophers, hunters, sailors, kings, lovable good-for-nothings, Hedonists, Stoics, religious believers of every shade of confident ecstatic faith or torturing doubt. They are set in every conceivable form of environment; the whole panorama of nature is unrolled before us—flowers, mountains, clouds, the sunset, the dawn, the dead of night,

the salt open sea and the haunted inland waters,—together with everything in nature that has voice or movement—the elves, the birds, the wind, the fire. For volume and plasticity and definiteness of characterization there is nothing like it in music outside Wagner. No two characters are the same; each bears about him all the distinguishing signs of his native land, breathes his own atmosphere, wears his own dress, thinks with his own brain. A religious song in the 'Spanische Liederbuch' is as different from one in the Mörike volume as Spain is from Swabia, as Southern Catholicism is from Northern Protestantism. The passion of the women in the Spanish or Italian songs is another thing than the passion of those in the Mörike or Goethe songs. When Wolf, again, plays humorously with-life it is in a style and an idiom that vary with every character he represents,—Goethe's *Rattenfänger*; Eichendorff's *Schreckenberger*, or his *Glücksritter*, or his Scholar; the scornful women of the Southern songs, whose derision sometimes lies so dangerously close to anger and hatred; the quasi-Oriental Hedonists of Goethe's 'Schenkenbuch,' singing of the joys of the tavern;—all are as different in speech and in bearing as their prototypes in real life would be. *Truer* music, in the full sense of the word, there has never been. Wolf practically never repeats himself in the songs; every character is drawn from the living model. It is a positively Shakespearean imagination that is at work,—Protean in its creativeness, inexhaustibly fecund, and always functioning from the inside of the character or the scene, not merely making an inventory of it from the outside. We may best express the difference between his manner and that of the average songwriter in the words in which Coleridge distinguishes Shakespeare's method of creation from that of his contemporaries: 'Shakespeare's intellectual action is wholly unlike that of Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter see the total of the sentence or passage, and then project it entire. Shakespeare goes on creating, and evolving B out of A, and C out of B, and so on, just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems forever twisting and untwisting its own strength.'

Wolf was not a song-writer only. He composed a string quartet, an Italian serenade and ambitious choral works. He even wrote an opera, "Der Corregidor," founded on a novel by the Spanish author, Pedro de Alarcon. But it is by his songs that he will live. "They stand in a class by themselves," Mr. Newman concludes, "as different from the songs of other lyrists as the operas of Wagner are from the work of all other musical dramatists. And it will probably be with him as with Wagner; the very force and range of his achievement will make it impossible for anyone to follow in his own line for at least another generation."

Literature and Art

NEW EFFORTS TO EXPLAIN THE DUAL NATURE OF SHELLEY

IT IS creditable to the moral instinct, if not always to the common sense, of humanity that so many and such varied attempts are being made to justify the acts of men of genius. We recognize, with good reason, that a man's life is inseparably bound up in his work, and we like to think that men act from high, rather than from low, motives. Goethe, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Byron, Richard Wagner, Poe, even Oscar Wilde, all of whose lives were obviously immoral or unmoral, considered from any conventional point of view, have never lacked defenders; and the storm aroused by Shelley's subversive life and writings a hundred years ago persists unto this day.

Three attitudes, broadly speaking, are taken by recent commentators on Shelley. There are those who regard him as a man of extraordinary purity of character, a moral genius; there are those who denounce him as a moral bungler, attempting, with scant success, to overthrow the very foundations of morality; and there are those who, from one motive or another, prefer to be neutral.

To the first class belong the so-called "radical" critics, exponents of Socialism, Anarchism and the like. Henry S. Salt, the author of a scholarly and sympathetic biographical study of Shelley, regards him as the greatest humanitarian pioneer of the nineteenth century, and registers, in a late issue of the *London Labour Leader*, a protest against "judging a great poet by the very view of life from which he avowedly dissented." M. D. Eder, writing in similar strain in the Socialist *New Age* (London), declares:

"His character has the directness, the simplicity, with an engaging frankness of outlook and of speech, that only the very loftiest among men may reach.

"The text-books on physics lay you down the qualities of a true fluid or gas or solid as something exceedingly simple, and will then explain to you that no actual fluid, etc., possesses this simplicity, but the more nearly anything approaches this standard the more honestly may it be called a true fluid. So we may say of Shelley that he approaches most nearly the standard of 'true' man, absolute man. . . .

"Whatever he wanted he wanted with all his

might; whatever he did he did with all his might. His indomitable will-power carried all before him. The joy of achievement and the joy of possession were the forces that guided his life's work."

The second and hostile point of view is expressed by Hamilton Wright Mabie in a late issue of the *New York Outlook*. Mr. Mabie has much to say of Shelley's "moral Anarchism," using the term in the sense of reproach. He adds his conviction that Shelley was unfortunate, first in his parents and then in his friends. The latter, he thinks, "were mainly, to put it in plain English, a bad lot; it was not that they were unconventional in morals, as well as in habits of life, but they were sordid, selfish, without a keen sense of honor or delicacy of feeling." William Godwin, the philosopher whom Shelley idolized as an inspired prophet, unceasingly borrowed the young poet's money. Hogg had his good points, but was suspected of vile treachery in the house of his friend. Byron was coarse, selfish and irresponsible. Of the Westbrooks, the unfortunate Harriet, Shelley's first wife, who bore him two children, lived unhappily through a few months of separation and then drowned herself, is, in Mr. Mabie's eyes, the only tolerable human being. "The story of these emancipated spirits," Mr. Mabie comments, "is so unwholesome and repellent that it almost reconciles one to the Philistinism of the conventionally respectable." He continues:

"Shelley's career is a striking illustration not only of the futility but of the immorality of shaping life by impulse, however noble, without reference to actual conditions. This world is not only an idea but a reality; it has not only a spirit but a body; and health, sanity and freedom are found only in submitting the impulse to law and bringing the abstract idea into working relations with realities. Shelley was a spirit of singular generosity and unselfishness, but he fell into the slough of lawlessness because he disregarded the twofold relations of the human soul. He understood this more clearly than some of his unwise apologists: 'You might as well go to a ginshop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me.' This was not only a very shrewd piece of personal comment; it was also an illuminating piece of literary crit-

icism, and touches the fundamental defect of his work: its lack of reality."

The third and more neutral point of view in regard to Shelley is voiced in a book* by an English author, A. Clutton-Brock, that is hailed by the *London Times* as "probably the best study of Shelley that has yet been written." Mr. Brock is unwilling to accept either the old legend of a Shelley with horns and a tail, or the new one of Shelley with wings and a halo. He prefers to "treat him as a human being and try to prove that he was one, full of character and energy and charm, interesting because of his very imperfections, because of the ceaseless struggle of his not omnipotent will."

Shelley's desertion of his wife Harriet and elopement with Mary Godwin have furnished a kind of "test case" on the privileges of genius, and much bad blood has been spilt in controversies over the episode. Mr. Brock takes the view that "Shelley's conduct to Harriet had nothing to do with his genius." He writes:

"Shelley might have harbored the same delusions about her and about other people and things if he had had no genius whatever. It may be argued that genius is a sacred possession, that a man who possesses it has a right to sacrifice any person or thing that may interfere with its development, and that he alone must be the judge of what he should sacrifice. This, I suppose, is the case which the idolators of genius will set up. The idolatry of genius seems to me to be as slavish as the idolatry of any other kind of power; and I am sure that Shelley himself, like all the children of light, would have disowned it. It is an easy passage from the idea that genius justifies anything to the idea that men are better without it; and the opinion that Shelley could not have written 'Prometheus Unbound' if he had not left his wife and children leads to the opinion that 'Prometheus Unbound,' like a pearl, is a mere beautiful accident of disease. No doubt genius is apt to overstrain the mind possessed by it; and, therefore, we must make every excuse for the vagaries of such a mind. But we must not confuse cause with effect. We must not suppose that a man's genius profits by these vagaries any more than that the strength of an athlete is increased by the weariness of over-exertion."

The trouble with Shelley, Mr. Brock feels, is that he was scarcely aware of imperfection in himself; and that "it was a part of his imperfection that he believed his will to be

omnipotent over his own nature, and saw no reason why it should not be omnipotent over the outside world."

"He never, in the course of his short life, attained to a full consciousness of himself; never knew that there was any impulse in him except that of will. He was not aware of the animal that existed in him as in all men. He mistook his appetites and instincts for will; they seemed to him to be all spiritual, and he has represented them as spiritual in his poetry. Will in him was very powerful, and the desire for a nobler state of being always predominant in his mind; so predominant indeed that all his other desires seemed to him to be lost in it, and he thought of the passion of love as a passion only for a nobler state of being. Thus whatever might hinder his passion of love seemed to him to hinder his passion for a nobler state of being, and so to be mere tyranny. He did not grasp the fact that there is a necessary conflict between our appetites and the conditions of our being, and that this conflict gives an opportunity for the exercise of will. He saw that such a conflict existed, but thought that it was produced altogether by some external tyranny or some inexplicable perversity in men. There seemed to him to be a perfect harmony in himself, and so he thought that a perfect harmony was possible in the world, if only it would get rid of those inhibitions which express men's consciousness of an existing discord. Thus he was early drawn into flat rebellion against things as they are, partly by his ardent desire for a nobler state of being, partly by his failure to recognize the necessary imperfection of life. To him life seemed to consist entirely of a conflict between good will, such as he felt in himself, and evil will in irrational and inexplicable opposition to the good. This conception of life he expressed in his 'Prometheus Unbound,' where the evil will of the Universe is personified as Jupiter and the good will as Prometheus; and he expressed it again in 'The Cenci,' where Count Cenci is unaccountably wicked. Indeed his poetry is full of fiends who inflict tortures and of angels who suffer them."

A fifth view of Shelley, perhaps the most penetrating of all, appeared in an essay in *The Atlantic Monthly* not long ago, from the pen of Arthur Symons. "It is impossible," Mr. Symons concedes, "to forgive Shelley, as a reasonable man, for his abandonment of Harriet." But "he was never at any time a reasonable man, and there was never a time when he was not under one form or another of hallucination." It was not that he was carried away irresistibly by gross passions; it was rather than he abandoned himself to spiritual influences like a medium. A certain selfishness, Mr. Symons reminds us, is the

*SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET. By A. Clutton Brock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



From "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL IN OXFORD

This sculptural masterpiece by Onslow Ford, showing the dead body of Shelley as it was washed ashore by the waves, is erected in the chapel of the Oxford college that expelled him a hundred years ago.

inevitable result of every absorption; and Shelley, in every new rapture, was dizzy with it, whether he listened to the skylark in the sky or to the voice of Mary calling to him from the next room. In his life, as in his poetry, "he was the slave of every impulse, but a slave so faultlessly obedient that he mastered every impulse in achieving it, so that his life, which seems casual, was really what he chose to make it, and followed the logic of his being." To quote further from this remarkable essay:

"He aimed at moral perfection, but was really of a perfect esthetic selfishness. He was full of pity and generosity, and desired the liberation and uplifting of humanity; but humanity was less real to him than his own witch of Atlas. He only touched human action and passion closely in a single one of his works; and he said of 'The Cenci,' 'I don't think much of it. My object was to see how I could succeed in describing passions I have never felt.' . . .

"Shelley had intuition rather than instinct, and was moved by a sympathy of the affections rather than by passion. His way of falling into and out of love is a sign that his emotions were rapid and

on the surface, not that they were deep or permanent. The scent or music of love came to him like a flower's or bird's speech; it went to his head, it did not seize on the heart in his body. It must have filled him with astonishment when Harriet drowned herself, and he could never have really understood that it was his fault. He lived the life of one of those unattached plants which float in water; he had no roots in the earth, and he did not see why anyone should take root there. His love for women seems never to have been sensuous, or at least to have been mostly a matter of sympathies and affinities; if other things followed, it seemed to him natural that they should, and he encouraged them with a kind of unconsciousness. Emilia Viviani, for whom he wrote the sacred love-song of the 'Epipsychidion,' would have embarrassed him, I doubt not, if she had answered his invocation practically. He would have done his best for her, and, at the same time, for Mary."

To those who are baffled by conflicting estimates of Shelley, a perusal of the admirable new edition of his collected "Letters"* may

*THE LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Collected and Edited by Roger Ingpen. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

be recommended. Here the man speaks for himself; his character stands out crystal clear. No one could read these letters and feel that Shelley was, in any real sense, a bad man. His simplicity, his unselfishness, are revealed in

every page. He made his mistakes, as all men do, but his greatest mistake—and his greatest glory—lay in his assumption that others were actuated by the same high motives as those that inspired his own life.

QUERIDO—A YOUNG DUTCH REALIST WHO IS CREATING A SENSATION IN EUROPE

EDEN PHILLPOTTS, the English novelist, has recently expressed his disquietude because so many English men of letters — nature's "pets," "her spoiled children," "the aristocrats of intellect," as he classes them—are Socialistic in their tendencies. "Do they want their heads cut off to make footstools for the fools?" he asks. But it is not in Great Britain alone that the novelists show their Socialistic tendencies. Tolstoy and Gorky in Russia, Blasco Ibáñez the Spaniard, Anatole France and our own William Dean Howells are among the writers who present their heads as "footstools for the fool." And now an astonishing Dutch genius appears on the literary horizon whose youthful masterpiece is described as "a Socialist tract." His name is Israel Querido, and "Menschenwee" (Human Fate), translated under the title "Toil of Men,"* is the first of his novels to be done into English.

Querido was born in Amsterdam in 1873, but he is a Dutchman by birth only, being descended from a Portuguese family of noble lineage. He lived his early days in poverty, and worked as a boy in a diamond factory. His literary début, at the age of twenty-three, was made, like that of Anatole France, not as a writer of fiction but as an original and provocative critic. Arnold Bennett, the English critic and novelist, writing for *The New Age* (London), remarks: "I should not be at all surprised to hear an adequately equipped Dutchman assert that Querido's literary criticism is superior to his fiction." For several years he has contributed to the brilliant Paris journal, *Mercure de France*, on musical and dramatic subjects, as well as literary; and he is at present the leading critic on the *Handelsblad*, in Amsterdam. One of the most remarkable of his essays is "An Introduction to the Study of the Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau." Others concern Chopin, Carlyle and Ibsen. They are all militant. Into the camp of the Ibsenites, Querido flings a bomb. Ibsen "is not a great

dramatist," he asserts, "because he is lacking in imagination, in emotion, and in the love of humanity." His pessimism is "lacking in nobility, unhealthy, and" (now for the explosion!) "utterly bourgeois."

Whether or no this characterization of Ibsen is just, it can be said that Querido himself possesses the very reverse of these qualities. Both as critic and creative artist he is poetically imaginative and emotional and his love for humanity seems all-inclusive. He brings to the surface those good impulses which exist even in the most degraded human being. He is healthy, as earth is healthy. And in "Toil of Men" he never once sinks the artist in the moralist. His style is musical and picturesque. It is said that an oriental strain runs through his blood, to which source a French critic is inclined to attribute the warmth of his word-coloring and the exuberance of his imagination.

With the publication, in 1896, of his first volume of essays, "Meditations on Literature and Life," Querido became a writer of mark. This was soon followed by a second collection of great synthetic power. But when, at the age of twenty-six, his first work of fiction appeared—a romance in two parts, entitled "Levensgang" (The Course of Life)—it was recognized at once as the product of genius. "This is the first romance produced in Holland with a conception really great," says M. Henri Messtet in the *Mercure de France*. "No previous writer had viewed things so largely and had felt so deeply. 'Levensgang' was announced as the greatest creation of recent times, and it was contended that it led literature into a new path. . . . It is a real human emotion from which proceeds this romance at once so fresh, so trembling with life, so jubilant with faith and with hope, so optimistic in its democratic sentiment."

The publication of "Toil of Men," in 1903, was hailed as a great literary event. With one possible exception, no work by a Dutch writer has ever met with such a reception throughout Europe. The authoritative journals, says M.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Messet, were united in a tribute of admiration. One young Dutch writer, in the *Groene Weekblad*, predicted that "Toil of Men" would live throughout the twentieth century as Rembrandt's picture of the Night Watch lived throughout the seventeenth.

It is inevitable that Querido should be likened to Zola and Balzac, altho he himself is said to detest the systematic naturalism of the former; and surely nothing could be more unlike the "diagrammatic" art of Balzac than the epical simplicity of "Toil of Men." Of course Querido is styled "Master" by the young French writers. They are ecstatic. They rave over his lyricism, his realism and his dramatic faculty. They class him with the world's greatest creators of epic and drama. "One can but submit oneself without reserve," exclaims M. Messet, "to the infinite force of his spirit and the burning ardor of his style. One either admires in the highest degree, or one may fear the man like death."

Beside such utterances it is well to place the adverse judgment of a distinguished English critic, Arnold Bennett, who writes as follows in *The New Age* (London):

"'Toil of Men' is a thoroly sound, honest and unsentimental novel. It deals with peasant life in a small town whose industry is wholesale gardening. It has emotion. It has an episodic nobility. It gives a tremendous final impression of the desolating and harsh tedium of ceaseless feverish toil resulting in the narrowest poverty. It is a Socialist tract. It is one of the most exquisitely gloomy novels that I have read for years. This fact prejudices one in its favor, for I adore gloom in fiction. But I cannot agree that it is a great novel, for two reasons. In the first place it shows scarcely any sign of constructive or selective power. It is an overwhelming jumble of small incidents arranged, if arranged at all, without regard to achieving a climax. A defect which renders the novel somewhat difficult to read. And in the second place, I do not believe that it is true to life. Its pessimism is too violent, or too wilful. I do not believe that in Holland any community exists in so complete an absence of joy as Querido would indicate."

"Toil of Men" is an epic of the Dutch market gardens. It carries one from harvest to harvest; through the Winter of unemployment and grinding poverty; the thrill of Spring-time and renewal of work in the fields; Summer, with its feverish toil and competitive selling, culminating in the eight days' orgy of the Kermis; back to Autumn and the slow, desperate sinking again into unemployment and hunger. For the gardeners who own their



"HE IS HEALTHY AS THE EARTH IS HEALTHY"

Querido's "Toil of Men" is described as "a tremendous final impression of the desolating and harsh tedium of ceaseless feverish toil resulting in the narrowest poverty."

land, free from mortgages and debts, are few, and it is not of their comforts that Querido writes but of the hardships of the great majority—the small tenant gardeners and the day-laborers. The climax of the novel is a terrific August thunderstorm which destroys the crop of beans and ruins many families. One group in particular stands out from this background in tragic failure,—old Gerrit Hassel, a tenant gardener, with his brutish sons, Dirk and Piet, giant workers of the soil; his handsome mercenary daughter, ready to sell herself, quite respectably if possible, to the highest bidder; the old wife, beaten and crazed; Kees, the poacher, an outcast son, with a family of thirteen to support. Some of the most poignant chapters in the book are devoted to the love of Kees for his little crippled son, his dogged efforts to find work and keep sober while the boy is alive, and his hopeless decline into a sot and wife-beater after the death of the child. Old Hassel, "Honest Flowerpot," as his neighbors call him, is in reality a kleptomaniac, gloating over a wretched little hoard of filched treasures which he keeps secreted in a corner of his cellar. Loaded with debts, his land mortgaged to the last acre, frantic sometimes with anxiety over the crops, old Gerrit finds his

one consolation in the indulgence of this mania. His tortures reach their limit in the storm which destroys millions and millions of the beans on which his fortunes hang. He must pay his rent or leave his holdings in November. One of many, he goes to the notary to beg an extension of time for the payment of his rent and debts. A scene of great dramatic power follows. His request is refused.

The old man's kleptomania blazes up in his terror and despair, and he is detected in the act of stealing money and a valuable lens from his friend, the town photographer. He is arrested and taken to prison. Dirk and Piet, cursing their father, are degraded to the condition of day-laborers. The daughter sells herself, but not respectably. And the whole family, like the crop of beans, is in wrack and ruin.

THE MARTYRDOM OF PAUL VERLAINE

LET Lepelletier defend my reputation. He is able to clear what will soon be my memory." This wish of Paul Verlaine, written behind prison bars, has not been uttered in vain. Lepelletier has depicted his life in a lengthy biography,* industriously applying a coat of whitewash and dispersing the cycle of evil legends woven by the poet himself around his bad bald head. M. Lepelletier crowns him with a halo of martyrdom. Verlaine, in his opinion, was the unfortunate victim of an unreciprocated, perfectly legitimate, conjugal passion. Not the sinister rites of an alien Aphrodite, but his wife's desertion, precipitated his downfall.

Like Baudelaire, Verlaine loved to pour out his heart in prose and verse. A table in a café would serve him as confessional, and then to any chance acquaintance he would reveal what appeared to be the innermost secrets of his soul. "But, as a matter of fact," claims the good Edward Lepelletier, "these statements about himself were mostly exaggerations. His real confidences were for my ear alone."

Often, we are told, Verlaine would publicly accuse, judge and condemn himself with naive humility and unnecessary frankness. He would lash himself into a panic of self-condemnation that was only half genuine. These confessions began in the flaring gaslight of the Café Rouge or the François Premier and continued until the grey light of dawn. The poet's romantic temperament was at the root of his antics. Victor Hugo, Calderon, Petrus Borel, and Barbey D'Aurevilly were among the literary influences of his most impressionable years. Even his religious emotions, the biographer insists, were little more than a pose; his faith, more theoretical than prac-

tical, was the result of the deep draught he had drunk from the intoxicating fount of romanticism. The avowals he made in his wanderings among the drinking shops of the Quartier Latin, punctuated by the tap of his stick on the resounding pavement, or across piles of saucers on stained marble-topped tables, and in the precious pages of delightful but fictitious autobiography, must not be accepted without reservation.

"Fancy played a large part in these outpourings of his. There was something of the playhouse in this pose of Verlaine's. Not that he wished to create a sensation—his taste was too good for that; but he enjoyed the dramatic effect of himself as a past master of vice, a St. Augustine of the wine-shop, who did not lack a St. Monica, for he frequently invoked the name of his good and pious mother.

"Thus a legend grew up around him; all the more persistent and enduring from the fact that Verlaine himself was largely its author, and dug the grave of his own reputation. His disciples widely disseminated the gospel of depravity it amused him to preach; some even transformed into realities his literary parables, and the public have taken too literally the creed of the master, paraphrased by the apostles of fantasy, and denounced by emphatic hypocritical pharisees. It ought to be revised and its commentators kept within bounds. Verlaine's signature at the foot of his numerous printed confessions is no proof of the correctness of the facts. Before everything else, he was a poet; therefore he exaggerated, amplified, enlarged."

M. Lepelletier is not yet prepared to canonize his hero. "It is far from my desire to present Verlaine as a saint, an exemplary citizen and model husband . . . the banality of ordinary epitaphs are not for him." He protests, however, against the association of Verlaine's name with François Villon. Verlaine, naively explains M. Lepelletier, "never came within an ace of the halter, like the poet-

*PAUL VERLAINE: HIS LIFE, HIS WORK. By Edward Lepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. Duffield and Company.



VERLAINE "AT HOME"

His wife having forsaken him, the solitude of a café was the poet's only refuge. There he sat hour after hour, anxious to unburden his tortured soul even to a casual acquaintance.

bandit Villon." The latter escaped from the gallows merely through the favor of Louis XI; Verlaine incurred the anger of the law through an accident that could hardly be regarded as criminal. "If he were constrained to stand in the prisoner's dock, it was in a foreign land, and at a most unpropitious moment."

"The independent air and French nationality of the aimless traveller who followed no regular calling—at the police station in Brussels he stated that he was 'Lyrical poet to his country'—and above all information from Paris representing him as a dangerous republican who had served under the Commune, prejudiced the Brabancon jury against him, and he received a heavy sentence—several years' imprisonment. It all arose out of a slight quarrel with a comrade, Arthur Rimbaud—the result of too liberal libations of gin. A revolver imprudently carried foolishly produced and pointed threateningly by way of emphasizing an argument unfortunately exploded, the ball grazing Rimbaud's hand. This insignificant injury would perhaps in France have entailed a week's imprisonment, or more probably a police summons for carrying arms prohibited by law, and a sentence of two or three days' 'hard labor.'"

Verlaine was not guilty of homicide, fortunately; and we should not attach the stigma to his innocent name. Yet even if he had been, in Verlaine's phrase, "bloodguiltiest of murder," M. Lepelletier would not feel that he had a right to pass judgment upon him. The

poet, he thinks, stands above common morality.

"He may have committed all the sins in the decalog, and yet have made both his own and the generations which follow him heirs of a marvelous and immortal kingdom. And it is well. Around him the shadow may lie deep, but he has illuminated the world. For mankind as a whole is clear gain. Our sympathy and gratitude should not be confined to the light-house keeper in Maeterlinck's tale, who, too virtuous to permit his neighbors to suffer, divided among them the oil from his lamps, thus neglecting the illumination of the ocean in order to light a few cabins. Virtue may or may not be allied with genius. If Verlaine had been worthy of the Monthyon prize, or if he had merited the halter Villon so narrowly escaped, it would not have altered one verse of 'Sagesse' nor modified one stanza of the 'Fêtes Galantes.'"

But the crimes actually committed by Verlaine were hardly Neronic. If we examine his life microscopically, we will find plenty of faults, follies and weaknesses, and also many sufferings, with fate at the bottom of them all; "but nothing shameful, not one really evil or unworthy action will be discovered." Verlaine has been accused of sexual aberrations. He would foolishly jest on the dangerous subject, smiling equivocally and cynically when allusions were made to any of those notorious friendships of his which were considered compromising, apparently with the desire to brave public opinion. He even gave vent to paradoxical theories on the subject

and indulgent appreciations in audacious conversations at table, which were borne out and corroborated in more than one of his poems. "Did he," his biographer asks, "confine himself to a theory or did he succumb to a desire to put it into practice? I emphatically assert the former. He made no confession of such a desire to me; on the contrary, on a certain serious occasion, entirely laying aside his trivial pleasantries on the subject, he indignantly protested against it. I am compelled to believe that any such licentiousness on his part was purely cerebral."

Verlaine's whole heart, maintains M. Lepelletier, was filled with love for one woman alone, and that love was betrayed. The legend of his abnormal proclivities grew, however, and spread, owing its inception to his own extraordinary bravado. His evil genius was Arthur Rimbaud; a bizarre, slender, pale and awkward youth endowed with an enormous appetite and an unquenchable thirst. Cynical and contemptuous, this sinister stripling completely dominated the poet.

"Arthur Rimbaud was the chief instrument in Verlaine's misfortunes. It was he who lured the poet to cafés, and kept him there, while the table at home was spread for him in vain; and when he accompanied Verlaine to the Rue Nicolet, his want of breeding and arrogance made him a most unwelcome guest. Finally, having been the cause of numerous quarrels between husband and wife, he induced the poet to quit the conjugal hearth and wander with him in England and Belgium.

"During these roamings, beyond the range of home ties and friends, Verlaine became more than ever under the influence of the bizarre abnormal being, the unhealthy genius whose sensational originality and extraordinary speculations greatly impressed him, and altered his poetic temperament. The shock of arrest, imprisonment and isolation, and the sudden impulse towards religion which followed in their train, undoubtedly played a large part in the transformation of the talent and poetical productions of Verlaine; but the effect of the capricious and original intellectuality of his fatal mentor was strong, and gave another direction to his ideas, opinions, dreams of art, and methods of interpreting the world within him."

Rimbaud, if we may trust M. Lepelletier, was also responsible for the poet's alcoholic excesses. Temperamentally inclined to morbidity, as he confesses in the preface to his 'Poèmes Saturniens' he became a caricature of himself under the influence of gin. Alcohol had, as it were, the effect of doubling his personality, so that for the time being he lived another life.

"More than once in his sober moments he thought of suicide. The after-effect of intoxication is depression, when the brain is often obsessed by the desire for annihilation; to rid himself of his temptation he would raise the cheering cup again to his tremulous lips, and like Anthea and the earth, contact with the liquid re-invested him with an ephemeral but brilliant vigor. In the union of cup and lips he found life; depression vanished, and, warming his numbed will before the fire of alcohol, he recovered force to support destiny for yet another day. As Baudelaire says, 'alcohol made the universe less hideous to him, and time hung less heavy on his hand.'"

In vain he sought surcease from sorrow in prayer and religious exaltation. Twice he attempted to cast off the siren spell of the city, and to devote himself to farming. The consequences in each case were equally disastrous to his pocket and his illusions. Neither the demon rum nor the demon lust could obliterate the one woman's face from his tortured mind. The loves of his latter years were lowly, but their very degradation proves, in M. Lepelletier's opinion, his craving for feminine companionship.

"A hundred poems, to say nothing of his purely erotic works, bear witness to the strength of his feelings, and exhibit him as an ardent lover of woman.

"Altho he was never an ecstatic lover, after the manner of romantic swains, and demanded nothing from the women he met, after the loss of the adored one, except to share in his revelries, he had several sentimental friendships of a particularly refined and subtle nature, another proof of what I have already asserted—that is, the perfect innocence of his masculine affections.

"The Pharisees, fools and slanderers of this world may put an evil construction on the invincible attraction his chosen friends always had for Verlaine. The legend of which he is the victim almost seems to be confirmed by his emotional relations with them. Yet these friendships of his are not without precedent. Ancient history is full of tales of ideal affection between pure-minded heroes and reverend sages, untouched by a single breath of calumny. Nisus and Euryalus, whose friendship provided Virgil with a theme for an epic; Achilles mourning and avenging Patroclus; and the heroic Theban legion, which allowed itself to be massacred at Cheronesus, are all examples of that platonic affection between members of the same sex, for which Verlaine has been reproached, not only in whispers but on the housetop—Verlaine, who loved one woman and that one his wife, with his whole heart, and never ceased to suffer because she had abandoned him."

THE ALOOFNESS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

TOLSTOY and Maeterlinck are, by general consent, the two giant figures in present-day literature, and each exerts an influence that has been felt to the ends of the earth. But Tolstoy's work is almost done, while Maeterlinck is in his prime and is still creating masterpieces. His latest play, a philosophical fantasy of exceeding quaintness and charm, "L'Oiseau Bleu" (The Blue Bird), has brought new sensations to the jaded theatre-goers of Paris and London, and is soon to be given in New York.

Maurice Maeterlinck is described by a new biographer* as the "Edison of the immaterial world." He has plumbed to the depths the dim regions of mind, has given to the phenomena of emotion, of imagination, the same sort of life-long study that the wizard of Menlo Park has given to the phenomena of the physical world. He is a dreamer, a mystic, a "spirit brooding over the beauty, the melancholy or the horror of spectacles which are invisible to the greater part of men."

Gérard Harry admits that in outward appearance Maurice Maeterlinck is a robust, muscular person much given to cultivating his animal well-being by sports and manual labor—a patient gardener, a skilful mechanic, a reliable chauffeur. "His mien," he affirms, "is that of a country squire who has no other preoccupation than his hunting and the periodical collection of his rents." Furthermore, he declares him to be an acute observer and an accurate interpreter of present and visible conditions, that is to say, a masterful realist—when he chooses to be.

Nevertheless, he opines that a certain detachment from the ordinary life about him, a sort of aloofness, in other words, is the essential and distinguishing characteristic of Maeterlinck's personality and of his thought. "At every stage of his existence," observes M. Harry, "and under all its forms, one detects the same obstinate distrust of society, of the hampering protocol and of fuss about his person."

Indifferent to the observations and the verdicts of the practical and icy *bourgeoisie* of his native city of Ghent, he printed, himself, on a hand press, an edition of only twenty-five copies of his first play, 'La Princesse Maleine.' At that time his avocations, his pastimes and his sports were so many devices

for escaping social servitude. "Behold the young writer," M. Harry exclaims, "surrounded by reproductions of the works of Burne-Jones, Odilon Redon and Georges Minne, tracing his first efforts, with his firm round handwriting, in the little study of the family villa of Oostacker, near Ghent! When he drops his pen it is to go into the garden to care for the bees which will inspire in him later a masterpiece of patient observation and of scientific poesy, or to fabricate with a turning-lathe objects which serve no other purpose than to free him from commonplace and sterile conversations. If he goes out, he avoids meeting people by a flight on a bicycle alongside big deserted meadows or by long cruises in barks on the 'sombre inflexible canals' sketched in 'Les Sept Princesses'; or, in winter, by skating escapades, which carry him, with his thoughts, far from all intrusion—even into Holland."

Admitted to the Ghentish bar, Maeterlinck practised law with so determined and consummate a detachment that even his family, who had destined him for a legal career, were fain to concede the wisdom of letting him live his life in his own fashion.

During his first Parisian sojourn he displayed, in the midst of the somewhat turbulent bands of young litterateurs he frequented, an almost savage timidity and a haughty passion for solitary meditation. "When, having discarded forever the insupportable robe of the garrulous advocate," to quote M. Harry, "he went to Paris to spend the literary season whence he was to bring back his 'Serres Chaudes' and the memory of his collaboration on *La Pléiade*, his silence astonished, then impressed, the poets among whom he moved: Mikhaël, Jean Ajalbert, Pierre Quillard, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Stéphane Mallarmé. Then, a little later, in Belgium—notably at the house of Edmond Picard—he indulged in long and equally inarticulate conversation under floating blue clouds of tobacco smoke. And thus, in the constantly increasing tumult and turmoil of our vibrating society, Maeterlinck arose like a meditator of the Middle Ages, profoundly self-centered, his lips closed, his spirit brooding over the beauty, the melancholy or the horror of spectacles which are invisible to the greater part of men, but which constantly tint with their changing hues his great limpid eyes. To every oratorical expression and to all intercourse with living beings, even tho they be luminaries, he

*MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Gérard Harry. Charles Carrington et Cie. Brussels and Paris.

has always preferred reflection, the debate with oneself, isolation, that is to say the companionship of the conjectures and of the dreams which people an imagination opulent enough to be sufficient unto itself."

Rendered suddenly famous by a remarkable appreciation of Octave Mirbeau, he was distressed, dazed almost, by the curiosity he excited, and he wrote to a friend: "*I beseech you in all sincerity, in all sincerity*, if you can prevent the interviews of which you speak, for the love of God, do it! I begin to be frightfully weary of it all. Yesterday, while I was dining, two reporters tumbled into my soup. I am going off to London, for these doings make me sick. So, if you can't head off the interviewers, they will interview my servant." Similarly, to a friend in Brussels, who invited him to dinner, he answered: "On condition that you receive me with absolute simplicity. Every sort of ceremony dismays me. I am a peasant."

When Maeterlinck took up his residence in France this same aloofness prevented him from losing any part of his individuality. "Several of his friends," remarks M. Harry in this connection, "trembled lest his highly personal genius yield to the exigencies of foreign taste, lest it change by contact with a different and remarkable race. Their apprehension calumniated him. In the capital of intellect, so curious about all the originalities which it shelters, and which it has been the first to salute and consecrate, he managed, for years, to render himself inaccessible, invisible, save to two or three intimates. So far did he assure himself liberty, that is to say *incognito*, that one would have thought him in a prison cell; and he even ended by disappearing from Paris, without anyone being the wiser, while his plays were being staged and acclaimed there. He conquered his high renown without the slightest deviation from his spiritual *moi* or from his manner of expressing it. Paris never succeeded in Parisianizing him. He declared one day recently to a very eminent impresario and comedian [Coquelin] who tried to persuade him to adapt his 'L'Oiseau Bleu' to the taste of the boulevard public, 'I would rather throw my manuscript into the fire.'"

It is Maeterlinck's desire to hold himself aloof, to keep himself independent of the faddishness and snobbishness of society which accounts for the manner in which he has organized his life latterly. Fortune came to him with fame; but, instead of devoting his wealth, after the manner of many of his *confrères*, to making himself conspicuous, he has de-

voted it to fortifying, to intensifying his aloofness, to freeing himself more and more from society, to enveloping himself more than ever in solitude and dreams.

"Throughout the fine season he lives with Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, a secretary, and two or three domestics on the fourteen-hectare domain of Saint-Wandrille, in the silent vacancy of a lodging so vast that it sheltered four hundred Benedictines, at the time when the monks of France had no reasons to expatriate themselves. In the winter he occupies a much smaller house (the house in which Fernand Xau, ancient Director of *Le Journal*, died) at Quatre Chemins, near Grasse. There also, under laughing Italian pergolas, he has constituted for himself an inviolable and unviolated retreat whither only the murmurs of the mistral, charged with the breaths of the millions of flowers which envelop it with all the caresses of a paradise, ever reach. And, as at the monastery of Saint-Wandrille, where his books take form amid the marvelous relics of thirteen centuries of architecture and of history and amid an idyllic luxury of trees and lawns, it is always the same existence without ostentation, without pomp, without eccentricity, an existence regulated like that of a bourgeois. He lives resolutely for himself and for his art and not for a credulous gallery greedy of fantastic spectacles."

M. Harry hesitates whether to attribute Maeterlinck's aloofness to "the fear of being too different from the majority of men to be understood by them"; to "the voluptuous sense of plenitude the vision acquires at unfrequented altitudes before free horizons"; to "the instinctive repulsion which the parade and the ostentation of the frivolous living of the period must inspire in one who explores the abysses too profoundly to be able to take seriously the agitated swarmings of the surface"; or to all these considerations combined. But he is very sure that this aloofness (whatever its cause may be) is the key which unlocks the man and his work. Making use of this key, he interprets the intellectual role of Maeterlinck as follows: "Voluntarily apart from the world, such an intelligence as that of Maeterlinck must inevitably unfold itself outside of his century, above his time. How could the spectacles and the cacophony of current happenings absorb him? From the altitudes whence he has exiled himself his eye embraces all the perspective of the ages, past, present and future."

Intellectual ascetic, naïf mystic, explorer of

the catacombs of the soul, lover of super-terrestrial enigmas, Maeterlinck "maintains himself by preference and well-nigh constantly," to continue M. Harry's exposition, "outside of normal regions, in the gulfs or on the peaks (where the few hope to meet the 'Unknown' and to tear off its mask), because they are the veritable element of his nature."

To make clear the difference between the attitude to life of the average person and the attitude of Maeterlinck, M. Harry employs a homely but highly effective illustration: "We all traverse life," he says, "like people who have been conducted blindfolded to a railway train and locked in without knowing their destination, on the simple assurance that the journey will be short. But while many of us, our eyes at the windows, are absorbed with the spectacle of the countries traversed, and while many others occupy themselves solely with their comfort or their amusement during the trip—drinking, eating, talking, swearing, singing, sleeping—a few holding themselves aloof, buried in their reflections, scrutinize space from time to time in an endeavor to divine whence they have come and whither this short course, at full steam, is carrying them. Maeterlinck is one of these last. If he examines and interrogates, with a curiosity ardent at times and with the most penetrating look, the objects that file past him, it is not as objects important in themselves—they are for him only brusque apparitions and fleeting appearances—but simply as indications, symptoms, of the points of compass, as trails susceptible of aiding the solution of this harrowing and capital problem: 'What mystery have we left behind us? Into what mystery shall we enter at the end of this journey of a day?' The immediate, which represents only an infinitesimal fragment of duration and extent, interests him only by virtue of its possible relations with duration and extent. He describes and defines the immediate in a superior manner, when he chooses, because he is endowed with a superior power of vision and superior means of expression. But, almost always, his thought is traveling elsewhere at an incalculable distance from the railway and its horizon."

Maeterlinck's resolute aloofness from the preoccupations of his age renders absurd any effort to give him a religious or philosophical label; and M. Harry can scarcely find words to express his impatience with the persons who thus strive to put the ocean in a phial, Boreas in a bottle. "When," he observes, "one has come to appreciate Maeterlinck's

spiritual posture one can measure the enormity of the error, sometimes selfish, into which certain biographers, who have imputed to him this or that religious belief or have attached him to this or that school of philosophical thought, have fallen. For example, after the appearance of his annotated translation of the 'Noces Spirituelles' of Ruysbroeck, a study of Maeterlinck was published in which he was hailed as the living realization of the prophecy of Barbey d'Aureville, 'The next great poet will be a man of faith.' Maeterlinck, it was expressly stated, was to be the continuator of Ruysbroeck 'the Admirable,' an obedient servitor of Christ, a living member of the Holy Church, that is to say, of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church. Doubtless the author of this horoscope had for excuse a brief confession of faith which escaped from Maeterlinck at the end of a preface and which was reiterated a little later, for that matter, in 'Le Trésor des Humbles,' before being implicitly but clearly repudiated in the Introduction to his Plays, in 'La Sagesse et la Destinée' and still elsewhere. But now that we are informed by an abundant and magnificent work regarding the quality of the mind of Maeterlinck, we recognize the absurdity of affixing a Catholic label or any other label to the conscience of so objective a thinker."

Reverting to his railway illustration, M. Harry continues: "It is as if during the metaphorical journey of which I spoke just now, the puzzled traveller who glimpses successively Gothic spires, domes of Byzantine mosques, silhouettes of Protestant temples or of synagogues and pyramids of pagodas should choose between them and should cry, 'This is certainly the architecture of the entire globe, the architecture which is suited to all latitudes.' If he be, like Maeterlinck, a patient and conscientious seeker, preyed upon by all the anxieties of sincere conjecture, he will cease, rather, after the first hours of his journey, to deduce anything whatsoever from so many dissimilar forms, unless it be possibly that humanity is divided into a number of fractions which have failed, after centuries upon centuries of efforts and of controversies, to agree upon a single type of sanctuary in which to house a great common dream. In other words, an intelligence such as that of Maeterlinck cannot pause an instant—in its first steps—before this, that or the other of the innumerable religions built by our superstitious ignorance upon our complacent desires."

M. Harry asserts further that to predicate finality of Maeterlinck's latest utterances is as absurd as to attempt to classify them. Upon this point, he says: "Admitting that Maeterlinck's thought should tarry before the naked principle of some great occult doctrine, it would inevitably take on the aspect of the Spinozian semi-panteism which it seems to have a tendency to express today. But is this his last word? The good faith of this independent spirit would authorize for it every adjuration or every conversion. Who can say what philosophical or moral formula will emerge from the total of his discoveries or of his impressions, when this indefatigable harvester in the field of hypotheses shall have finished his harvest, or even whether any will emerge? He neither affirms nor systematizes. He tunnels the sub-soil, he questions the stars; he advances among the innumerable uncertainties and contradictions of things without establishing doctrines, simply offering, for what they are, his marvelous interpretations, which vary with the changing and sibylline responses of the oracles consulted." The argument proceeds: "No immutable doctrine derives yet from the work of Maeterlinck. 'Let us beware

of making laws out of the debris garnered in the night which surrounds our thoughts.' It is he who speaks thus through the mouth of Merlin in 'Joyzelle.' Edison of the immaterial world, constantly advancing toward new lights, where and when will he stop? Doubtless he does not know himself."

M. Harry concludes: "Who would dare attempt, at present, to fix definitely an ideality whose roots plunge so far back in time and whose unfolding in space seems still so far from its apogee! Henceforth everyone is conscious in the presence of Maeterlinck of one of those powerful torches, which, from century to century, seek to illuminate with their radiance the issues of the black labyrinth in which life and death wander eternally. Who can say what this torch will reveal before paling and dying or to the shores of what unapproachable nothingness it will guide us, as it goes out? In the meantime, should we not limit ourselves to following it in its audacious course, to filling our vision with its beautiful jets of dawn and to warming ourselves, as close as possible, with its flame; a flame which began by trembling with dismay at the darkness, and now quivers only with hope?"

THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER

SYMBOLISM is the watchword of the day in literature. Ibsen in Norway, Maeterlinck in Belgium, Anatole France in France, Olive Schreiner in England, Carl Ewald in Denmark, Andreyev in Russia, James Lane Allen in America, have all set the symbolic design on their banners. It is therefore highly appropriate that the latest Nobel prize for idealism in literature should be awarded to the Swedish symbolist, Selma Lagerlöf.

Miss Lagerlöf is a modern of moderns. One feels of her, preeminently, that she has lived in this age, in the twentieth century, and that she knows by actual experience its problems and its hopes. She believes in woman's suffrage, and is a member of the Frederica Bremer Association, a powerful woman's club organized to promote the social betterment and enfranchisement of women. Her best friend in this country, Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard, is a Christian Scientist, and says: "Miss Lagerlöf is not allied to any religious sect, but that she must be an apostle of the so-called New Thought is apparent from the symbolic quality that creeps into all her writ-

ings." Socialism is another subject that has absorbed Miss Lagerlöf's attention.

The central aim of symbolism, so Arthur Symons declares, is "to spiritualize literature," "to disengage the ultimate essence, the soul, of whatever exists, and can be realized by the consciousness." Carlyle has said: "In the Symbol proper there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible and, as it were, attainable there." It is in such a sense that Selma Lagerlöf incarnates the symbolic spirit.

The book that made her famous is "Gösta Berling's Saga," and the circumstances under which she came to write it may best be described in her own words. The autobiographic passage is in the third person:

"One day the young girl during the first days of her college life in Stockholm walked along with her books under her arm, her thoughts bent upon the lecture which she had just attended. . . . The lecture must have been about Bellman or Runeberg, because she thought of them and of the characters in their works. She

remarked to herself that Runeberg's martial heroes and Bellman's companions offered splendid opportunities for literary treatment. Then suddenly it occurred to her: 'The world of Varmaland in which you have lived is no less original than that of Fredman of Fanrik Stal. If you can only give form to it your material offers as splendid opportunities as that of Runeberg or Bellman.' And so it happened that the Saga first flashed upon her. When the vision came to her the ground seemed to sway beneath her foot. The whole long Malmaskilmads street from the Hamn street to the firehouse seemed to rise high into the air and to sink again. She stood still until the house had resumed its wonted appearance. She gazed with astonishment at the passers-by, who walked calmly along, quite oblivious to the miracle."

Here is the true "symbolic" instinct, appearing at the outset of her career and inspiring her subsequent achievement. Her next great work was entitled "Jerusalem." It has been called the epic of the Swedish peasant, and portrays with marvelous intuition the religion and superstition, the sense of spiritual mystery coupled with yearning and pious awe, so characteristic of the Swedish country folk. This pious devotion suggested to Selma Lagerlöf a highly dramatic story culminating in a new, but peaceful, crusade—the pilgrimage of a whole parish to the Holy City of Jerusalem.

Another of her works, dealing with Socialism, is entitled "The Miracles of Anti-Christ." The New York *Independent* interprets it as follows:

"Antichrist is modern atheistic Socialism and in general the materialistic reform movement which in this age performs many of the mighty works of primitive Christianity, but without being inspired by its spirit. Antichrist brings plenty upon earth, but makes people forget heaven. He preaches the love of man, but the hatred of God. He heals the sick and inspires martyrs, and rich men come from far to lay offerings at his feet. The allegory is based on the Sicilian legend:

"When Antichrist comes, he shall seem as Christ. There shall be great want and Antichrist shall go from land to land and give bread to the poor. And he shall find many followers."

"According to the story, a counterfeit has been made of the wonder-working bambino of the Church of Araceli on the Capitol at Rome, and the two images have become confounded. No one can tell whether the true Christ-child is in Rome or Sicily. So they put it to the same test of genuineness as the three rings of Nathan the Wise. The village of Diamante, which holds the rival image, prospers exceedingly, more than Rome in fact. There come to it hospitals, fac-

tories and schools, and, as the final and crowning blessing, a railroad up Mount Ætna, bringing crowds of tourists. But a priest of the village watching the people comes to the conclusion that they have become idolaters instead of Christians. They prayed for lottery tickets and good years and daily bread and health and money and they got them, but none came to the church to pray for the forgiveness of his sins or for the peace of his soul. So he takes the image of Antichrist down from the altar and attempts to burn it in the marketplace. This, however, he is prevented from doing, and the Pope, who is evidently not Pius X, rebukes him for it, telling him that he should rather have brought the two images together, which, to come down to bald language, means that through Christian Socialism the problem is to be solved."

The book by which Selma Lagerlöf is best known in America is "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." It is used as a primer in Swedish schools. These "adventures" constitute a kind of fascinating geography-book; they make geography as enthralling as a fairy-tale. Happy the children who absorb their first impressions of the country in which they live from a book so simple, so beautiful and so true!

The Rev. A. Wilhelm Sunderlöf, rector of the Swedish Episcopal Church in Boston, finds the secret of Selma Lagerlöf's power in the fact that "in her fiction she always takes the real life, as she finds it, and pictures it in colors which make the picture glow with an effect bordering on the fantastic without taking away the reality which makes the reader feel and think with the personages that appear on the pages of her books." He goes on to say (in the *Boston Transcript*):

"Her books are to Sweden what Walter Scott's books are to Scotland, a revelation of the life of a whole generation, felt but not understood, until the glowing words and the masterful analyzing of human character is set forth in her wonderfully clear and descriptive style.

"There is reason to believe that she would have received the Nobel prize long ago, if the committee having this matter in charge had not felt that perhaps the world would look upon it as self elevation if the prize, donated by a Swede for competition in the whole civilized world, were given to a Swedish writer.

"This great authoress received on her fiftieth birthday, a little over a year ago, one of the greatest ovations ever given to a private person in her country. She lives in a very simple way in a small country town, Falun in Dalecarlia. Her mind is as active as ever, and we may confidently expect many more works from her pen in the future."

Recent Poetry

THE late Richard Watson Gilder maintained that poetry has become more democratic. "We have not, to-day, few poets," he said, "but many. Among the eight thousand poems sent to me every year, there are many extraordinary compositions." Looking monthly over the entire range of current poetry, we cannot deny the truth of Mr. Gilder's assertion. The general average is high; but of supreme poetry there is little. In an age where

"... little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme,"

great minds are diffident of entrusting their highest thoughts and emotions to a medium regarded seriously by only a few. It almost takes courage to write oneself down a poet. When Gilder was made an honorary member of the League of Provençal Poets, he was introduced as "Monsieur le Poète." "You cannot imagine," Mrs. Gilder remarked to the present writer, "how proud he felt of that appellation." "You see," Gilder explained, "I had come from a country where it is almost an insult to call a man a poet." Nevertheless, America contributes a fair portion, both in merit and bulk, to the verse of the world. We have hardly ceased to mourn the loss of two singers, Gilder, the friend of the poets, and that quaint, quiet voice, resurrected, one might almost believe, from the celebrated Hellenic Anthology, Father Tabb, when already, singing, the new generation approaches. Dozens of books are strewn on our desk, but we were especially pleased with the discovery of a new poet. He comes to us in very modest garment indeed, and the gifts he brings us are meagre, but genuine. We suspect the author, Mr. Robert J. Shores, of being a young newspaper man; the poems printed in his leaflet, "At Molokai" (published at 57 Washington street, East Orange) are unequal, but fire and promise are undoubtedly there. We quote the first poem:

AT MOLOKAI

By ROBERT J. SHORES

(Molokai is that island of the Pacific, whither are banished the lepers of Hawaii, and where they continue to drag out their miserable existence to the miserable end.)

God's sun was yellow in the sky,
God's grass was green as yesterday,
A writhing lizard lazied by,
And brushed against my feet at play,
And I—what sort of Thing was I
To push the crawling beast away?

Across the sea, the azure sea,
Bathed in a kindly Heaven's light,
Bearing my Brothers out to me,
Companions in an endless Night,
A ship was rounding Koko Head
Bound for the Island of the Dead.

How blue the surf that broke upon
Oahu's shining coral strand,
How gently in the rosy dawn,
The palm-tree by the sea-breeze fanned,
In nodding friendliness was drawn
To greet the softly smiling land.

Far out across the rail they leaned,
To bid good-bye to Life and Love,
To mothers and to babes unweaned;
And high, the Punch Bowl's rim above,
A summer sun begilt the swell
That bore my Brothers out to Hell.

No tie of Kindred is so stout,
But bursts asunder with the Shame,
And no devotion so devout,
When fairest face and fairest fame
Are by one tainted breath blown out
As lightly as a candle's flame.

The floral wreath that bound my brow,
The soft "Aloha!" from the shore,
The last farewell, where are they now,
And shall I never know them more?
Ah, God! in this, Thy vast Demesne,
Hast Thou two Hells for the Unclean?

We are tempted to quote one or two others. A different mood is admirably mirrored in this:

THE JEST

By ROBERT J. SHORES

"Now tell me a jest," said the snow-haired King,
"Thy wits are a-gathering wool!"
And he bent the fire of his eye in ire
On the face of the motley Fool.
"Nay!" cried the Fool as he bent his knee,
"Never may I smile more,
I have stolen the love of thy lovely Queen!"
And he grovelled on the floor;
"Ho!" cried the King in gladsome glee,
"Ho! ho! What a King of a Fool!" quoth he.

'Mid the gorgeous court sat the snow-haired
King

And he boasted of his Fool;
He swore the jest was quite the best
He'd heard in all his rule.
"Ha!" cried the King as he slapped his knee,
"Never have I laughed more—
He has stolen my lovely Queen, has he?"
Meanwhile in the Queen's boudoir—
"Ho!" laughed the Fool in gladsome glee,
"Ho! Ho! What a Fool of a King!" quoth he.

We are glad to hear again from Henry Abbey. "The Dream of Love," from which his book (The Riverside Press) takes its name, is too long for quotation. We must content ourselves with the lovely dedicatory poem:

SEA AND SOUL

By HENRY ABBEY

Your eyes are dreams of sea and soul,
For sea and soul are like and kin.
Abroad the sea's strong billows roll;
The soul's, unseen, surge up within.

Tho wide and vast, from pole to pole,
Old Ocean gleams, to me he seems
Of smaller compass than the soul.
Your eyes are dreams.

I meet your glance and I behold
The blue sea reaching to the sky;
And Aphrodite, in the gold
Of her blown hair, is wafted by.
Your eyes are dreams.

There is little in Meredith's "Last Poems" (Charles Scribner's Sons) that appeals to us. We select the poet's last tribute to Ireland:

IRELAND

By GEORGE MEREDITH

Fire in her ashes Ireland feels
And in her veins a glow of heat.
To her the lost old time appeals
For resurrection, good to greet:
Not as a shape with spectral eyes,
But humanly maternal, young
In all that quickens pride, and wise
To speak the best her bards have sung.

You read her as a land distraught,
Where bitterest rebel passions seethe.
Look with a core of heart in thought,
For so is known the truth beneath.
She came to you a loathing bride,
'And it has been no happy bed.
Believe in her as friend, allied
By bonds as close as those who wed.

Her speech is held for hatred's cry;
Her silence tells of treason hid:
Were it her aim to burst the tie,
She sees what iron laws forbid.
Excess of heart obscures from view
A head as keen as yours to count.
Trust her, that she may prove her true
In links whereof is love the fount.
May she not call herself her own?
That is her cry, and thence her spits
Of fury, thence her graceless tone
At justice given in bits and bits.
The limbs once raw with gnawing chains,
Will fret at silken when God's beams
Of Freedom beckon o'er the plains
From mounts that show it more than dreams.

She, generous, craves your generous dole;
That will not rouse the crack of doom.
It ends the blundering past control
Simply to give her elbow-room.
Her offspring feel they are a race,
To be a nation is their claim;
Yet stronger bound in your embrace
Than when the tie was but a name.

A nation she, and formed to charm,
With heart for heart and hands all round.
No longer England's broken arm,
Would England know where strength is
found.
And strength today is England's need;
Tomorrow it may be for both
Salvation: heed the portents, heed
The warnings; free the mind from sloth.

Too long the pair have danced in mud,
With no advance from sun to sun.
Ah, what a bounding course of blood
Has England with an Ireland one!
Behold yon shadow cross the downs,
And off away to yeasty seas.
Lightly will fly old rancour's frowns
When solid with high heart stand these.

We have spoken of Elsa Barker as a poet of passion. Of late, however, her genius has blossomed chiefly in arctic circles. She has rightly been called the Poet Laureate of the Arctic. Peary, it will be remembered, carried her poem, "The Frozen Grail," with him to the Pole. And in the current issue of *Hampton's* we find a poem of singular beauty to Peary's flag, the flag, parts of which have been left behind to denote the various stages of the American's invasion of the mystery of the Arctic:

THE SONG OF THE NORTH POLE FLAG

By ELSA BARKER

I am the banner of earth's farthest goal!
Can any gaze on me and doubt Man's soul
Is mightier than the armies of despair,
And older than the Star that guards the Pole?

The youngest of all banners, I have made
The loneliest journeys, glad and unafraid;
I know the crags where hungry horrors crawl,
And with the wild wind demons I have played.

Love made me in the smiling earlier years;
But I was cut with Destiny's cold shears
From fabrics woven on Fame's iron loom,
And I am stained with time, with sweat, and
tears.

In the beginning I was meant to be
Only the nation's emblem; then, round me
New meanings were assembled, and I stand
Now as the ensign of Man's sovereignty.

For every star—some stab of adverse Fate;
My crimson stripes are bands of love and hate
That have been loosened, and my field of blue
Is the long Northern night wherein we wait.

Then gaze upon my wounds. For I have left
Fragments of me in many an ice-fringed cleft;
Marking the desperate highway step by step
Are glory's shrines—and portions of my weft.

At last I waved on earth's last mound of white,
And triumphed in the radiant, frosty light;
For only he who leaves himself behind
Shall stand with God upon the utmost height.

Another young American poet, Percy MacKaye, has gathered his poems in a collection. (Poems. The Macmillan Company.) They are largely occasional pieces, overburdened with scholarly allusion and somewhat stiff. He lacks passion, and his language is too peculiar, at times, to be pleasing. Mr. MacKaye's pedantic temper, however, quaintly blends with delightful naiveté in the following poem:

THE FIRST TOOTH

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Dear babe, that this should be! Whence should
this come?—

This horny scutcheon of an eld orang,
Where through the tender coral of thy gum
The wee, sly beast has peeped his prying fang:

Colossal meditation! Can this be
The cropping of that seed which Cadmus
sowed?

Or that gaunt emblem of mortality
Under the sickle, on our earth abode?

Forbid it heaven! 'Tis but the nursling thorn
That nestles near the bloom of every rose,
The curling holly-leaf's keen-sharded horn,
The stubborn shield of beauty's frail repose,

The official mace of angels: even as the Lord
Guarded the grace of Eden with a sword!

Of more importance is the collection embodying Richard Le Gallienne's "New Poems" (John Lane Company). Mr. Le Gallienne, having expatriated himself from England, has joined the galaxy of American poets. He is the singer of the elusive; the delicate minion, like Poe, of Beauty and Death. But there is a new and virile note in some of the poems, as though the author, weary of chasing butterflies, had at last come face to face with the pitiless verities of existence. The horror and the fascination of war are powerfully envisaged in the following poem:

WAR

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drunk
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching feet,
For yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet 'tis all embannered lies
A dream those drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

The "Ballad of the Sinful Lover" bears witness to the poet's unfailing cunning:

BALLAD OF THE SINFUL LOVER

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

For years he sinned, because she died—
With base corroding anodyne
He numbed the noble pain in him,
For years he herded with the swine.

And then at last he died, and went,
With hurry of immortal feet,
To seek in the Eternal Life
The face that he had died to meet.

Up all the stairways of the sky
Laughing he ran, at every door
Of the long corridors of heaven
He knocked, and cried out "Heliodore!"

In shining rooms sat the sweet saints,
Each at her little task of joy;
Old eyes, all young again with heaven,
Watched angel girl and angel boy.

And o'er the field of Paradise,
Scattered like flowers, the lovers passed,
All rainbows—saying each to each
Heaven's two words: "At last! At last!"

But nowhere in that place of peace
Found he the face that was his own,
Till, on a sudden, by a stream
He found her sitting all alone.

With outstretched hands he cried her name;
She turned on him her quiet eyes:
"Who art thou that so foul with sin
Darest to walk in Paradise?"

Amazed, he answered: "If I sinned,
My sin was sorrow for thy sake;
The pain, O Heliodore, the pain!
I sinned—O lest my heart should break."

"I know thee not," the saint replied,
Thy sorrow is all changed to sin;"
And moving towards a golden door,
She turned away and entered in.

This book embodies at last in permanent form Mr. Le Gallienne's beautiful tribute to Oscar Wilde:

ON SOME RECENT EDITIONS OF OSCAR WILDE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

These are the poems of that tragic one,
Who, loving beauty much, loved life too well;
Therefore, tonight he makes his bed in hell.
Gone are the grace and glory—all is gone;
The tower is fallen that so proudly shone
In the sun's eye, and now the hucksters sell
The sculptured stone, foul groping where it fell—
O ruin fair for ghouls to batten on!
Maggots in the decay of the divine,
Ghouls of the printing-press, ere yet he died
You spat your little venom on his name,
You who now pick and pillage in his fame,
Robbing the pockets of the crucified:
But the great silent talker makes no sign.

Florence Earle Coates has gathered a sheaf of "Lyrics of Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Company) in a representative volume. From an embarrassment of riches we choose the following sonnet:

HONOR

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Divine abstraction, shadowy image, dream
More vital than substantial shapes made strong
By all the tireless energies of wrong,—
Who should deny thy being would blaspheme
The power that made thy loveliness supreme,
Lending thee accents of auroral song
To comfort those who unto thee belong—
Tho they go down to dark Cocytus' stream.
Patient as Time art thou, eternal one!
Yet who may change thy judgments—or
destroy?

The conqueror whom wily Egypt won
Found with life's honeyed draught a bitter blent;
And Hector, fallen by the walls of Troy,
Looked up, and saw thy face, and was content.

Fanny Purdy Palmer, in a striking collection, "California and Other Sonnets" (Paul Elder), strangely combines the intellectual and the lyric. Here is a characteristic product of her authentically American art:

VIKINGS

BY FANNY PURDY PALMER

From stormy shores, red-bearded Norseman bold,
From stormy shores over an unknown sea
Thou cam'st,—yet left not to futurity
Record of conflict fierce of power or gold;
No lands despoiled, no captives sought to hold.
Soul-stirred with novel joy! elate with free
Dream of illimitable liberty
Thou cam'st,—and went,—thy strange story
untold.

Yet still while poets sing they'll celebrate
The fair-haired crew who roamed Rhode Island's
shore;

Still with their haunting presence consecrate
Wild Vinland and bleak coast: and, evermore,
On reckless bark which to the gale puts forth,
See phantom Vikings steering for the North.

"The Modern Pagan" is anathematized by Herbert Bashford. We quote from his book "At the Shrine of Song" (The Whittaker & Ray Company).

THE MODERN PAGAN

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

Of all that walk the world today, I hold
That man the lowest of the pagan breed
Whose body is a soulless house of Greed,
Whose heart is but a hardened lump of mould,
Who worships but an idol wrought of gold—
An idol fashioned out of Human Need—
Who consecrates his life to this one creed,
"Get riches tho men's very blood be sold!"

The starving poor—what reck's he of their woes?
 And what to him the bitter cry of pain
 Of all that bleed beneath Oppression's rod?
 No lily speaks to him, no climbing rose;
 He harkens only to the voice of Gain
 And grips in clammy palms his yellow god.

The art of Isadora Duncan has found an eloquent singer in Witter Bynner (*The Forum*):

AN ODE TO A DANCER

BY WITTER BYNNER

O Keats, thy Grecian urn has been upturned
 And from its ashes is a woman made;
 To dance them back again as when they burned
 In young antiquity, and pipes were played!
 Who was that early woman, that had danced
 Their fires away, thou wert too late to know,
 Thyself too early for this later birth:
 And yet thy lips of poesy could blow
 Both lives, until their ankles met and glanced
 Between the dead world and the unborn earth.

Here is thy living witness from the dead,
 With the garment and the measure and the grace
 Of a Greek maid, with the daisies on her head
 And the daring of a new world in her face.
 Dancing, she walks in perfect sacrifice!
 Dancing, she lifts her beauty in her hands
 And bears it to the altar, as a sign
 Of joy in all the waters and the lands!
 And while she praises with her pure device,
 The breath she dances with, O Keats, is thine!

Life rises rippling through her like a spring,
 Or like a stream it flows with sudden whirl;
 Leaves in a wind taught her that fluttering
 Of finger-tips. She moves, a rosy girl
 Caught in a rain of love; a prophetess
 Of dust struck on the instant dumb with pain
 Of the inviolable vision, wild
 With an abandoned longing to regain
 That edge and entrance of the wilderness,
 Where she might stay untroubled as a child.

Impassioned battle with the foe of life
 Seizes and bends her body for the while;
 Until she finds him stronger for the strife,
 And in defeat defies him with her smile:
 Upward she bares her throat to the keen thrust
 Of triumph:—"O ye gods of time who give
 And take, ye makers of beauty, though I die
 In this my body,—beauty still shall live
 Because of me and my immortal dust!
 O urn! Take back my ashes! It is I!"

The following poem, also gleaned from *The Forum*, is one of the loveliest tributes inspired by the immortal fragments of Sappho:

TO CLEÏS

BY SARA TEASDALE

("I have a fair daughter with a form like a golden flower, Cleïs, the beloved."—Sapphic fragment.)

When the dusk was wet with dew,
 Cleïs, did the muses nine
 Listen in a silent line
 While your mother sang to you?

Did they weep or did they smile
 When she crooned to still your cries,
 She, a muse in human guise
 Who forsook her lyre awhile?

Did you feel her wild heart beat?
 Did the warmth of all the sun
 Thro' your little body run
 When she kissed your hands and feet?

Did your fingers, babywise,
 Touch her face and touch her hair,
 Did you think your mother fair?
 Could you bear her burning eyes?

* * * * *

Cleïs speaks no word to me,
 For the land where she has gone
 Lieth mute at dusk and dawn
 Like a windless, tideless sea.

In the following poem by one of the youngest of our poets, we find a striking conception embedded in language still somewhat faltering at times (From *The Bohemian*):

THE MIMIC LIFE

BY MAURICE A. BEER

Withered and old, she gazed into a glass,
 This woman of the stage, now bent and gray,
 The fallen idol of a yesterday;
 And from her shrunken features seemed to pass
 Strange wondrous shapes, the women she had been;
 When she had reigned as drama's favored queen.

"Too soon the footlights' splendors fade away,
 Alike fame's crown of roses red grows sere;
 The mimic joys and smiles, too, disappear
 When life's great curtain falls some later day.
 Alas! these women's lives I've lived, and die,
 Not having lived my own—a gilded lie.

"For I have been Viola, Juliet,
 Ophelia, Monna Vanna, Marguerite,
 Zaza and Hedda Gabler. Ah! how sweet
 Those hours of love and sin were, when I met
 These creatures strange. Too many days and nights
 I led their lives before those blazing lights.

"But now, O Lord, for whose life must I pay,
 Who like a moth have fluttered, helpless, weak?
 What woman's virtues or misdeeds shall speak
 In favor or against me Judgment? Day?
 Shall I be judged for Zaza's shameless sins
 Or for Ophelia's love, that pity wins?"

Recent Fiction and the Critics

IN middle age we must pay, not only for the sins, but for the virtues, of our youth. Kipling at present is paying the penalty for his early success. The world has suddenly come to realize that he is middle-aged. If, however, remarks *The Athenaeum*,

Mr. Kipling's genius has never matured as once we hoped it might, the time has come when our judgment of his works may

fairly reach toward finality. In the first days of his meteoric appearance, Mrs. Oliphant, writing not very sympathetically toward the youthful author, spoke of the limelight flashes which he threw upon life. The phrase, tho grudging is apt. It admirably summarizes our impression of Kipling. "To get these vivid, incisive pictures etched (as it were) on the darkness, is itself a pure delight. But when darkness has come back, we are troubled to think what we may have missed, troubled still more to surmise what our author would be at." These, and many similar reflections, are prompted by the simultaneous publication of a collection* of Kipling's earliest short stories, published without the author's permission, and a collection† of his latest works, carefully sifted by himself. The one lacks finish, the other freshness. The short stories in the one are the promise of which the other represents the latest achievement. Youth, with hot enthusiasm and magnificent strength, vibrates through them. "New Brooms," in the judgment of the *Chicago Evening Post*, offers in its opening pages as fine a bit of writing as Kipling has ever done. Why "Sleippner, Late Thurinda" has lain so long neglected it would be hard to say, while "The Last of the Stories," gathering and analyzing as it does all the characters that the young Kipling created, has a sentimental interest justifying its resurrection. The new book, however, the writer continues, "comes like a cold douche upon the faith kindled by the earlier volume." With the exception of one of its stories, "everything else is cold and unsatisfying." We do not entirely concur with so harsh an opinion. Some of the verse interspersed with the tales is good. Of the stories themselves, three or four, notably "An

Habitation Enforced," "The Bee Hive" and the ingenious ghost story at the end, are genuinely impressive. Others, particularly "The Night Mail," a scientific forecast of aerial navigation, are inexpressibly dull. The advertisements appended to the story are grotesquely unimaginative. In the advertising offices of London, we are assured by "A Man of Kent," any promising young man with £2 a week and the prospects of a rise would turn out far better copy. "Of all gifted writers who have tried to evolve the future," remarks *The Times* (London), "Mr. Kipling is surely the only one who has not been drawn to the attempt by the fascination of speculating how human beings will be affected by changed circumstances. Mr. Kipling is drawn simply by the desire to describe in minute detail the management of a perfected airship a century hence." This story, the writer goes on to say, illustrates the inherent weakness which is steadily vitiating the work of this splendidly equipped writer—"his inability to be enough interested in men and women to take the trouble to observe them." In vain the reviewer searched Kipling's "latest" in the hope of finding some "new, unexpected developments of his genius," and again he encounters in the pages only old friends—tan-faced, hawk-eyed men who talk like telegrams, stride to and fro in sun helmets and the sharp cracks and reports of Mr. Kipling's literary whip, and confound the mild stay-at-home with their manly knowledge of technical phraseology.

"In other words, Mr. Kipling's philosophy has not widened by the fraction of an inch since the days of 'Soldiers Three.' Those of course were great days; they were the days of genius so extraordinarily brilliant and direct, so youthful in its freshness and assurance that it mattered little if, as criticism of life, it rested at bottom upon sentimental illusions and pathetic fallacies. The freshness of youth is justified of poetry and beauty, and in fiction as in fact no more is asked of it. But from the moment its lines begin to set and harden this immunity is forfeited for ever, and vigor, if it still proposes to be admired, has to justify itself in other ways. Now Mr. Kipling's art, though its vigor is by no means unimpaired, is still very vigorous. He can still plunge into a story, set the scene, create the characters, and start the action, while the reader is preparing to turn the page. He can still in four words turn a flood of light on to the background which will

***ABAPT THE FUNNEL.** By Rudyard Kipling. B. W. Dodge & Company.

†**ACTIONS AND REACTIONS.** By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Company.

make every least detail stand out by the time it is shut off at the fifth. He can still move from point to point of his narrative without a false step or a wasted gesture. Only with it all, his art has naturally lost, not its force, but its freshness and glow. The manner is stereotyped; it no longer surprises, it leaves us cold enough to make a new demand."

And yet Kipling has invaded many and diverse fields. Obsessed by a fear that he would write himself out or weary the public by holding fast to the India wherein and whereat he had won his spurs, he has during that interval attempted almost every possible form of imaginative writing. He has sought to make himself poet laureate of imperialism, he has taken upon himself the task of censuring his fellow countrymen for too great adherence to their idols of one kind and another, he has written of the traffic of sea and shore, he has playfully entered the land of spirits and ghosts for our amusement, he has translated the animal kingdom in terms of the human. "And all this," the Boston *Transcript* exclaims, "he has done both in prose and in verse, and in all of it he has been eagerly followed by the public because they have heard and remembered the name of Kipling and are anxious to discover its latest message."

"While we may long for the twenty years ago when the Kipling whose exotic prose and poetry seemed filled with heat of the scorching sun of India under which he had dwelt so long that it gave him an inspiration like unto that with which no other English imaginative writer has ever been equipped, we cannot refuse to give to the Kipling of 1909 the attention he deserves. He may not be the Kipling that we have honored and that we long for, but he is certainly a Kipling not to be neglected. We must let him be the changeling as he wills. He must be Rudyard Kipling, the man of diversity and progress and the master of many moods."

The *Academy* (London) thinks that Kipling is passing through a merely temporary period of decline. Mr. Kipling, Lord Alfred Douglas assures us, is merely, as his soldiers would say, "marking time."

"Naturally he keeps well in step, but, all the same, we are very anxious for his next move onward. It is to be hoped he is not growing careful and timorous or overweighted with the responsibilities of reputation. He is essentially a man for adventures, and he is also a man who must realize that failure in something nobly attempted has a splendor that does not belong to the successes of mediocrity. So we look forward to adventures in unfamiliar fields."

WE wonder what would have been the fortunes of Sudermann's brilliant portrayal of the Eternal Female as she is mirrored in Berlin* if a name of lesser importance appeared on the title-page. As it is, the majority of the critics hold up their—presumably mani-

THE SONG

cured—hands to their noses. OF SONGS They damn the book with no

faint damn, while reluctantly conceding the masterly qualities of the author's narrative style. We labor under the erroneous impression that the life Sudermann has depicted is peculiar to Germany, whereas the heroine of his book is the Eternal Female as distinguished from the Eternal Woman in any country. We are less candid in our adulteries, we approve less openly of illicit amours than the older nations, but the record of our divorce-courts and the columns of our newspapers reveal conditions no less deplorable from the point of view of the militant purist.

Sudermann's heroine, Lilly, daughter of a wandering musician, is not a congenitally

depraved young person of the feminine gender, but a woman with dreams and ambitions she is too weak to achieve. Her father's only heritage, except debts, is the manuscript score of his "Song of Songs," which, to quote one reviewer, like Ibsen's "Wild Duck," forms a central symbol of the novel. When Lilly forsakes the heights of her immature dreams, the harmonies of the "Song" sound faint and far; at the moment of her final abdication to the commonness and convention of life, the score floats down the river to the sea. Sudermann never confides to us whether the score is indeed great, or whether the grandeur is only the crazy obsession of a mediocre musician. It is the author's absolute impartiality that arouses the ire of Mr. William Marion Reedy. The story of Lilly Czepanek, he avers in *The Mirror*, is as ghastly a thing as was ever put into a book, the more ghastly because of the artistic detachment of the author. The use of the Song of Songs, we are told, is as libidinous as in Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite."

"Lilly is probably representative of the Shulamite maid, but who is her lover? It would seem as if she were devoted solely to the grosser ser-

*THE SONG OF SONGS. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. B. W. Huebsch.

vice of the male principle in life. Yet the girl is attractive at her worst; so simple in her deceptions; so honest in her dishonesties; so pious in her infidelities; so helpless in the clutch of her own easy nature. She is her own Fate, and as she moves to her doom, her historian pictures with rare truth and subtle understanding the world in which she shines as a star.

"That the book has profound meanings many German critics aver. I cannot see in it anything but the hopelessness of Greek tragedy. It says there are certain women who will go this way and nothing will prevent; their impetus is in them from the beginning; their natural goodness is minister to their evil destiny. There is no word of condemnation for the Lilly Czepaneks, nor impliedly even for the men who prey upon them; nor for the conditions of society that produce them.

"Even Sudermann uses Lilly's attempt at self-support to make a mockery of the suggested remedy of 'the economic emancipation of woman.' He doesn't deign to give the girl more than the embryo of a soul—and perhaps that is where the Song of Songs comes in, for, if we put aside the symbolic interpretation of the Church, there is no love-canticle in any language which is so wholly unspiritual as the Bible rhapsody 'which is Solomon's.'"

The New York *Tribune*, drawing aside its skirts, virtuously maintains that the chronicle is "repulsive," "alien" and "unnecessary," but is forced to concede that it "is etched with acid on copper by the hands of a literary master." We should expect that feminine critics would dislike a book where woman is stripped more pitifully bare than in Hichens's "Belladonna." Mrs. Peattie, of the Chicago *Tribune*, is honest enough to confess a strong personal feminine bias. "The book," she declares, "may or may not be a masterpiece. I cannot tell. I think it is not. The reason I think so is because the girl was so non-resistant. She always seemed to think it was destiny when a man wanted to kiss her. Sudermann never let her get hold of the idea of self-captaincy. He is bitterly pagan; and he is prurient."

"It's really, to be frank, a writhe of slimy human worms. I watched their messing about in their sins for a good half of the book. And then I read the last chapter. You can read it all, if you like. Very likely it may be a masterpiece—since Sudermann wrote it. But I say it's a basket of bait."

The Chicago *Evening Post* dwells at length on what it regards as the author's lack of a sense of humor. It took a German to write this novel, and probably, affirms the reviewer, it takes a German to enjoy it. "When George

Meredith observed that the Germans have gone through no comic training he diagnosed in advance the case of Hermann Sudermann. The absence of 'comic' training might seem to be unimportant in a romance that is said to suggest Sappho and Camille. But the silvery spirit that Meredith missed in the Germans was precisely the spirit of intercourse that comes from finer intercourse with, and understanding of, women."

"Meredith even argued that the development of the civilized German depends on woman, that when the Germans 'consent to talk on equal terms with their women, and to listen to them, their growth will be accelerated and be shapelier.'

"To assert that Meredith's view of woman has its inspiration in fact, and stands the test of experience, is not, however, to deny truth to the Sudermann conception of woman. It is merely to say that a high social possibility exists of which the gross and exuberant German apparently has no conception. . . . The question remains whether this attitude is not the proper male attitude in regard to the particular young lady whose story is told at great length in 'Das Hohe Lied.' If it is the proper attitude, one is forced to admit that all women are not amenable to Meredithian treatment, and one learns from Mr. Sudermann perhaps a rather unnecessary lesson in 'the monstrous farce' of life, the ridiculous aspect of sophomoric ideals, the rich gratifications of the flesh, and the accessible character of many pretentiously inaccessible women."

A reviewer in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* (presumably Ludwig Lewisohn; we detect the hand by its cunning) pronounces Sudermann's novel "the weightiest product of his artistic career." "He has given us," the writer impetuously insists, "the portrait of a life, the history of a human soul. And he has given the literature of his country its first modern novel that ranks with the works of Flaubert and George Moore." Here Mr. Lewisohn is carried away by his enthusiasm and his rhetoric. In beautiful, glittering phrases the reviewer traces the development of Lilly until she became "at first almost a harlot, and at last—what is perhaps worse—a soulless member of a soulless conventionalized society."

"Few English or American novelists would have dared to tell this story. Had they done so, it would have been told with a hundred hypocrisies, a hundred shift-eyed glances at a respectable public; and the story would have been artistically and morally damned. The artistic portraiture would have been immoral because untrue; the spiritual interpretation of life foolish, because

based upon falsehood. Sudermann sees life in quite another fashion. It is only from things as they are that we can receive a shock of tragedy. It is truth, brought to life by unerring insight and embodied in a harmonious novel-

istic technique that renders this book one of the most remarkable and vital contributions to modern literature. It is the sublimation of esthetic realism, a great masterpiece of contemporary letters."

THIS is Mr. Nelson Page's most ambitious novel,* both in bulk and purpose. But the critics are not enthusiastic. We wish Mr. Page would learn that words are precious, and not write so many of them. It requires a labor of love to wend one's way through this JOHN MARVEL, labyrinthine sociological ASSISTANT tract parading as fiction.

Mr. Page's purpose is, of course, very obvious. Years ago, recalls the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in his novel "Red Rock," he set forth in very complete fashion the iniquity of the "Reconstruction" methods at the South, showing what manner of scoundrel and grafter had seized upon it for their own greedy and corrupt ends. In "John Marvel, Assistant" he attempts to perform something of the same service for the public by his portrayal of the abhorrent forces that batten upon the life of our great cities.

Our Brooklyn contemporary regards the story as told autobiographically by one of the leading characters, Henry Glave, as "something more than a mere dramatic presentation of urban life. "That," we are told, "the story-teller can offer no remedy that is within the possibilities of the situation is disheartening. It adds a deeper tone to the shadows of the picture."

"'John Marvel, Assistant,' is a tale to set the serious reader thinking; to prompt to self-examination as to what he may be able to do to counteract such demoniacal agencies. The offenses portrayed have always existed; the lesson is to those through whose complaisance or carelessness they are perpetuated. The novelist presents a crowded picture; so crowded at times that perspective is lost; but the drama through whose phases these creatures of his imagination move and play their parts presents a lesson that should not be forgotten."

The Dial, on the other hand, regrets that Mr. Page has become a victim of the *Zeitgeist*, and has deserted his chosen field of Southern romance. "We cannot say," the stately Chicago periodical gravely remarks, "that his move has been ill-advised, for he has pro-

duced a thoroughly readable novel, albeit one that exhibits several loose ends, and is rather disjointed in construction."

"He has become sufficiently familiar of late years with the problems of city life to discuss them intelligently, and he brings wholesome moral sympathies together with a fine indignation to bear upon their treatment. His city is not named, but his descriptions point with some closeness to Chicago, and the conditions he describes are chiefly related to the labor question in connection with the traction companies, and to the corrupt alliance of politics with vice. His types are fairly familiar, including the good magnate and the bad one, the walking delegate, the corporation lawyer, the political boss, the sycophantic churchman, the worldly woman of society whose luxury comes from grinding the faces of the poor, the settlement worker, and the idealist (a Jew), who becomes the martyr of the people's cause. We have also, of course, the magnate's daughter for a heroine and the earnest young reformer for a hero, both of which figures are more humanly natural than is usually the case. Mr. Page steers clear of melodrama, and does not force the note of conflict between duty and affection. Nor does he outrage all the probabilities by resorting to bathos at the close and making the wicked suffer a change of heart. His hero is a rather commonplace person whom we like all the better for not indulging in heroics; while John Marvel, the Christian preacher, is hardly made prominent enough to justify the use of his name for a title."

The lonesome voice of the San Francisco *Chronicle* proclaims "John Marvel, Assistant," Mr. Page's highest and best achievement. The New York *Tribune* admirably summarizes the general critical disappointment:

"Regarded as a novel only, the book is too long, not for the scope of its subject, but on account of its treatment, which is not from a wide point of view, but abounds in unnecessarily detailed attention to minor characters. As a picture of the life of our times it impresses one as superficial, not with the superficiality of its author necessarily, but with what one suspects to have been his conception of the knowledge and understanding of his readers. He never seems to lose sight of them, never seems to forget that while he would give them strong meat, a daintily prepared bouillon would be far better for them. Books as serious as this one attempts to be should be cast in a rough, heroic mould. 'John Marvel' is not."

*JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRINCESS OF THE BOWL—A STORY OF OLD JAPAN

This is the story of the Bowl-Wearing Princess, "which is told from grandmother to mother and from mother to daughter in all households in Japan." It is translated into English by Yei Theodora Ozaki and is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company in a volume entitled "Warriors of Old Japan and Other Stories." We reprint but a portion of the story—the climax. The princess, be it understood, was as beautiful as Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and her character was as fair as her face. But her loving mother, dying, placed an inverted lacquer bowl on her head to hide her rare beauty and through supernatural power the bowl became so fixed that it could not be displaced. Her father, Lord Minetaka, married again and the new wife hated the princess and by wicked stratagems induced her father to drive her from the house. She tried to drown herself; but the bowl kept her head above water. She wandered on and came to a town, where she was jeered at by all, Lord Yamakage, passing by, took pity on her and ordered her taken to his house, where menial work was found for her to do, in fetching water for the bath and in looking after the fire that heated the water. "She resigned herself to her fate and tried with all humility and patience to perform her hard task faultlessly." And then this is what happened to this Cinderella of Old Japan:

LORD YAMAKAGE had four sons. The three elder ones were married to daughters of three of the leading men of the province. The youngest son, Saisho, was still unmarried. He had been away for some time in the gay smart capital of Kyoto. But now he returned to his home.

Now every time he went to take his bath or called for hot water, he saw the Bowl-Wearing maiden, and, as he had a kind and compassionate heart, he could not but be touched by her unhappy appearance, and her modest and gentle behavior and her quickness and diligence at her work.

Whenever he had an opportunity he spoke to the Bowl-Wearer, and to his surprise he found that she was no servant, that she spoke in the refined language of his class, and tho so young she was well read in the literature and poetry of her country, and could answer a literary allusion wittily and to the point. When at last she told him something of her sad story, he knew, tho she did not tell him, that she belonged to some family of high rank. From this time on he often spoke to the girl, and he found that the stolen conversations with her grew to be the chief pleasure of the day.

One day he managed to take a sly peep under the bowl. The face, even tho overshadowed by the huge cover, was of such rare beauty that he fell madly in love with the Princess, and made up his mind that none other than the Bowl-Wearer should be his wife.

His mother soon heard of Saisho's friendship for her husband's protégée, and when she learned that he had promised to marry her she forbade him to think of such a thing. She at first thought that her son could not be in earnest, but when she sent for Saisho and asked him seriously if what she had been told was true, he answered: "I really and truly intend to make the Bowl-Wearer my wife!"

His mother was not a little angry at his determined front. How could Saisho fall in love

with a girl with a bowl on her head? Who ever heard of such ridiculous nonsense?

Then she sent for her son's nurse, the woman who had nursed him from the day he was born and together they tried to deter him from his purpose.

Saisho was obliged to listen to all they had to say, but did not answer them. He could not say "Yes" to their demand that he give up all idea of marrying the Bowl-Wearer, and he knew that if he firmly said "No" he would raise up such a storm of opposition that no one could tell how it would end. He knew that the life of the Bowl-Wearer was a truly pitiable one, and his determination to marry her and help her out of all her difficulties remained unchanged. His mother soon saw that her son would by no means listen to her persuasions, and her anger was great towards the Bowl-Wearer. She almost made up her mind to drive her from the house before her husband could know what happened.

Saisho, on hearing this, told her that if the girl was driven away he would go with her. The mother's distraction can be imagined, for she was thwarted in every way. She at last said that the Bowl-Wearer was a wicked witch who had thrown her spells over Saisho and who would not leave him till she had compassed his death.

She determined if possible to separate them by fair means or foul. For a long time she pondered over the matter, and at last hit upon a stratagem which she trusted would rid the house of the presence of the obnoxious girl. Her plan she called "The Comparison of the Brides." She would hold in the house a family council of all the relatives, and assemble the wives of her three elder sons, and before the whole gathering compare them with the Bowl-Wearer whom Saisho had selected to marry. If the Bowl-Wearer had any self-respect she would be too conscious of her deformity and her poverty, and too ashamed to make an appearance,—would leave the house

to escape from the ordeal. What an excellent plan! Why had she never thought of this before?

So the mother sent messengers post-haste to all the family and relatives, requesting their presence at a "Bride Comparing Ceremony" and a feast which would close the ceremony.

When Saisho heard of this he was greatly troubled, for he knew what it meant. His mother meant to drive the girl he loved from the house by comparing her with his brothers' rich and pretty wives. What was to be done? How could he help the poor Bowl-Wearer?

The little Princess saw how unhappy he was, and blamed herself, she was so sorry for him.

"It is all because of me that this trouble has come to you. Instead of happiness I have brought you only worry. Woe is me! It is better that I go away at once," said the girl.

Saisho told her at once he would never let her go alone; that if she went he would go with her.

At last the day fixed for the ceremony of the "Comparison of the Brides" came round. Saisho and the unhappy little Bowl-Wearer rose before the dawn, and taking each other by the hand left the house together.

Notwithstanding his love for the Bowl-Wearer and his resolve to marry her at whatever cost, Saisho was very sad at the thought of leaving his parents in this way. He told himself that they would never forgive his obstinacy and probably would refuse to see him again, so his parting was probably forever. He felt at each step as if his heart was torn backwards. With slow steps he and the Bowl-Wearer, hand in hand, wended their way down the garden. No sooner, however, did they put their feet outside the gate than the bowl on the girl's head burst with a loud noise and fell in a thousand pieces upon the ground.

What untold joy for both of them! Saisho, too astonished to speak, looked for the first time full on the girl's face. The beauty of the damsel was so dazzling that he could compare it only to the glory of the full moon as it rides triumphantly above the clouds on the fifteenth night of September. Her figure, too, now that the dwarfing bowl had gone, was more graceful than anything he had ever seen. The young lovers, too happy for words at this unexpected deliverance, could do nothing but gaze at each other.

The mother's purpose in covering her daughter's head with a hideous bowl was at last made clear. Fearing that her daughter's beauty would prove to be a peril to her, with no mother to watch over her, she had hidden it thus, and the intensity of her wish had assumed supernatural power, so that all attempts to remove it were useless till the moment came when it was no longer needed; then it broke off on its own accord.

At last the lovers stooped to pick up the pieces of the bowl, when to their amazement they found

the ground strewn with treasures and all that a bride could possibly need for her portion. There were many gold *kanzashi* (ornamental pins for the hair), silver wine-cups, many precious stones and gold coins, and a wedding garment of twelve folded *kimono*, and a *hakama* of brilliant scarlet brocade.

"Oh, surely," said the Princess, "these treasures must be what my mother prepared for my marriage portion. Indeed a mother's tender love is above everything!"

She wept with mingled feelings of joy and pain, —pain of the remembrance of her mother and joy at her present unlooked-for deliverance and the certainty of future happiness.

Saisho told her that there was now no need for her to leave the house. She was not only a richly dowered bride but, now that her face was no longer hidden by the hideous bowl, so beautiful that even a king would be proud to wed her. She need no longer fear to be present at the coming ceremony and feast. So they both turned back, and hastened to prepare for the trial which awaited the Bowl-Wearer, but Bowl-Wearer now no longer.

As soon as day broke, the house was full of movement, servants hurrying to and fro to usher in and wait upon the relatives, who now began to arrive. The murmur of their chattering was like the sound of breaking waves on a distant shore, and the object of all this talk was nothing else than the poor little Princess. The servants told every one that she was in her room getting ready for the approaching feast, and they all thought it strange that she had not fled away for shame. Little did they dream of all that had happened to her!

At last the hour of the "Bride Comparing Ceremony" arrived. The family and the relatives all took their places at the upper end of the big guest-hall of thirty mats.

First entered the bride of the eldest son. She was only twenty-two years of age, and as it was the season of autumn, she wore a brightly colored *kimono* and walked into the room in a stately fashion, with her scarlet *hakama* trailing over the cream mats behind her. Her costume was indeed beautiful to behold! To her parents-in-law she brought gifts of ten rolls of rich silk and two suits of the ceremonial gown called *kosode* (each *kosode* consisting of twelve long *kimono* folded one over the other), all of which she placed on a fine lacquer tray to present them.

Next came the bride of the second son. She was twenty years of age, and was of the aristocratic type of beauty, thin and slender, with a long pale oval face. She wore a heavy silk robe, and over this a flowing gown of gold brocade. Her *hakama* was embroidered profusely with crimson plum-blossoms. She came into the room quietly, with a gentle bearing, and offered as her gifts of presentation thirty suits of silk robes to her husband's parents.

Then came the bride of the third son. She was

only eighteen years of age. Quite different from the first two proud beauties, she was very pretty and dainty, and the small had more sweetness and charm in her manner than her sisters had. Her dress was of rich silk embroidered with cherry-blossoms. She presented thirty pieces of rare and handsome *cr pe* to her parents-in-law.

The three sat side by side in their conscious pride and prosperity, their beauty enhanced by the sheen and splendor of their silken gowns. As the father and mother, uncles and aunts and relatives, all gazed upon them, no one could say who deserved the palm of superiority, for they were all lovely.

At the lower end of the room, far away from every one else, was placed a torn mat. It was the seat destined for the Bowl-Wearer.

"We have seen the three elder brides of the house, and they are all so handsome and so beautifully robed that we are sure there are no women to compare with them in the whole province," said the relatives. "Now it is the turn of the Bowl-Wearer, who aspires to marry the youngest son of the house. When she comes in with that ridiculous bowl on her head, let us greet her with a burst of laughter!"

The roomful of people eagerly waited for the Bowl-Wearer to come, even as the birds sitting on the eaves of a house long for the morning. The three brides were also curious to see the cripple girl of whom they had heard so much. How dared such a creature aspire to become their sister? they haughtily asked each other.

But the mother felt differently. She in no wise wished to see the girl appear, for she had arranged this day's ceremony hoping that the Bowl-Wearer, knowing herself to be a deformed beggar-maid, would be too ashamed to appear before such a grand company and would flee away rather than face the trial. On asking the servants, however, she was told that she was still in the house, and she wondered what the girl could be doing, and almost regretted what she had done.

Lord Yamakage and his wife at last grew impatient and sent word to the Bowl-Wearer that she was to hasten, as every one was waiting for her.

The servants went to the back of the house where the Bowl-Wearer had her little room of three mats, and gave her the message.

"I am coming now," she answered from within the paper screens.

The Princess now came out and entered the room of the "Bride Comparing Ceremony," where every one was waiting for her. She was only sixteen years of age, but so beautiful that she reminded them of the weeping cherry-blossoms in the dew of a spring morning. Her hair was as black as the sheen on a raven's wing, and her face was lovelier far than that of any human being they had ever seen. Her under-ropes were of rich white silk, and her upper *kimono* was purple, embroidered with white and pink plum-blossoms. As the stars pale before the fuller

glory of the moon, so the three elder brides shrank into insignificance beside the dazzling beauty of this maiden.

To all it seemed as if one of the *Amatsu Otome* (heavenly virgins) who wait upon the Goddess of Mercy had glided into the room. They had expected to see a poverty-stricken girl with a large bowl stuck upside down on the top of her head, and they were lost in astonishment when they beheld the Princess in all the radiance of her loveliness and the splendor of her rich clothes.

The Princess was about to sit down in the seat left for her, but Lord Yamakage made a place for her beside his wife, saying that he could not allow her to sit in such a lowly spot. She now presented to her father-in-law a silver wine-cup on a gold pedestal, with one hundred *rye* (old *yen* in gold), and thirty rolls of silk which she brought in on a beautiful tray. To his wife she presented the rarest and most delectable fruit of ancient Japan, Konan oranges and Kempo pears, and one hundred pieces of colored cloth which she put upon a gold stand.

In her surpassing beauty, in the grace of her carriage, in the richness of her costume, in the sumptuousness of the gifts to her parents, she left the other brides far and away behind. Speechless with wonder and admiration, every one present could not but gaze at her. Before the Bowl-Wearer had appeared, the three elder brides had seemed beautiful enough, but now the difference was as marked as when a sparkling jewel is placed side by side with a crystal; and as the crystal suffers from the comparison, so did they.

Saisho's elder brothers were looking between the cracks of the sliding screens, and they were filled with envy at Saisho and his good fortune in becoming the husband of such a beautiful princess, for such they now felt she must be. Not even her rivals could deny that she was bewilderingly fair to look upon; but they whispered among themselves that unless she were skilled in all womanly accomplishments, for all her beauty she would be no better than a common man's daughter. She must play on the *koto* at once. No one could perform on that instrument without years of instruction. If they waited till the next day, who knows, she was so clever that she might get Saisho to teach her. So the jealous brides proposed aloud that they should all play a quartette; the eldest would play the *biwa* (lute), the second the *sho* (flute), the third the *tsuzumi* (a kind of a small drum beaten with the hand), and they asked the Bowl-Wearer to join them and play the *koto* (harp).

The Princess, who was very modest, at first refused; but on second thoughts, she said to herself: "They ask me to do this because they wish to try me, thinking me to be ignorant of such accomplishments. Well, then, I will play, for my mother taught me." She pulled the *koto* near her, and slipping the ivory tips on her fingers began to

strike chords. The astonishment of every one was great, for she played with great skill.

Saisho, who had hidden himself in the room behind a lacquer cabinet, and was watching with the utmost eagerness all that went on, could hardly keep in his hiding place, he was so delighted.

The three brides, who were quite put out of countenance, for their performance could in no wise be compared to that of the little Princess, now proposed that she should write a poem.

"Write a poem, a *tanka* [a poem of thirty-one syllables], which shall describe the character of each season, such as the blooming of the peach and the cherry-blossom in the spring, the orange and wistaria in summer, and the beauty of the chrysanthemum in autumn."

"Oh," said the Bowl-Wearer, "this is indeed a task too difficult for me. Is there nothing else you will give me to do instead of this? I can take care of the bathroom, and pull up water from the well, and heat the bath. Since this is my daily occupation, how is it possible that I should even know how to write a poem, much less compose one?" She blushed as she spoke.

But her rivals insisted, and so at last she took up a poem card and a brush and wrote:—

Haru wa hana,
Natsu wa tachibana,

Aki wa kiku,
Izure to wakete,
Tsuyu ya okuran.

The cherry-blossom of spring,
The orange-flower of summer,
The autumn chrysanthemum,
Perplexed between them all,
Alike on each the dew may fall.

She showed not the least hesitation in writing these lines, and her handwriting was so beautiful that even the famous Tofu and her brush could not have surpassed it. The three brides retired from the room, grumbling and speaking evil of the Bowl-Wearer.

"She must be a witch," they said. "Probably the spirit of the ancient Tamamono Maye!"

Lord Yamakage, now quite pleased with her, handed her a cup of *saké*. He gave his full consent to her marrying his son Saisho, and bestowed upon them as a settlement twenty-three hundred *cho* of land, together with twenty-four servants to wait upon them, and for their bridal chamber he allotted them the Hall of Bamboos.

So Saisho and the Bowl-Wearer were at last married, and all their troubles ended. Never was there such a merry wedding, such a lovely bride, or such a happy bridegroom.

DIDN'T NEED ANY MORE

A very subdued-looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose, and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat. The note read as follows:

Miss B—:

Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played trooant, but I guess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' the driver of a sled they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another one for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time. I guess he thinks he better keep in school hereafter.—*Lippincott's*.

HOW HE GOT EVEN

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerk: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—*Success*.

PLAYED FOR HIS WAGES

The conductor of a certain band, which was rehearsing a piece, stopped the music abruptly and frowned at a stout fellow who was putting all the other musicians out. "I say, Hermann," he demanded, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half-notes where there should be whole notes?"

Hermann lowered his instrument. "Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my wages to half-brice, don't you?"

The conductor stared in amazement. He had done so, but—

"Und I gontinues to make der notes mit my instrument, but dey vill be half-notes until der vages is put back to whole brice. Dat is fair, ain't it?"—*Tid Bits*.

Humor of Life

THE REASON WHY

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make a cake one day."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

A BUDDING MERCHANT

The jeweler left his new boy in charge of the store while he went home to his dinner, but not until he cautioned the youth that all the goods were marked and that he must not let any one take goods with him unless they were paid for.

"Well, Sam," he asked, upon his return, "did you have any customers?"

"You bet!" said Sam gleefully. "And I got his money, too! I sold one man all those brass rings you had that were marked 18c. on the inside, and here's the money—a dollar and ninety-eight cents."—*Judge*.

EASY MONEY

Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently, waiting their turn at the cashier's window.

"This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one.

"What about Finnegan?" inquired the other.

"'Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, 'It's a fine job you've had here for a long time.'"

"Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent."

"Ah!" said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent."

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."—*Cosmopolitan*.

A RUN OF BAD LUCK

The passenger inside the cab suddenly put his head out of the window and exclaimed to the driver: "Get on, man! Get on! Wake up your nag."

"Shur, sor, I 'aven't the heart to bate 'im."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, sor, 'e's not sick, but it's unlucky 'e is, sor, unlucky! You see, sor, every morning, afore I put 'im in the cab, I tosses 'im whether 'e'll 'ave a feed of oats or I'll 'ave a drink of whisky, an' the poor baste has lost five mornings running!"—*Cosmopolitan*.

THE FATAL STREET CORNER

In a Nova Scotia town lived an old man whose wife had recently died, leaving him in a comfortable house with no one to look after him. He soon began "lookin' round" for a second help-mate, and settled on a widow whose status as a housekeeper for her former spouse was well-established. The old man had but one objection to her: she was a Methodist, and he had been a devout Presbyterian all his life.

"It's all right but for that one thing," he confided to his crony, when they fell to discussing his drawback. "Come weekdays, she will be fine, I'm a-thinking. She can keep me tidy, mind the house, and, man, ye know she can cook. But then," and he shook his head doubtfully—"then will come Sunday. We will be starting off for church together, just as husband and wife should be doing on the Sabbath day, and we will come to the corner. Then Mandy, she will be turning to go down the street to that Methodist place, and I will go on to the house of God alone."—*Lippincott's*.



SO LOW

The Man With the Gun—"Most extraordinary! I've shot him more than nine times, but it doesn't stop his screeching!"

—*London Sketch*.

NO TIME LOST

A Swedish domestic that had been with a New Brunswick family for years recently "gave notice." The girl secured to take her place said she could not possibly assume her new duties for two weeks after the date on which the present incumbent was to be married. The maid declined to postpone her marriage on the ground that, "Change the date, change the fate." She agreed, however, to get married and come back until the new girl arrived. The young man offering no objections, the matter was finally arranged.

Half an hour after the marriage ceremony the maid was performing her customary duties. Her mistress approached with congratulations and said, smilingly:

"And I suppose your husband has gone back to his work, too, Catherine?"

"Oh no, indeed, ma'am!" the girl replied, with a flush. "He bane started on his honeymoon."—*Harper's Magazine*.

SHE WANTED HIS SIZE OF SLIPPER

The curate had just arrived. He was young, handsome and single, and consequently very popular with the ladies of the parish, whose appreciation took the usual form of worked slippers.

A fair caller at his boarding-house thus interviewed the housekeeper: "You see, I wanted to make our dear curate a pair of slippers, and I thought you might lend me one of his old shoes to get the size."

"Law, miss," was the reply, "the shoes is all a-given out four days ago! And it was only yesterday morning a lady came here a-imploing of me to let her measure the wet footmarks in the reverend gentleman's bathroom immediately he had gone out."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

POOR CHAP!

Mauriel:—"Why have you broken off your engagement with Archie?"

Gladys:—"I couldn't marry a man with a broken leg."

Mauriel:—"And how did he come to break his leg?"

Gladys:—"I ran over him with my new auto!"—*Lippincott's*.

HIS ORDERS

Lady (entering country newspaper office):—"I've lost my dog and want to know the cost to advertise for him in the paper."

Green Office-boy:—"Well, mum, my boss said to charge for advertisin' according to the size, an' when yer find yer dog if yer will measure him I can tell yer th' cost."—*Judge*.



"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH"

Housebreaker—"Well, that don't seem to me 'ardly safe, some 'ow"

—*London Punch*.

A SWEDISH SHERLOCK HOLMES

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!'"—*Everybody's*.

SUCH IS FAME

When the news that Tom Johnson was defeated for mayor was received in the office of the *Denver Times* there was not time to do more than run a scare head, "JOHNSON DEFEATED!"

The papers were on the street in a few minutes, and a freckled Irish "newsie" started off, yelling joyously, "Jeff wins!"—*Success*.

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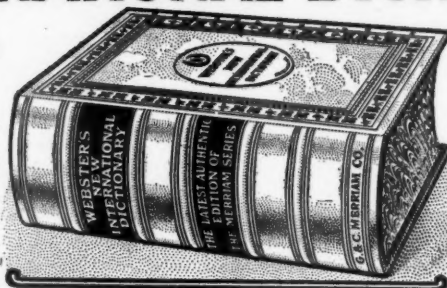
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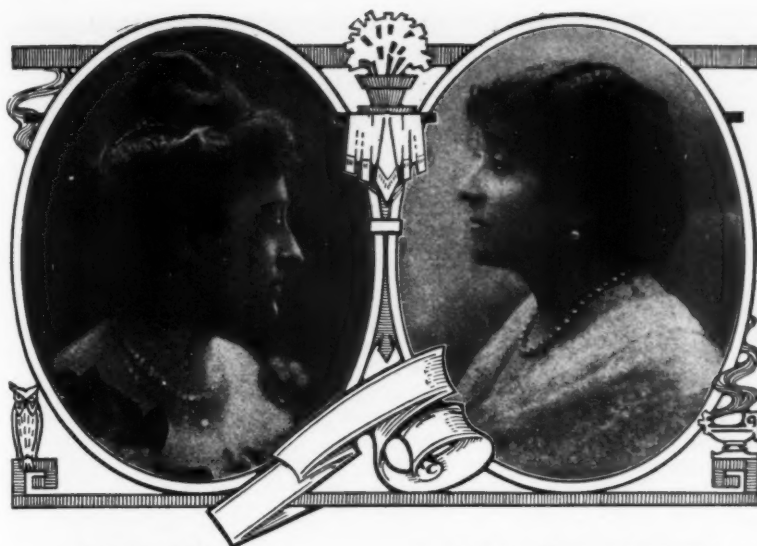
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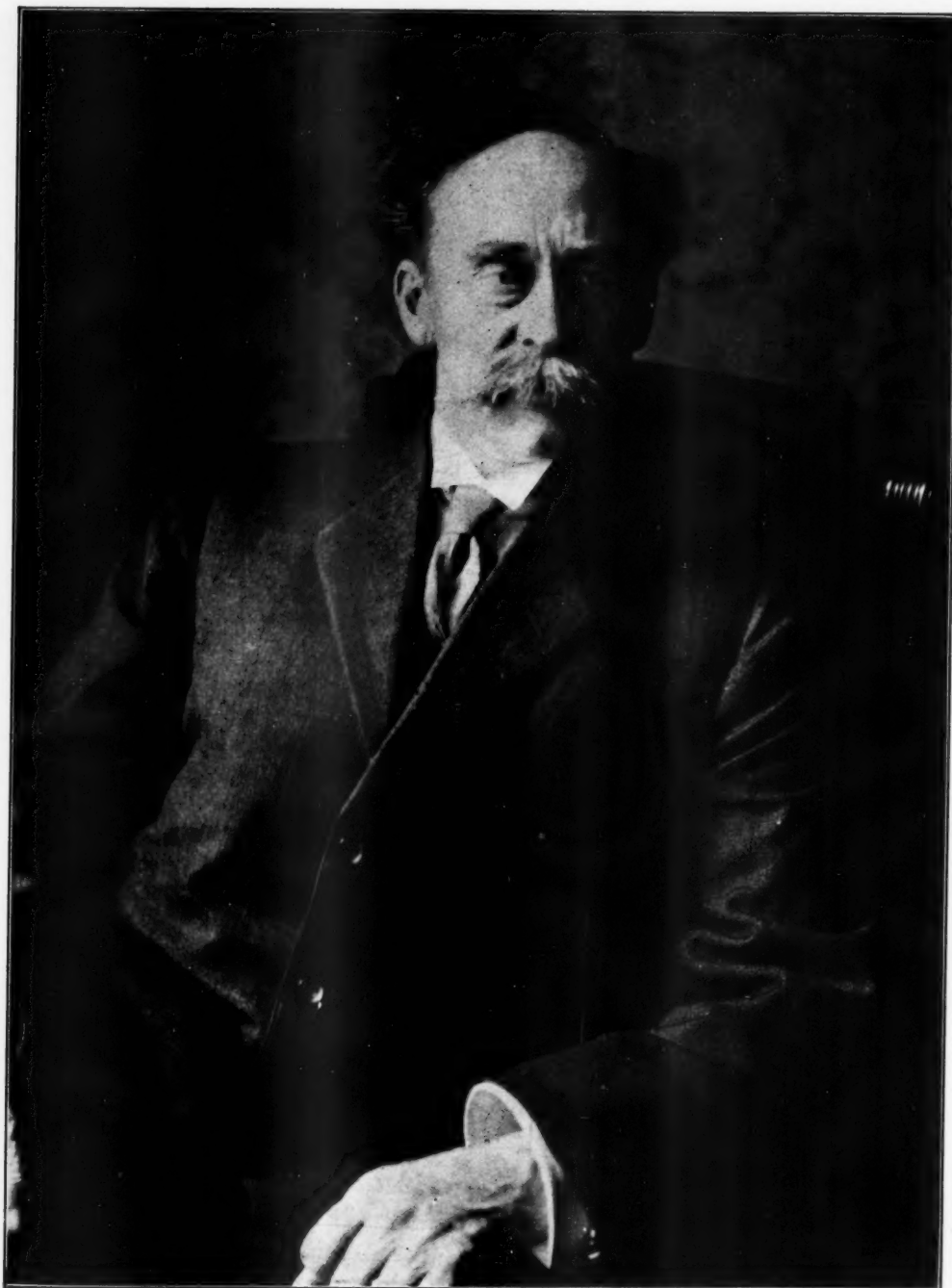
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